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Winter, 1966

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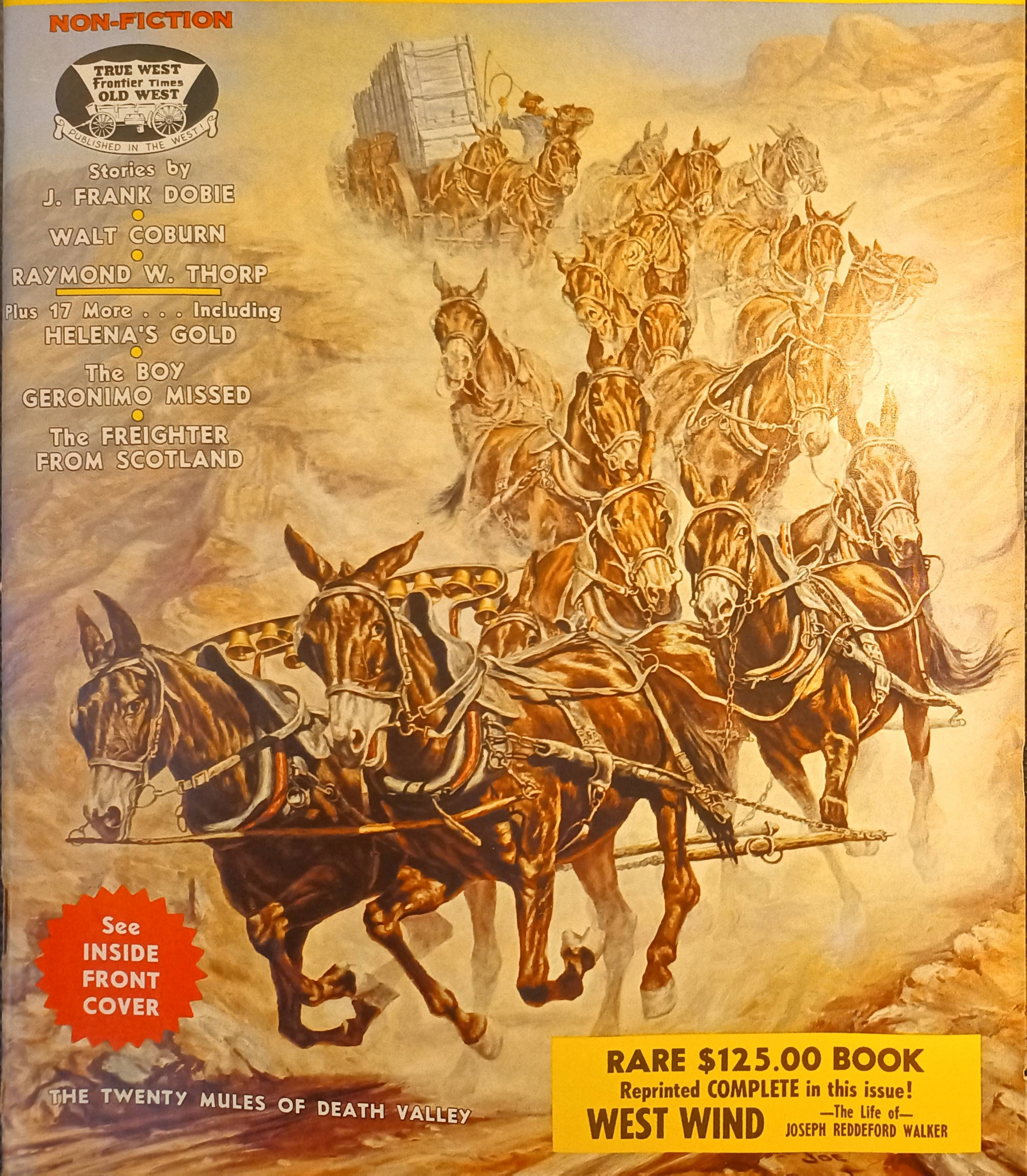

THE TWENTY MULES OF DEATH VALLEY

RARE $125.00 BOOK
Reprinted COMPLETE in this issue!
WEST WIND —The Life of— JOSEPH REDDEFORD WALKER

OLD WEST

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

WINTER, 1966
VOL. 3, NO. 2
WHOLE NO. 10

BOOK BONUS!

$125.00 RARE BOOK
REPRINTED COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE!

WEST WIND

The Life of JOSEPH REDDEFORD WALKER
Privately printed for his friends in an edition of 100 copies by PERCY H. BOOTH . . Page 72

SPECIAL FEATURE!
MEN WHO WORE THE OREGON BOOT

OLD WEST
RARE $125.00 BOOK
WEST WIND

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(See Story, Page 35)

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SUITABLE FOR FRAMING**

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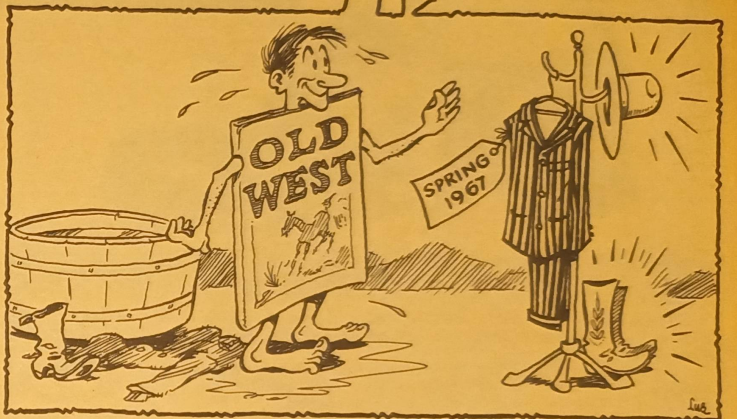
ALL STORIES NEW!



WELL, GENTS, we've finally reached that fork in the old trail—the next issue of OLD WEST will have to stand on its own. With this current issue we have used up all of the unavailable copies of TRUE WEST. There is no sense in reprinting articles that you can buy from our back issue department. Now is a good time to say that, after stumbling around a little, OLD WEST really r'ared up on its hunkers and busted a hole in the bresh that you could drive a wagon through sideways! I never heard of anybody driving a wagon sideways but the point has been argued—the driver being properly inflated with red-eye.

So, we'll have an all-new magazine beginning with the next issue. I mentioned a while back that it would have to stand on its own cotton-picking feet from now on and not depend on those reprints of articles from those valuable old issues of TRUE WEST (as I have constantly reminded you until you are probably sick of the phrase!). However, the dadburned thing has been on its own for the last couple of issues, actually, since the articles have gradually become less rare as we have gotten closer to available issues. We have had letters from many readers saying that they have copies of TRUE WEST from such-and-such a date on up to the present; however, they keep on buying OLD WEST because of the book, the long features and the other new articles which represent the biggest 50c worth of reading material on the market—and these are readers' words—not mine.

The advertising thing has come up from time to time and most of you say, "Heck fire, throw it in because most all magazines have got to have a certain amount of advertising to exist." Well, we may throw a hunk in here and there but any time you count more "reading pages" in a 50c magazine published anywhere else in this country, be sure and write old Hosstail—I'd flat like to know about it. Buy any 100-page magazine (including cover) and count the advertising pages compared to reading matter. You'll find 40, 50, 60—and in one case I found 78—pages of advertising in a 100-page magazine! I'm not running down other magazines—just saying that we started out as "readers' magazines" and plan on staying that way until they beat our bellies blue!

Of course, we are going to continue with the valuable old books, and priceless old stories from the *real old* FRONTIER TIMES and other sources. Some of those are the darndest articles! *They were written when the actual events were happening!* For instance, articles in the old HUNTER'S MAGAZINE and in FRONTIER TIMES dating back as early as 1913 on up to even the '40s carried newspaper accounts of Indian raids, shoot-outs, outlaw activities—the whole picture—as written on the day or the day after such events occurred. These writings have a flavor all their own and we do not intend to take away this flavor.

Our next issue will carry another $125.00 book—*Twelve Years in the Saddle for Law and Order on the Frontiers of Texas* by Sergeant W. J. L. Sullivan, Texas Ranger, Co. B., Frontier Battalion. This book is extremely hard to find these days, and that's too bad because it's an action story all the way. In the 1880s and '90s there seemed to be a scarcity of everything but outlaws, and "surrender" hadn't come into style. Catching up with a fellow prowling the border was like trying to have the last dance with a mountain lion. In his later years, Sullivan tried to make excuses for them as being products of broken homes, no guidance, and exposed to every bad influence. Yet Sullivan himself had no home as a boy—he classed himself as a runaway.

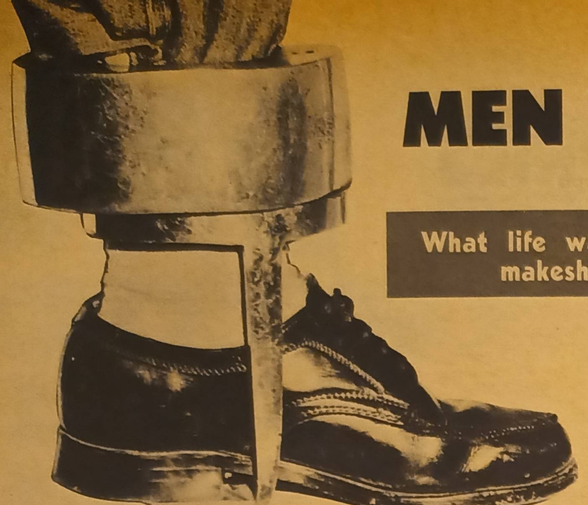
WHILE I am at it, I might as well stand on an apple box and give my spiel on back issues of OLD WEST. Honestly, I'm not exactly trying to sell you on buying them (since we'll sell every single copy eventually) but I would like to jostle the memory of some of those people who could have bought the first issues of TRUE WEST for a song and can't get them at all now. I want to quote the exact words from a letter we received today from a lady who just discovered she had one of the old copies of TRUE WEST.

"In cleaning out a storeroom of junk, papers and old magazines, I ran across a copy of No. 13. Oh, joy—I own at least one old TRUE WEST! But when I got to page 43, I got a bit sick. To think I've had this TRUE WEST ten years and never ordered No. 1, 2, 3, etc. that were advertised in that issue for 25c! Now I can't get them at all."

She goes on to talk about the magazine like it was her most prized possession and says that she is keeping every copy of OLD WEST under lock and key. Anyhow, they are all still available so if you want to start your collection, have at it—at the regular single copy price.

Have you noticed lately the fast rising light of our boy, Joe Grandee? Joe started out with us years ago doing both inside as well as cover drawings. We paid him for one-time reproduction rights on cover paintings—he to keep the painting. If we had only had the sense of even a "skunk-doctored" hounddog we'd have paid more and kept every painting and been richer than six shades of dry cow chips by now. His rates on consignment paintings run as high as *100 times* what we were paying him in those days! He is doing some mighty important work for some mighty important people. They are saying that he is as good as Russell and Remington at their age. Art critics say he could even be better than Remington and Russell if he lives to be as old as they were—and, of course, that will probably bring on a controversy since there are people who flat know that nobody could ever be as good as one or the other of those great western artists! What we do know, however, is that Joe has come up to tremendous recognition at the age of thirty-six. He gives us much credit for his success. Well, maybe we brought his talent to the attention of the American public, but we sure didn't hold his hand while he was drawing those great works! Take a look at his drawing on the front cover of this issue. The U. S. Borax Company was kind enough to let us use it. It we'd had to *buy* it in order to reproduce the painting—you could have addressed us in care of the Poor House come paying time!

See you later.—Hosstail.



MEN WHO WORE The OREGON BOOT

What life was like a century ago in a makeshift territorial prison . . .

By WILLIAM PFEIFER

Photos Courtesy Author

Probably the cruelest, most tortuous device to be invented by any prison system for the confinement of prisoners was the dreaded Gardner Shackle or Oregon Boot.

Patented July 3, 1866 by Oregon State Prison Warden J. C. Gardner, the shackles were made in the prison shop, each convict being compelled to wear The Boot during his entire period of incarceration.

The shackles weighed from five to twenty-eight pounds each and consisted of a heavy iron band which was locked around one ankle and rested upon another iron ring or band which was supported by braces attached to the heel of the boot.

With this heavy weight on one foot and not on the other, it was barely possible for the prisoner to move about at all. The early superintendents were of the opinion that, without use of the Shackle, it would be almost impossible to hold the prisoners.

In September of 1866, M. P. Berry took over the superintendency and continued the use of the Gardner Shackle. Mr. Gardner, recognizing its financial value, thereupon obtained from the courts a restraining order preventing the use of his ingenious device without proper compensation to himself as inventor and patent owner.

The Oregon legislature, heeding Superintendent Berry's statement that he did not feel at liberty to compel his officers to attempt to hold and work the convicts without the use of the Shackle, duly appropriated funds to Mr. Gardner, and the Oregon Boot remained in use for many additional years.

In an 1873 report to the governor, Superintendent W. Watkinds, a strongly religious man, wrote:

"A great wrong we are compelled to put on the prisoners for want of sufficient walls is the Gardner Shackle. We are necessarily compelled to iron them so they cannot scale the walls. There are prisoners who have worn this instrument of torture known inside the prison as a man-killer, until they are broken down in health and constitution.

"Young and strong men, with this continuous and steady weight which pulls all day on their loins, yield after a few years, leaving the prisoner broken down physically, not from overwork or underfeeding, but simply from lugging a lot of iron . . . . Men lay in the hospital for weeks from wearing these things, suffering great pain and begging to be relieved from the load.

"Your Excellency ordered a year ago, that as few as possible be ironed. This has been complied with, but leaves many yet 'ironed down.' Oregon State Prison is the only place in the United States where this mode of murdering man by slow inches is practiced. It is murder, and of the worst type."

Five years later, Superintendent Chadwick stated: "Heretofore, it has been the practice to keep a large number of men heavily shackled to prevent escape, which renders them unfit for manual labor, injuring their constitutions and holding them, as it were, by brute force.

"Such punishment can never lead to reformation, hence I determined to dispense with the Shackle except as a punishment, believing, as had been demonstrated, they could be kept without it.

"Placing the Shackles before them as punishment for violation of prison rules, I have been successful in keeping all but three, which three were trusties."

The Oregon Boot finally came to be used only as a security measure in transporting prisoners to the penitentiary, where walls and guns were considered sufficient safeguards from that point forward.

It is not known when the Gardner Shackle made its final appearance in the Oregon Prison scene.

IN THE EARLY days of Oregon's State Prison System, there were times when it was very difficult to tell the good guys from the bad guys.

From heated political squabbles to downright graft and open corruption, the System struggled through its infancy and finally developed into what it is today, although one can not help wondering how it survived.

In 1842 the first jail for the confinement of "all criminals in Oregon" was built in Oregon City, the territorial capital. Ewing Young, cattleman and adventurer who brought the first large herd of cattle into the Northwest, put up the $875 to build the two-story blockhouse twenty feet square.

The first floor was a large room with no entrance and two small barred windows. The second story was reached only by an outside stairway up which the prisoner was marched and forced to enter the lower room through a two-foot hole in the floor. The jail was built of stout red-fir timbers, and the corners of the lower room were fastened with iron bolts to prevent the walls' being raised with a lever.

But the little log jail had few prisoners. Crime was almost unknown—there were few laws to break. Its most steady boarder was a certain Mr. Goodhue, who was subject to temporary spells of insanity and was assigned there for protection to himself and his neighbors.

On August 18, 1846, an ex-prisoner, evidently displeased with the accommodations, burned the jail to the ground. Although the governor posted a reward of $100 for the culprit, he was never found. And, according to the Constitution of the Oregon Pioneer Association, shortly after the fire, prisoner Goodhue got well!

THE OREGON Prison System was born when the Legislative Assembly on February 1, 1851, passed a bill to "build a penitentiary of sufficient capacity to receive, secure and employ one hundred convicts to be confined in separate cells at night."

Three men were appointed as a Board of Penitentiary Commissioners, but nothing was done for two years because the bill failed to provide authority for the selection of a site. A bitter political fight was in process at that time over the location of the seat of government. The Territorial governor and the legislature were members of opposing parties, and the struggle became so heated that the legislature refused to receive Governor Haines' message in December of 1852, in which he sought to call attention to the urgent need for building a prison.

It was only after considerable argument that an act was finally passed for the construction of a brick and stone prison at Portland to house 150 prisoners. The money was to be obtained from a Federal fund which had been accumulating.

Three commissioners—William King, Samuel Parker and Nathanial Ford—were appointed to serve two years, with authority to select a site, build the specified structure and appoint a keeper and two assistants. The commissioners were to receive not more than $30 per month, and the president of the board was to be superintendent of the prison at an extra salary of $100 per year.

Plans were made for a three-tiered, 114 x 50-foot stone building containing 78 cells, each cell to have stone walls and floors, with iron doors.

William King, a controversial figure who was the political clinging vine of the legislature, was given the presidency of the Penitentiary Commission, which also gave him the superintendent's job.

He immediately established a city jail or temporary prison of sorts in an old whiskey shop and managed in brief order, through his drunken revelries and complete incompetence, to stir the wrath of the Portland *Oregonian* which on October 22, 1853, stated:

"We understand that Sellers, who was recently convicted in Marion County of robbing the store of Schlussel and Cohn and sentenced to the penitentiary, has escaped from custody of this place. And the Indian who was convicted of stealing horses has left again.

"These, the only two persons sentenced, have taken French leave of their keeper.

"The fact has been before stated by us that the humbug commissioner had appointed another humbug as keeper and the whole matter of the erection of the penitentiary under the present dynasty is a perfect farce from beginning to end.

"The people are the worst befooled from the fact that in their efforts to punish criminals they expect some salutary influence may result from having a penitentiary in the territory in course of erection. But the result is that all criminals convicted and sent here are put under the charge of Commissioner King and his pet keeper who make an old whiskey shop their rendezvous and headquarters and who are totally incompetent to discharge their duty.

"On the evening which the convicts made their escape we are informed that they gave Shakespearian recitations with their shackles off that they might gesticulate more freely. Their limbs being thus at liberty and the stomachs of the keeper's being well plied with whiskey, they made an easy escape. Such is the character of those who have charge of the convicts. How long will it be that the people of Oregon must submit to such a state of things as are being practiced upon them at public expense?"

LESS THAN one month later, Mr. King's whiskey shop prison burned to the ground, and the *Oregonian* for November 5, 1853, getting into the spirit of the thing, reported:

"The commissioner and his pet keeper will have abundant time to make out their report to the legislature which is to meet in a few days. That body, to carry out its principles, should not only reappoint King, but should award him and his keeper leather medals for their valuable services. Let the devices on the medal for King be a sawmill on one side and a plank walk on the other with a jug of whiskey in the center."

The legislature, under editorial pressure, fired the three commissioners, including Superintendent King, and hired three more men—Ladd, Fitch and Belknap. The new Board rented a farmhouse on Front Avenue between Mill and Montgomery Streets in Portland.

In this house, belonging to F. M. Arnold, they established a temporary prison for the safekeeping of convicts while the penitentiary was being constructed. Farmer Arnold became assistant keeper and collected three dollars a day per convict for expenses and salary.

On January 7, 1854, the *Spectator* applauded the wisdom and integrity of the governor:

"The governor brought the $21,000 penitentiary fund to Portland. Upon his arrival he deposited it with a responsible man. He did not like the appearance of the acting commissioner sufficiently well to entrust it with him. We believe for the good of the Territory it was a very necessary precaution."

Progress on the new penitentiary was slow because too many men had their fingers in the political pie. Modifications of original plans were numerous and delaying. Early in 1854, three convicts were moved into the incompleted buildings with cells erected for them until the penitentiary was ready for major occupancy. One convict immediately escaped.

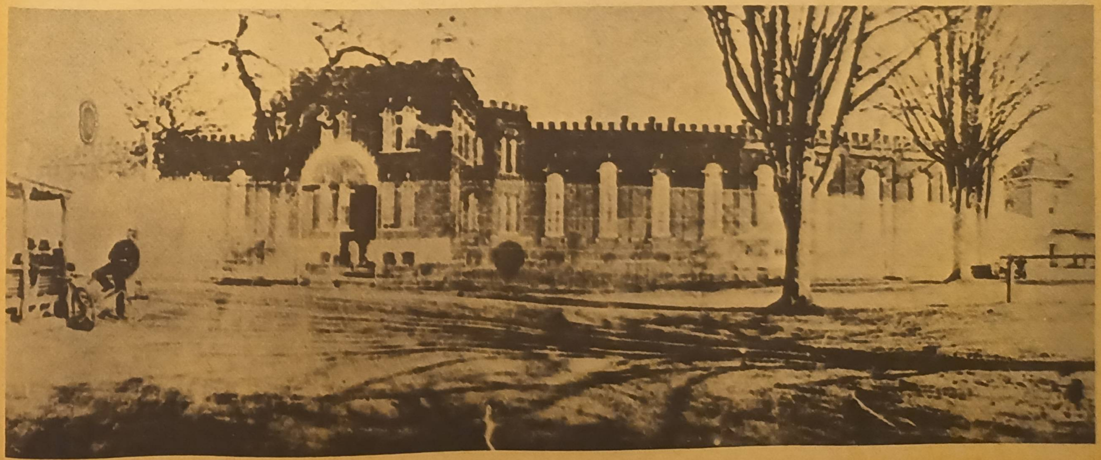
Six more prisoners were received, and three escaped, leaving a population of eight. Two of them died in the temporary cell block.

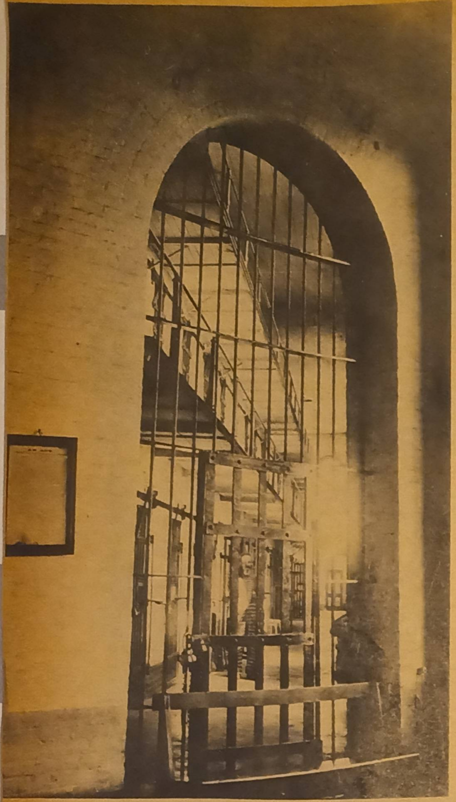
A shortage of money stopped construction, and for five years little was done toward completion. Then a new Board of Commissioners—George F. Sloan, S. J. McCormick and W. P. Doland—set about remedying the lackadasical attitude of the contractors. As a result, early in 1856, seven male prisoners and Charity Lamb, a murderess and the first woman sentenced to prison in Oregon, were moved into the partially finished Portland structure.

When George Sloan took over as superintendent on February 24, 1857—the legislature had abolished the Board of Commissioners—exterior walls had been completed, but the iron doors had not been installed. Disgusted, Superintendent Sloan took the $1,000 appropriated for doors and built six temporary wooden cells. On July 16, 1857, Charity Lamb and seventeen male prisoners became the cells' occupants.

Nathaniel and Charity Lamb, wagon-train pioneers, settled six miles east of the present town of Clackamas, Oregon. Their seemingly happy marriage came to an abrupt end in May of 1854 when

The Oregon State Penitentiary as it appeared around 1885





Partial view of old A Block, completed in 1901 and dismantled in 1947 to make way for present E Block. Except for being only three tiers of cells high, instead of four, this cellblock was identical to B Block, which was in use until 1957.

Charity struck her loving husband in the head with a hand axe.

Both she and her seventeen-year-old daughter were charged, but Judge Cyrus Olney of Oregon City, finding no evidence against the daughter, discharged the girl from custody.

In fact, the trial of Charity Lamb, with Judge Olney presiding, was a comedy of errors, the "irregularities" being so numerous that the indictment was dismissed for a time.

When the case again went to trial, Charity admitted she had swung the hatchet, but said, "I didn't mean to kill the critter, I only intended to stun him."

The September 30, 1854 *Oregonian* reported: "She (Charity) buried a hand axe, in his skull, two inches into the brain. Shortly after the incident, Smith (a friend) went over to Mary Ann's house looking for Charity. When Mary Ann opened the door, he saw Charity sitting by the fireplace smoking a pipe. He convinced her that she should go back to the house and see her husband who was lying in bed mortally wounded.

"She stood by his bed. 'Nathaniel, I am here.'

"Her voice aroused him. 'Yes, dear, I see you are. My dear, what did you kill me for?' "

Charity was convicted of murder, and the *Oregonian* commented:

"Charity Lamb was sentenced to the penitentiary for life . . . rather a serious matter in countries where they have penitentiaries, but not much else than a farce in Oregon."

In 1856, Charity Lamb was received into the temporary quarters of the prison under construction in Portland and was assigned to cleaning and scrubbing.

IN NOVEMBER 1857, Superintendent Sloan told the legislature that since the number of prisoners had increased from eight to eighteen, he felt justified in hiring his brother-in-law, C. A. Pickett, as assistant keeper. And he asked for $1,600 to pay their combined salaries.

He also presented a bill for $2,085.87 for "board, clothing, tinware and bedding for convicts, plus $360.50 for medical care." He pointed out that the bill would have been higher had the prisoners not been farmed out to the city for road construction.

Portlanders had become accustomed by this time to seeing small gangs of prisoners with ball and chain leg-irons working on the muddy streets. Front Avenue was at that time full of blackened stumps, and Third Avenue was "in the country." And once a week Charity Lamb could be seen plodding to the superintendent's house to wash and scrub.

Then Oregon entered the Union in February 14, 1859 and John Whitaker was elected governor. His disapproval of the penitentiary situation brought notable results. First, he fired George Sloan. Then in an attempt to make the penitentiary self-sufficient, he contracted with Robert Newell and Levi English to lease the penitentiary and custody of the prisoners for five years.

Newell and English sublet their contract to Luzerne Besser, who was to see that the convicts were securely kept and supplied with food, clothing and medical attention. He was also to supervise repair and maintenance of all existing buildings and to employ the prisoners in such a way as to relieve the State of expense.

Besser hired out the convicts for labor in brickyards and lumber mills, besides obtaining a contract with the City of Portland for constructing and repairing streets.

The lease system continued until October 17, 1862, and its failure may be attributed not so much to the philosophy of the system but to the 100% escape record. A startling report made by Besser to the governor brought to light the fact that of the twenty-five prisoners originally on hand, six had escaped from inside enclosures and nineteen from the guards while at work. In the fact that this perfect score left no prisoners at all, it must be assumed that Charity Lamb, the penitentiary's only female prisoner, also bade her midnight farewell.

The second prisoner sentenced to the prison in Oregon (Charley Clatawawd, an Indian horse thief was the first) was Cornelius Sharp, who had shot Robert McCarther to death in an Oregon City bawdy house. The Oregon City *Spectator* carried this story:

"Murderer Cornelius Sharp was shipped on board the *Portland* on Saturday for the penitentiary, which is to be built at some time or other. His wife and child accompanied him. The town, thank goodness, is rid of this nuisance."

One year later Sharp made news again. After one false start, he escaped from the prison and was never heard from again.

On August 13, 1862, the *Oregonian* wrote indignantly:

"The Penitentiary System has proved to be a failure. Some new system for the security and punishment of prisoners must be adopted. What shall it be?

"In a new country like ours when people are poor and where labor is difficult to obtain only at high prices, it is impossible to improve the roads in the manner needed. We have but one resource. It is to avail ourselves of the labor of prisoners in making the roads. . . . Temporary prisons for the night might be built. . . ."

The following October, Governor A. C. Gibbs was appointed ex-officio superintendent of the penitentiary at an annual salary of $400, and the legislature gave him authority to appoint a warden and assistant and to remove them at his pleasure.

Just about this time it was discovered that the original board of commissioners —King, Parker and Ford—when acquiring the original land for the prison had really floundered. They had purchased two city blocks which were separated by a street and had failed to gain title to one of the blocks and the street between. Thus a wall could not be built across the avenue, and with half a prison on one block and the remainder carried over to a block it did not even own, the legislature began to think about abandoning the Portland prison for a more favorable location.

"The State Penitentiary has been the wooden horse within the walls of our domestic treasury. . . . It was located in Portland . . . the walls of which any enterprising rat or rodent might dig his way through with impunity; and what is worse, it was built partly on the street and partly on the grounds of Stephen Coffin."

The penitentiary survived four more years of existence at its Portland location, and after Governor Gibbs appointed A. C. Shaw to the superintendency and J. C. Gardner as warden in 1864, the prison for the first time in its history belatedly functioned in a systematic manner.

Superintendent Shaw established a saddle and harness shop for those prisoners unable to work on roads and in the mills. He also contracted with the City of Portland and neighboring industries for the labor of thirty-five prisoners, thereby gaining $18,000 for the penitentiary budget.

The *Oregonian* stopped criticizing and proclaimed:

"The penitentiary is the governor's pet. For the past six months it has been under the governor's care with A. C. Shaw as superintendent and J. C. Gardner as warden. During this time five convicts have escaped and two of these have been returned, which compares favorably with thirty-two escapes during the previous two years when the penitentiary was in the hands of lessees.

"The entire expense . . . including officers and guards, has been $20,523. Of this sum a considerable portion was paid the lessees for materials on hand when they gave up the institution. The entire earnings of the convicts has been $17,991 under the present (administration).

"There are thirty-five convicts at this time employed at the prison and a more efficient set of workmen never handled picks, shovels and wheelbarrows. They are working on Front Street filling in a gulch above the penitentiary at present and their conduct is such as to show the worth of their keepers."

ON MARCH 18, 1865, it was reported to the public that a twenty-five acre site had been selected at Salem for the new penitentiary. The site covered both sides of Mill Creek, a convenient distance from town.

The great value of the location was the presence of the creek, which was deep and could provide water power for machinery.

The Salem prison was expected to pay its own way.

The legislature commissioned A. C. Shaw, the superintendent of the Portland penitentiary, J. H. Moores and the Rev. George H. Atkinson to secure land and superintend building. The Rev. Atkinson, as visitor for the Commission, studied the prison construction, management and employment problems of several eastern prisons. Plans for the location of buildings were based on his report, which was very complete for that early day.

The rotunda principle was adopted for the Salem penitentiary, and a yard was located adjoining the stream. A temporary building 90 by 36 feet was erected of planks laid flat and securely spiked together. The windows were nine feet high and three feet wide and were protected by iron gratings. The cell block consisted of a double row of cells built in the center, two tiers high, containing forty cells made of double plank strongly nailed.

On May 16, 1866, the convicts at the Portland prison were transferred to Salem. Immediately, chaos and confusion erupted in the form of escapes. During the month of August, 1865, 115 prisoners fled the prison through its wooden wall or fence.

On August 17, 1866, just seventeen days prior to the expiration of his term of office, Superintendent Shaw, Warden Allard and Brickyard Foreman Alden were seized by a large group of convicts armed with butcher knives and intent upon escape. At least one convict was shot to death and several other men were wounded, including Warden Allard. But eight convicts made a successful if bloody escape.

From the *Statesman*, September 3, 1866 came the report:

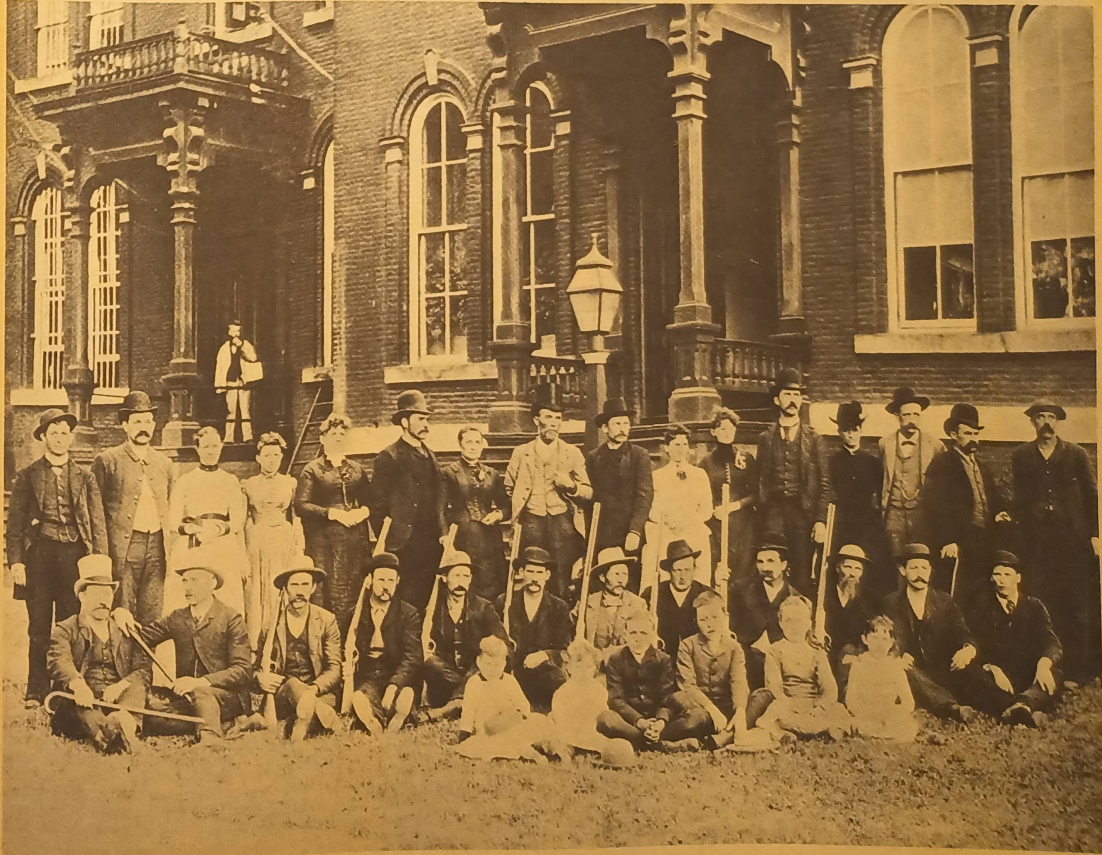
"In the afternoon of Monday last, Bledsoe, one of the convicts and a notorious desperado, called upon Mr. Allard, the warden, for some medicine. The warden, upon entering the office to obtain it, was suddenly seized by Bledsoe; wrenching himself loose he then sprang for the door where he was met and seized by four or five other convicts who had armed themselves with knives from the kitchen. About the same time Mr. Shaw, the superintendent, was seized by two of the convicts at the blacksmith shop and forced to go quietly along with them, assuring him that no harm should be done if he did so. On turning around, Mr. Shaw saw the warden being forced toward him, bleeding at the mouth.

At this juncture Bledsoe, leaving the warden, came to Mr. Shaw and being armed with a butcher knife threatened him with death if he made any disturbance; to which the superintendent replied that he should do his duty at any peril.

"Here Mr. Alden, foreman of the brickyard, was brought up, he having also been captured, and the whole party was forced along toward the east end of the new building where there was an opening in the fence.

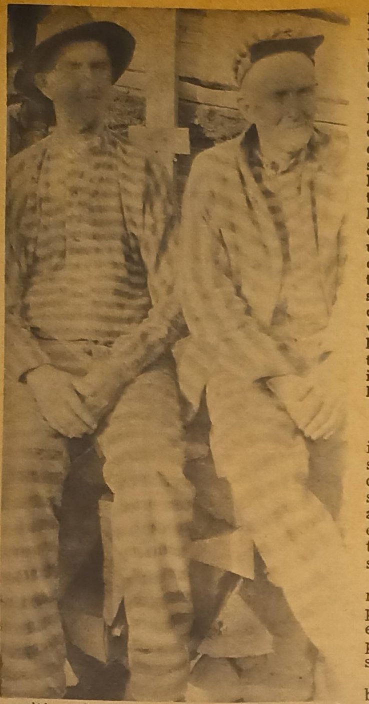
"When they had passed the end of the building, Messrs. Barry and Hurley, two guards who were stationed on the platform of the fence, came opposite to them and within thirty or forty feet.

"The superintendent ordered the guards to fire, but they, seeing the dangers to the officers, did not comply. The party soon reached the opening of the fence where several guards were stationed. As the temporary fence was reached, Mr. Shaw clinched his arm around one of the pieces of which it was composed, causing a halt among those who held him. Allard and Alden were forced on through the passage. When the convicts, noticing their exposed



The staff of the State Penitentiary during the administration of Warden Jim McKennon in 1888. Warden McKennon is standing sixth from left. The man in dark coat standing directly beneath the lamp post is Deputy Warden I. W. Berry, who succeeded McKennon as Warden and served four years. Mr. Berry's daughter, Mrs. Carl Miller, Medford, is the little girl at extreme right, front row.

Photo Courtesy Mrs. Carl Miller



From the report of Superintendent M. P. Berry: "Clothing of the convicts now in use is not sufficiently strong . . . the quality was good, but I have come to the conclusion that some other kind of material would be cheaper for the State. In this prison underclothing is unknown unless ordered by the physician for isolated cases. Such being the facts, I would suggest some other kind of good strong cloth to be introduced. For the sake of economy the striped cloth for coats and pants might be laid aside and the striped shirt introduced under this administration continued. When the men work, it is with their coats off and it is from the belt up that they should be magnified; that, the striped shirt does effectively. What the balance of the dress may be is of no moment, nor what the color may be, provided it is not black. As for the clothing having anything to do with keeping prisoners from attempting to escape, it is simply absurd. Nothing but iron and rifles hold convicts, and they combined often fail." (Circa 1866)

position, began a retreat, Bledsoe and Wright fled for the brush.

"The guards opened fire and Wright was brought down while Bledsoe escaped with a wound in the left shoulder. The main body retreated within the enclosure and soon made another rush for the fence where eight more escaped and several more were turned back even though they were beyond the fence.

"The names of those who succeeded in getting away were Matt Bledsoe, Julian Ladrew, James Lambert, Thomas Daniels, Frank Williams, George Douglas, Nelson Hauxhurst, and F. J. White."

APPOINTED by Governor George Wood on September 12, 1866, Major M. P. Berry became successor to Superintendent A. C. Shaw, and together with a Lieutenant Gale of the Oregon Infantry, Major Berry's operation of the penitentiary was influenced by his military training. Although it was a totally new field of labor for him, Major Berry—with Lt. Gale—held the prison's expenses down, prevented escapes, and made the manufacture of bricks a lucrative business.

The prison population during Major Berry's four-year term ranged from fifty to sixty convicts, and his was a touch-and-go battle to keep them from escaping.

Plots to overthrow the administration were numerous, but somehow he was able to uncover them in the nick of time.

Major Berry installed in the prison armory thirteen Henry rifles, one Spencer rifle, two Sharp's rifles, twelve Army Colt pistols, and a plentiful amount of ammunition.

Major Berry in an 1868 report stated: "Nothing but iron and rifles hold convicts, and they combined often fail.

"There have been no escapes made for the past two years, the cause for which is that all instructions . . . were that the safekeeping of the prisoners should be considered first . . . that the public had suffered much, and had at great expense arrested and convicted these men, and entrusted them to us for safekeeping; it therefore became our duty as faithful servants to hold them at all hazards.

"It required considerable time and many changes of officers to impress permanently the fact upon those interested that any want of vigilance on their part carried with it dismissal from the service."

The Gardner Shackle, or Oregon Boot, became the order of the day. Flogging was occasionally practiced by Major Berry, but only for complete disobedience of rules. Work in making bricks of clay taken from state lands was the enforced industrial endeavor of the inmates, and the "hole" was offered as punishment for those inclined to sluggishness.

Although the state legislature had insisted that the prison be moved to Salem, it refused to provide funds beyond its original inadequate appropriation for the erection of cell blocks, walls, factories and shops. As a result, the buildings were but temporary wooden affairs and complete devastation by fire was a constant threat.

Superintendent Berry complained, "The enclosures, excepting the stockade in process of erection around the new brickyard, have rotted and will have to be renewed during the winter, or another season will leave your prison in the open fields."

Lack of funds similarly influenced the selection of adequate personnel to manage and maintain the prison. "None of your prison officers are overpaid for the service rendered, and the poorest paid officer is your superintendent," Berry said of himself.

And, in a later address to the legislature, he remarked, "I find that the proportion of men fit for the occupation of guarding convicts is about one to fifteen. . . . The continual strain upon their vigilance either wears them out and they have to retire, or they become careless and have to be removed.

"Another peculiarity is that guards, without having any communication with the prisoners, will become sympathetic toward individuals (this was during the time of the Oregon Boot) and from that moment their usefulness is destroyed."

Under Superintendent Berry, guards received $50 per month, but under the supernumerary system he introduced, officers were hired at half pay and when they proved their worth they were allowed to fill vacancies in the regular line. The superintendent was given $150 monthly and wardens from $60 to $75.

Women's quarters were constructed within and below the officers' quarters, purposely to cut off communication with the main prison.

A CONTROVERSIAL man of considerable religious leaning was appointed to the superintendency in 1870. W. J. Watkinds stated in his first report: "I had supposed that to fill the office of superintendent would require only a portion of the officer's time and I found a mistake had been made in this respect. . . ."

Considering his lack of experience, Watkinds did a remarkable job in heading the prison, believing as he did that reformation was more to be sought than punishment or retaliation. He tirelessly urged completion of adequate, permanent structures and in May of 1871,.the basement was excavated for the north cell block, which came to be known as B-block.

By 1872 the walls and basement were finished but the cells could not be a four-tiered structure of brick and steel added, again for lack of funds for construction.

Superintendent Watkinds was not easily intimidated by the legislature. He issued vouchers in payment for materials and plunged into the task of completing the project on his own. The convicts were subsequently moved into their new cell block on August 1, 1872.

The legislature, upon hearing of Watkinds' unauthorized act, was infuriated. Begrudgingly, it issued emergency appropriations to cover the deficit and an additional appropriation of $10,479 for expenses which might conceivably be incurred under Mr. Watkinds in the future. Governor L. F. Grover, loyal to Watkinds' prison philosophies, declined to take any disciplinary action in the matter. Gaining encouragement from this fact, Watkinds plunged into the program of construction he had begun.

He expanded the prison's industrial and farm program and erected a boot and shoe factory, a tannery, a saddle tree shop, a flax mill, a sawmill, an orchard of 600 trees, and set up the first prison library of "judiciously selected volumes for promoting the reformation of the convicts."

He pushed for the employment of a "moral instructor" to be chaplain of the prison, stating as a foundation for his request, "What we call morality is derived from Christianity and the moral feelings and influences are the only agencies which secure a voluntary and willing obedience to law and authority."

Watkinds' term as superintendent was not devoid of personal trials. In June, 1875, the entire line of shops and factories was wiped out by fire. Although the industrial area was rebuilt a year later, the expense to the taxpayers was high enough to provoke the wrath of the newspapers and the legislature.

Somewhat later, Watkinds was accused of "irregular expenditures." A group of Portland lawyers investigated the management of the penitentiary, and he was formally accused of misappropriating public funds, failure to advertise bids for merchandise, and awarding contracts to personal friends. An outside auditor, one T. F. Patton, was installed by the investigating committee to check all accounts at the institution.

In the end, Watkinds not only disproved all the charges against him, but successfully turned the tables on his ac-

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PRAIRIE FIRE

By WALT COBURN

Photo Courtesy Author

Walt, when his working day is over, experiences his greatest relaxation in riding out on the desert on a favorite buckskin pony.

IT IS an unwritten law of the cow country that whenever the smoke of a prairie fire is sighted, every man who sees it from whatever distance he happens to be, drops whatever he's doing and gets there right now to lend a hand.

Humpy Jack Davis, the Circle C nighthawk, and I were wrangling the horse pasture before sunrise one morning when we sighted the thin column of smoke ten or twelve miles to the east, in the general direction of Wild Horse Creek. It was sheep country.

When the chimney-like column of smoke fanned out and spread, Humpy Jack told me to head for the ranch at a high lope and tell Horace Brewster, the foreman, to get the water barrels loaded in the bed wagon, and he'd fetch in the horses alone.

I had Snowflake in a high lope by the time he got the words out. I heard the sharp crack of his bullwhip and by the time I reached the end of the long lane into the ranch, the nighthawk had the horses funneled into the lane and coming fast, kicking up a cloud of dust a quarter mile behind.

I was all excited as I rode like a Pony Express rider carrying the mail, but when I neared the barn I saw I'd been cheated out of the news I was fetching. My father had seen the smoke and was shouting orders and motioning with his cane.

They had hauled and pushed the bed wagon by hand and had it alongside the water trough. There must have been ten or a dozen big water barrels in the wagon and when a barrel was filled a square of canvas was slapped over the top and fastened in place with an iron barrel hoop. A pile of gunnysacks were put to soak in a galvanized tub filled with water. A pile of shovels were racked. A five-gallon can of kerosene and strips of old blankets were loaded for use in setting a backfire, if necessary, or to burn a wide strip for a fireguard.

When Humpy Jack corralled the horses, Brewster and half a dozen cowpunchers roped their horses and saddled. The four-horse team was harnessed and hooked up to the bed wagon, and the nighthawk climbed up the front wheel onto the high seat faster than a monkey.

"Up you go," my father tapped the seat of my levis with his cane. "You can handle the wet sacks."

A green beef hide that hung on the fence was rolled quickly and thrown into the wagon as Humpy Jack's four-horse whip cracked and we were off. Brewster and the others were already on their way to the fire.

Pete Olsen, boss of the hay crew, had a team hooked to a light Studebaker wagon with a dozen hay hands bunched together on the wagon bed. I saw Al Taylor, the ranch cook, climb into the seat beside Pete, his flour-sack apron rolled up. Al had a hat on and he looked comical. Nobody'd ever seen him wear a hat.

HUMPY JACK was traveling over rolling prairie country as the crow flies, following no road or trail. Big Frank Howe, a top hand, was riding ahead about a hundred yards, to pilot the wagon, standing high in the stirrup to sight the clearest way ahead. His job was to pilot the wagon away from cut coulees and high cutbanks.

I knew that B. D. Phillips had a sheep camp on Wild Horse and that he was shearing his wether bands later this year, waiting for the fall market when the price of lamb wool would go up. That meant that half a dozen bands of sheep would be camped within a few miles of the big shearing shed he had built on Wild Horse.

I knew that a band of sheep traveled at a snail's gait and that sometimes they balked, and all the sheep dogs and herders in the country couldn't budge a sulled band even in the heat of a prairie fire or a winter blizzard.

I'd been brought up to hate sheep. The oily wool stink, the blatting noise they made, the grass they cropped down to the roots, ruining cattle range. But I hated to think of them being burned alive.

We could smell the smoke now. The sun was a red fireball in the overcast sky. A big flock of sagehens winged past overhead. We could hear the screech of curlews as they flew past and we saw the jackrabbits and cottontails scurry away. Meadowlarks and other birds flew by in the smoke. Prairie dogs barked with shrill alarm and scurried into their holes.

A bunch of cowpunchers herded a big drive of cattle across the skyline. Some more hazed a bunch of range horses out of sight. Horsebackers came from all directions to answer the call of fire.

The air was getting hot, close and thick with powdery ashes. I dipped our neck handkerchiefs in the tub and we tied them across our faces below our eyes. We could see the fire fighters now, on foot, swinging sacks and saddle slickers, beating at the licking flames that crawled through the dry grass.

We pulled up on a wide burned-over strip. I slid off the seat and squeezed through the barrels and dragged the washtub of wet sacks to the end of the wagon. I began handing out wet sacks to the smoke-grimed horsebackers as they came up and to the hay hands when Pete's wagon pulled up alongside ours.

I filled a water bucket from a barrel and balanced it on the wagon wheel, so that a thirsty rider could swing it up on his saddle horn to drink.

I was kept busy tossing wet sacks to the smoke-grimed men who rode back and forth. They'd bring back the dried-out, half-burned sacks which I'd put to soak and hand out wet sacks they would take back to the men on foot doing the

(Continued on page 56)

A RANCH ON THE NUECES

By J. FRANK DOBIE

Illustrated by B. D. Titsworth

MANY an old ranch house by its very looks calls up human destinies. Such is the Ray Ranch on the Nueces River down in the brush country of southwest Texas. It was established so long ago and the story has passed through so many people on the way down that it must be considered subject to the fallacies of memory. I heard it on a ranch gallery one night while the only sounds beside the voice of Rocky Reagan were the south wind in the trees, the hoot of an owl now and then in the river bottom, and the occasional howl of a coyote out in the brush.

After the Civil War was over, Elijah Ray still had lands and a big store in Alabama, though no money. He preached on the side and ran the store in partnership with a man named Hess. Hess had a bull-like build and a red face that marked him among other men. He was capable and energetic, but about the time business began to pick up, Elijah Ray discovered signs of dishonesty in him. When two Yankees showed up with cash, he decided to sell out his interest in the store, along with a farm. The family lived on a better one. Hess sold his interest also.

Elijah Ray made a prospecting trip into Texas in the late '40's and had never ceased to talk about the land there. This talk and fresh reports of the great cattle drives out of Texas and the free grass on which herds were raised filled the two Ray sons, Wallace and Jim, with ambition to go to Texas. They wanted a ranch of their own.

In 1868, Jim Ray was eighteen years old and Wallace was twenty. One day their father said, "Since you boys are bound to go to Texas, I want you to go prepared. I once thought I would go, but now it's getting late. Your mother and I have talked matters over. We have enough to live on and to take care of your sisters until they marry. We are going to give each of you five thousand dollars for a stake."

Banks at this time were very scarce and communications with Texas were scarcer. Elijah Ray remembered how in that sparsely populated land most business was transacted for cash. Indeed, for a few years after Wallace and Jim reached it, cattle buyers carried bags of gold and silver with them to "cow works," left the money lying in camp until a herd had been "shaped up," and then counted out the gold and silver on a blanket to the sellers. It was decided that the two brothers had better take their money in cash. Bank notes were at a discount and in the South, where paper money had sunk to nothing, were not wanted.

The father had a fine money belt made for each of the boys. When filled with five thousand dollars in gold pieces, it was plenty heavy. It was worn under shirt and trousers, but any observant eye could have detected it. Each of the boys bought himself a six-shooter, a long rifle, and clothes of the best grade. Their mother saw that each had a Bible in his bag. They figured they could do better in Texas on saddles and other horse equipment.

THE preparations went on for a good while. Outside of the family only Hess knew that they were taking five thousand dollars apiece in money belts. Having a hand in the business transactions, he had somehow found out. He knew also that they were going to the mesquite grass country on the Nueces River west of most settlements, where Elijah Ray had been in a seasonable year—when there was no sign of drought. Five or six weeks before they left, Hess of the bull build and red face disappeared. Wallace and Jim went down the Mississippi on a steamboat to New Orleans, and there caught a boat to Indianola on the Texas coast—a one-time important port, long since annihilated by a Gulf hurricane. They found Indianola booming with trade, with freight wagons leaving every day for San Antonio and other inland places. The stores offered everything a frontiersman could want. The Ray brothers spent several days looking around, getting the lay of the land and completing their outfits.

They bought two extra good Spanish horses, well broken and in good flesh: a coyote dun—a dun with a stripe down his back—for Jim; and a *grullo* — slate-colored like a sandhill crane—for Wallace. Each had a cowboy saddle, leather leggings, boots, spurs, and a Saltillo blanket with a hole slit in the middle of it so that it could be worn to turn water—slickers not yet having arrived. It was late summer and these blankets, carried rolled up behind the saddle, would serve as pallets. Instead of burdening themselves with a pack horse, they rolled up extra clothing in the blankets. They each carried cartridges and some food, principally crackers, coffee, sugar, and bacon, with a small coffeepot and tin cups, in a *morral*—the fiber bag of Mexican make that swung from nearly every saddle horn in the country. They traded off the long, heavy Alabama rifles for light saddle guns carried in scabbards.

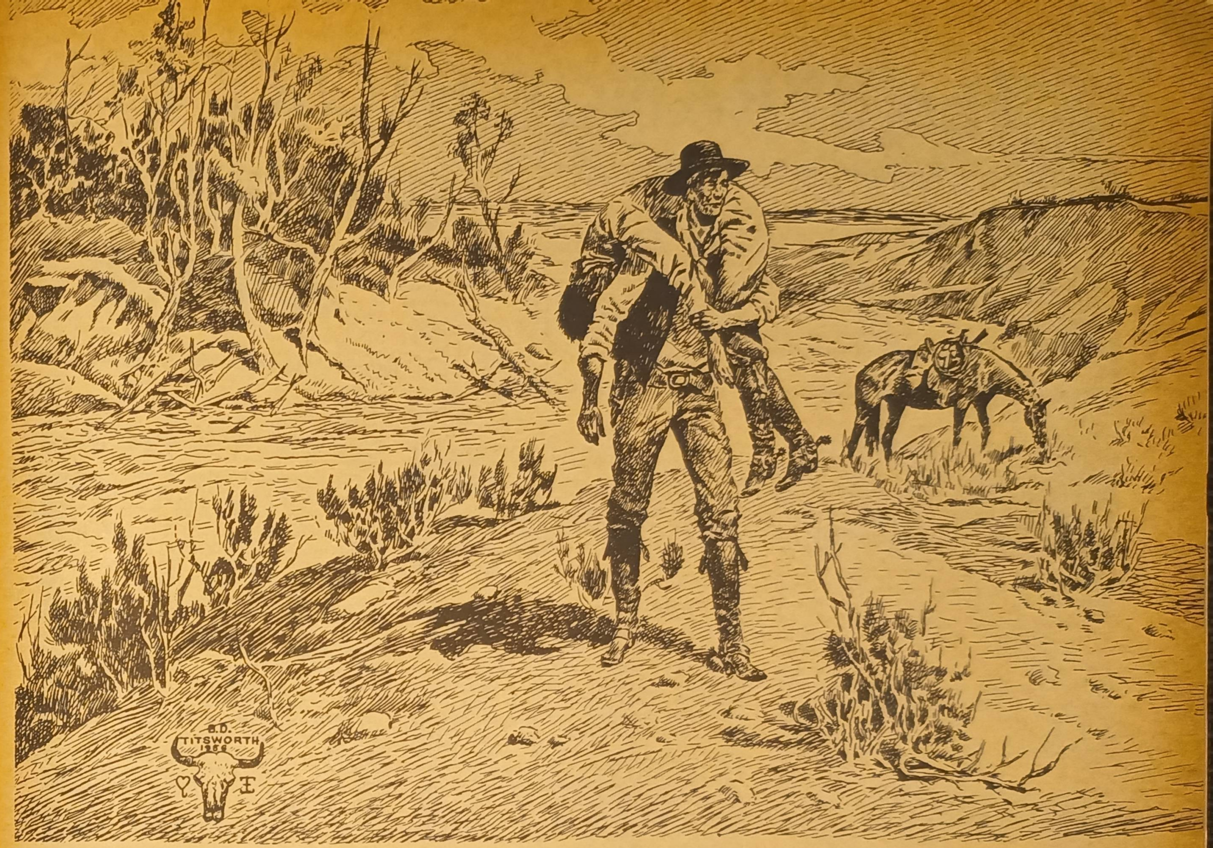
One night in a wagon yard at Indianola, Jim Ray overheard talk that led him to believe Hess had been at this place and had gone on west. This was surprising, but neither Jim nor Wallace attached significance to the news.

The two set out with a wagon train bound for Beeville. Traveling was slow, but the coastal prairies afforded plenty to see. The earth was a carpet of grass, in many places belly-high to a horse. It was dotted with deer, cattle, and wild horses; prairie chickens and bobwhites flew out of it constantly along the road. September, the month of rains, had come and the grass was green and all the streams were running with clear water. Until the route crossed an arm of post-oak country, the only brush and timber were along creeks.

AT Beeville, the Rays bought a few extra provisions and cut loose from the freighters to prospect alone. They could kill meat any time they wanted it and expected to live largely upon it. They went west by north. They knew there were few ranches west of the Nueces. They expected to locate perfection—water and grass—somewhere out in that vast vacancy. Ten thousand dollars would buy two thousand heifers. Even if they did not buy that many to raise calves, but kept some money for improvements, more horses, and expenses, they could set up a good-sized ranch. They expected to file on a section of land each for headquarters, and build a house. The problem would be to control their stock on a range that belonged to nobody and so to everybody.

They crossed the Nueces at Puente Piedra, where a ferry was installed years later, and camped under live oak trees. They saw cattle, some not branded, but no people. They caught a few glimpses of mustang cattle, which ran separately from the semi-domesticated stock. Some were black, some yellowish, most of them line-backed, the thick, sharp-pointed horns on the bulls indicating the fighting strain of Spanish cattle from which they were descended. They were literally wilder than the deer and as unclaimed. Along the creeks and rivers wild turkeys were as common as jack rabbits out on the prairies. Now and then a band of startled mustang horses, always alert, ran against the sky line.

The second day, the Rays rode upcountry from the Puente Piedra without seeing a sign of a ranch. A big rain that had fallen during the night blotted out all tracks. A little before sundown, while they were nearing a heavy line of timber that indicated a creek, eighteen riders dashed toward them at a dead run, shooting and yelling. It would have been foolhardy to try to stand them off, and the brothers headed for a brushy draw to their left. Travel in heavy ground had jaded their horses; now, as they made the best time they could, they turned in their saddles and fired their six-shooters at the raiders. Neither, so far as they could tell, made a hit. Jim caught a glimpse of the red face of a hatless man with a red bandana tied around his head. He had a different look from the other riders, who were unmistakable Indians.



A short distance from the brush, Wallace went down under a dead horse. Jim stopped to try to get him loose and saw that he was dying. He seemed to have been shot through the lungs. He was plainly past being saved. Jim remounted and with bullets hitting around him, made it to the brush. There his horse stumbled in a soggy gopher hole and as Jim cleared his back he decided that the best policy would be to run in the direction opposite to that the recovered horse was headed. He jumped into a hard-bottomed gully and ran down it to thick covering, where he stopped. All he had was his six-shooter, and it had only one unfired cartridge. He realized how useless at the moment all his gold was.

HE could hear the Indians above him and in other directions and knew they had caught his horse. Then dark came. Flying clouds, played on by lightning, banked to the west. After all was quiet, Jim half-crawled back to where his brother had fallen. Occasionally he could hear a voice from the creek timber, where the Indians had evidently camped. Wallace's body was not mutilated, but some of his clothes had been removed—and his money belt was gone. Comanches were not out after money belts.

Daylight found Jim in tall grass partly protected by brush whence he could view the camp. The Indians were bringing in hobbled horses. He saw his coyote dun among them, and he saw plainly what he had waited to see. The red-faced man with a bandana tied around his forehead, blockier in build than the other men, was unmistakably Hess. Until the end of his life Jim Ray speculated on how Hess had got in with the Indians, but figured it must have been through one of those chains of horse thieves, some making use of Indians, that operated from the Rio Grande clear across Texas into the old Southern States.

The Indians, instead of riding up the creek, now prepared to cross it. It was up, swimming big, indicating that heavy rains had fallen to the west. The south bank was a bluff; the north bank sloping. During the excitement of crossing the creek, Jim, hiding behind trees and bushes, got closer. Circumstances seemed to be favoring the use of his one cartridge. Two or three of the riders managed to leap their horses into the stream, but the others had to blindfold theirs and back them off the bank. Some men swam free, some held the trails of their horses.

When the last man reached the sloping bank on the other side, Jim steadied his six-shooter with both hands and aimed at Hess. The bullet, apparently, did not even graze him. It was part of Jim's plan to show himself. He stood up and yelled, and one of the bullets that replied flecked his left

(Continued on page 36)

Even the murder of his brother at the hands of Indians led by a white renegade could not deter young Jim Ray from establishing a new home in Texas

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The STRANGE STORY of QUANTRILL'S SURGEON

There is a church graveyard in my home town of Miami, Missouri which holds the remains of many good men and a few fine-feathered scoundrels. One of the former is Dr. John W. Benson, regimental surgeon for William C. Quantrill, the bushwhacker chieftain. Dr. Benson had been shot by unwilling soldiers after an unrecorded Federal court-martial. The bullets went through an embroidered hunting shirt a girl had made for the doctor when she had sent him to join the guerillas, and one of them had penetrated the secret of a wonderful man.

By RAYMOND W. THORP

JOHN BENSON and his brother Andrew were both surgeons, serving the people of Miami and vicinity before the Civil War broke out. They had gone to medical school and received their diplomas at St. Louis, which was always a tradition of Saline County doctors. Andrew himself was usually in a precarious state of health and died in 1869. John, on the other hand, was a robust man over six feet in height and a wonderful horseman, which latter attribute was very important in a country where there were few roads, and these but sparsely traveled. Even the children, who usually hid themselves from doctors, swarmed out to meet him as he rode along. Healthy as he was, he still beat Andrew to the grave. The stone reads:

John W. Benson
Born March 3, 1836
Died October 6, 1863
Age 27½ years

Before going with Quantrill, Benson had been with other military and semi-military outfits. In May, 1861, he had gone out with Captain Crews' company of the Missouri National Guard, known as the Saline Mounted Rifles. He and Dr. M. A. Brown, also of Miami, were surgeons with that company. His enlistment expired in December of that year, and he joined with Col. Frank Robertson's Confederate recruits, all of whom were captured in the same month on Blackwater Creek in Johnson County. They were imprisoned at the Gratiot Street Prison in St. Louis, and released on March 14, 1862.

Back in Miami, Benson pressed his suit with his fiancee, Ethel Lewis, who lived on the south edge of town where the Marshall Road entered. The girl's mother told him that since the war appeared to be just beginning, she would prefer that the engagement end. Conditions were too uncertain. Miss Lewis herself told Benson that instead of thinking of marriage he should join the Confederate forces. She had made a fine embroidered hunting shirt for him to wear, and presented it to him.

Benson had had it in mind for many months to join Quantrill, who had come up amazingly in the eyes of the Confederacy, which had first considered him only a border ruffian. The shirt decided him, since all of Quantrill's men wore clothing which had been made for them by the womenfolk in their families.

While Benson had firmly decided that he would not see Miss Lewis again on any account, he wore the garment when sworn into the bushwhackers by the chief himself some time later. Quantrill knew of him and his scruples, and told Benson that he would serve as a surgeon, and not as a fighter unless he so chose himself.

"Don't pick any bullets out of the Dutch," he said. "They're all Yankees at heart."

DR. BENSON came to Miami again in the following summer as a member of Dave Blunt's company of guerillas, along with about fifty other bushwhackers, some of whom were Miami residents. They were on a recruiting drive, and Quantrill knew there was no better way to recruit than with people who were well-known to those whose favors were sought. Captain Blunt said that other companies were sent throughout western Missouri on the same mission, leading those who heard to the assumption that big events were about to transpire. As it eventually turned out, this was stating the case only mildly.

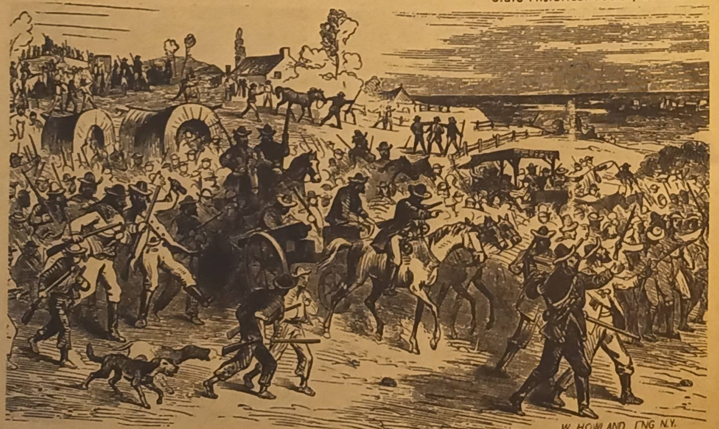
The wild company came over the river bluffs from the west, across what was known as Bell's tract, down past the upper landing, to avoid the main roads over which the Union forces usually traveled. Setting up sentries on Bell's Hill, which commanded the town, they overlooked nothing to do with their own safety. W. H. Sidenstricker, who was a boy at the time (and whom I knew when I was a lad) left an account of their visit.

The business portion of the town was almost deserted, as most of the men were either with Quantrill or with the Confederate cavalry. A few had gone to the Union, and thus ostracized their families from other residents. The small boys who were left at home were down at the main river landing, watching the steamers load and unload way cargo on their journey to the mountains, but those who came up the hill when they heard of the new excitement noted that the heavily armed and mounted men were a little different from the usual run of soldiers who were quartered at Marshall, thirteen miles away, and whose uniforms were blue. Most wore tartan jackets and slouch hats with large ostrich plumes on them, and it was noised abroad, "Quantrill's men are here."

Some of the buildings were deserted, not because the owners were off to the war, but for other reasons. The post office was run by Adolph Royar, a German who could speak only broken English, and his son, August. The elder knew of Quantrill's antipathy for Germans, who were staunchly for the Union, and at the first news of the coming of the bushwhackers the place had been hurriedly locked, and the two had hied to safer quarters, probably their cellar, built to withstand tornadoes.

Border ruffians "going over to wipe out Lawrence"

State Historical Society of Missouri


W HOWLAND ENG N.Y.

The time was about nine o'clock in the morning, and the guerillas scattered about town to secure breakfast from the citizens. With their saddles and equipment on the sidewalks, they had fed their horses in Main Street, and now the animals roamed about. Captain Blunt took breakfast with the only Jew in town, Sam Swartz, who ran a general store, and Dr. Benson went to the home of his brother Andrew.

The bushwhackers who lived there went to their own homes, and these were John Dickey, Bent Markham, Bob Smart, and Clay Surbaugh. (Old John Dickey the writer knew, and his son, John, Jr. He lived on the hill running down toward our house where the Brunswick Road commenced, and I recall that just at the turn of the century Old John sold his little house and few sticks of furniture and left town. A Republican had moved into a new house just across the street from him. This was unheard of in Miami, and the old man gathered up his pistols and Sharps rifle and went to Independence.)

Most of the bushwhackers were very young, some not yet out of their teens, and none was over thirty. Two of the youngest were as fidgety as yearling mares, and one danced a jig in the street as the other played a tune on a Jews-harp. Suddenly they spied a farm boy dressed in a yellow coat and cowhide boots.

"Here, you," one exclaimed, "peel off that coat! I want that butternut coat!"

The farm boy began to take off the garment, whereupon the other said, "Aw, keep your coat, he's just a-fooling."

"Say, I want to jine up with you fellers," said the boy.

By this time Dave Blunt had returned from his sumptuous breakfast of coffee, cornbread, bacon and sorghum, and was standing in the street. The young bushwhackers took the yokel over to him and told his wants. The boy stood there kicking his heels together and looking at the captain, who wore a large black slouch hat with plume, a long black frock-coat, and eight-inch barreled Colt revolvers.

"By damn, I wish I could look like you," the farm boy said, noting that bank bills peeped from Blunt's pockets.

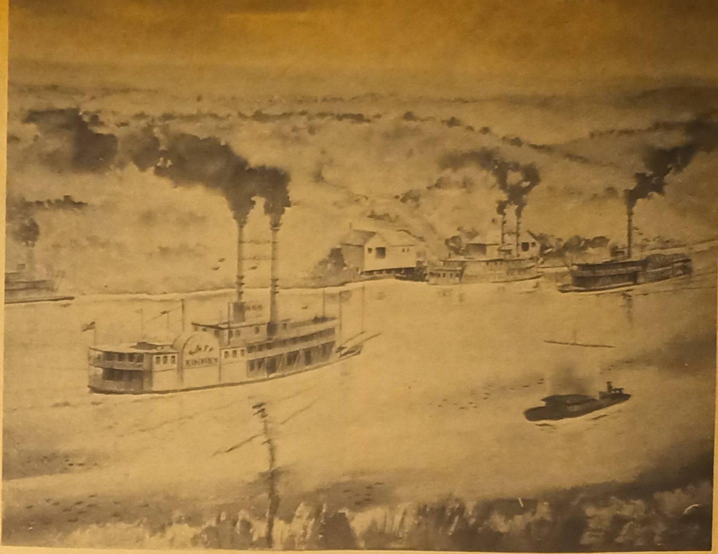
The Captain recited the Confederate oath of allegiance, and he followed every word. "Am I in now?" he asked.

"Just a minute," replied Blunt, "Repeat, 'I'll fight to the death, one or 5,000, never give up, never show quarter, never surrender'." The new recruit did so, and his two new comrades locked arms with him, saying, "Come, let's find us a drink, and we'll seal it up good."

NOW A man on horseback approached, coming up from the end of Bell's lane. He was driving a man ahead of him who was weaving about, and now and then falling down, from too much whiskey. He wore the regulation blue uniform of the Federal soldier, and he was a Miami man coming home from his company at Lexington. His name was Bob Davis, no good in the army or out.

Everyone clustered about, wondering what the guerillas would do. They were sworn to show no quarter to anyone in that uniform. A young, hard-faced bushwhacker stepped forward. "Let me have him," he said. "I'll take care of him." Davis sobered up quickly, with that menace to life facing him.

"I knew you men were on the road, for you passed me in the night," he said, looking fearfully at his captors. "Don't shoot me, I'll jine ye." Since this was the bushwhackers' idea of a Yankee, one that would give up without a fight, they all roared with laughter. John Dickey knew him well, and they went away arm in arm, looking for something to drink stronger than water.



Miami, Missouri, as it appeared from the Wakenda Prairie across the river. The Miami hill descends to the right to Bell's Landing. Farther down is the main landing; the right of the picture is west, and it was this way that the bushwhackers came down the river to Missouri, the road going up the long hill. This excellent watercolor painting of the locale was done by William B. Secrest for the author.

One of the guerillas looked in a window and said, "What place is this?" Some small boys had clustered around, and one told him, "This is the post office—Union man."

A strong kick sent the door inward, and soon the place was full. Candy jars in the front were emptied into the hats of the boys, until suddenly Bent Markham rushed in, shouting, "Don't do this! Put that stuff back. These are our people." Most of the candy was returned, the room cleared, and although the lock on the door had been broken, no one entered again.

One of the bushwhackers had evidently obeyed Quantrill's orders and killed a Dutchman, for he wore a long frock-coat with a pocket in one tail, from which stuck out the tasseled stem of a Dutch China pipe. One of his comrades slipped the pipe out of the pocket. The owner felt the theft, and drawing a revolver, turned around, saying, "Who took my pipe?"

When nobody replied, he stuck the pistol into the stomach of the Sidenstricker boy, and told him, "You saw it. If you don't tell, I'll shoot!"

Another bushwhacker now drew his pistol and told the boy, "If you do tell I'll shoot." His pistol was a self-cocker, a rare thing in those days, and as he pulled on the trigger the hammer came back a half inch.

"See how pretty that raises?" he asked the boy, who now saw that it was a joke, but a blood-chilling one, and he later said that he didn't care how the hammer raised, but how it fell.

Excitement soon prevailed again on the part of the boys and local men who were present. Once more Bell's lane yielded some prisoners, this time George Nye and his son Bill. The pickets brought them in at gunpoint, and they were forced to dismount in the street by Captain Blunt, while he sought information concerning them. He soon learned that the elder Nye was supposed to have disseminated the information in Marshall that the bushwhackers had stolen blankets from several women and had insulted them in the process. Nye denied this, and Blunt said that none of the bushwhackers ever insulted women on pain of immediate death; it was one of Quantrill's regulations.

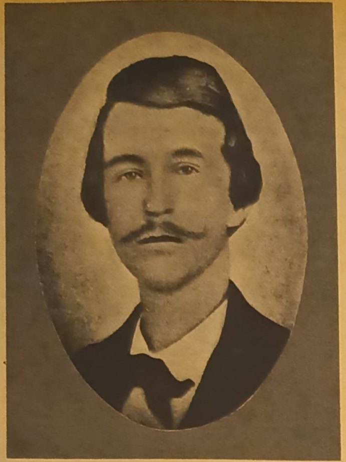
Dr. Benson came forward, as he knew both father and son and had dispensed services to their family. "While I am the surgeon of Quantrill's regiment and classed as a bushwhacker," he said, "Mr. Nye is well known to me and I will vouch for anything he says to Captain Blunt."

"Then," replied Blunt, "I don't know what to do with these men unless I order them shot or freed."

Max Haynie, a very vociferous Southern sympathizer but no man for a fight, began to speak on behalf of Nye, when Blunt turned savagely upon him and asked, "Who in the hell are you?" Simple, retiring Max then subsided without further comment. The captain finally, on the word of Benson, drew the two men off to the side of the street and after administering an oath which he deemed sufficient, released them and ordered a guerilla to retain and feed the horses.

A little farther down the street, at Pendleton & Shaughnessy's saddle shop, men were outfitting for the road, supplying themselves with halters, bridles, straps, bits, girths and other needs. The sun was mounting high; it was near noon, and the guerillas knew they dared not stay too long.

By twos and threes and in squads, men were mounting their horses and leaving town by the Marshall Road. Peyton Long, who was known as Quantrill's most fastidiously dressed comrade, had one squad. He was a young man, not over twenty-



State Historical Society of Missouri

Charles W. Quantrill

five, but had participated in a score or more Kansas raids. He could go through rain and snow, and emerge without a wilted feather in his hat. This was because one of his sisters had denuded her Sunday hat of these ornaments in order to keep him supplied. He carried them pressed carefully in a blanket.

The farmer boy with the butternut coat had been supplied with a pretty feather by Long; another guerilla with a number of pistols had given him a pair, and he wore his property proudly, mounted upon John Macy's fleet, slick black pony. At the saddlery he had found a brand new saddle that was a perfect fit, with new bridle and bit, and sat pertly, as if he were Quantrill himself.

As he moved off down the street, Mr. Macy ran along beside him, hoping to save the pony, and pleaded with him, "Don't take my pony. You'll get another horse sometime, abandon him, and then mine will be gone." At this the man with the self-cocking pistol, who was always on hand when anything was brewing, spurred forward, and presenting the famous weapon across his animal's mane, said to Macy, "Friend, which eye shall I shoot out first?"

The horse-owner fell back aghast, and the men rode on. With Blunt at their head they formed the original band where Main Street made its first turn, and headed south. Hearing the sound of horses' hoofs. a young girl in a house at the edge of town pulled the blinds aside and watched the men ride by.

She turned to her mother, "He's not there," she said.

BACK IN TOWN, Dr. Benson was looking for Sam Davis, whom he feared might have been killed, as he had not been seen for some time. He finally found him lying drunk in John Ferril's feed lot, where he had been dumped and his shirt taken off and stolen by a guerilla. Benson pumped a bucket of cool water, flung it in his face and sobered him enough so that he could ride.

The Nyes were still about, and Benson had succeeded in wheedling one of their horses from Blunt. He led this horse to the lot, and helped Sam to mount it bareback. "You're going home now," he said.

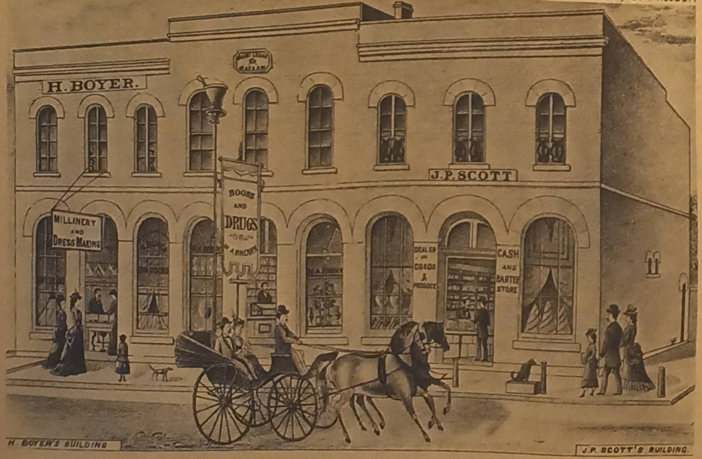
Benson mounted his own horse and they rode up to the post office, where the frightened Royars were now in charge, seemingly having come from nowhere. Several small boys clustered around as Benson gave a silver dollar to the postmaster and told him, "This will pay the boys to clean up this filthy street."

Where the road forked, he and Sam rode up into the bluffs, on what was later known as the Bluff Schoolhouse road. He delivered the inebriated one to his wife and children, and told him to hold the horse in his lot for Mr. Nye. Then the doctor cut across the country. It is probable (and I say that because it is not known) that Dr. Benson crossed over the Slater Road a short time later, and caught up with his comrades at or near Fairville. It is known that he dodged Miami, as he did not care to ride out on the same route followed by Blunt and the rest of the men.

At any rate, the band threw out videttes ahead as they approached Marshall in the early afternoon. They were headed for a rendezvous and didn't want to be embroiled in unimportant skirmishes, or to be impaired physically.

Early print shows one of the principal business blocks of Miami, Saline County, Missouri.

State Historical Society of Missouri



Just north of Marshall the road crosses a bridge over a turgid stream. This is known as Blackwater Creek and it flows from east to west. It should more properly be known as a river, for it is swift, wide and deep, and I have known mere trickles elsewhere which were classed as rivers. A road ran along this to the west, and when the bushwhackers reached it, to a man they heaved a sigh of relief. The road followed the stream clear into Johnson County, which was their destination.

Riding mainly by night, and dodging settlements where they were not well known, the band of guerillas came to this outpost in a week's time. It was one of Quantrill's main recruiting centers, the farmers thereabouts being all good friends of the bushwhacker chief. The men and their horses were spread about over five acres of fields, where they had tents, outbuildings and lean-tos for shelter, hardly needed at this season. Two vast cribs were filled with corn, oats and hay for their animals, gathered over a period of weeks and hauled in by the farmers. Quantrill himself, in the uniform of a Confederate colonel, greeted Blunt and Dr. Benson in his large army tent. The only furniture he had was comprised of a table, chair and bunk. On the bunk was laid out a lot of paper work, and on the table a large foolscap pad, writing pens and ink.

After Blunt had reported, and the two were leaving, Benson asked Blunt, "I wonder what the chief is writing about?"

"Oh, that's his death roll." replied the captain. "He'll read it before we leave, and after we get there."

IN THE DAYS that followed, other leaders came in with recruits, horses and guns. Almost every night women came to the camp bringing heavy cases full of ammunition and now and then firearms. John Jarrett brought his men in from Clay County.

Dave Poole of the big black beard brought in his recruits last, and when Quantrill saw him he knew it was time to move out. In the middle of the morning he mounted to the empty bed of a farm wagon, read his death roll and addressed the guerillas.

The first name read was that of Jim Lane, and he said, "I'd like him alive, for myself. After I had bullwhacked across the Plains and stayed for awhile in Montana, I came back and stood in the ashes of Osceola. Our women had been raped and thrown into the flames of those burning houses, and I saw the skeletons. This had been done on orders of Lane and Jennison.

"Some may think we are going to Osawatomie, but not so. This time we will strike the head of the snake. It is the fountain of all devils, the home of the Emigrant Aid Society. It harbored old John Brown, who stretched a rope for his dastardly crimes. In 1856 the President ordered this place burned to the ground, and it was done. It is time to do it again. We'll burn this citadel of hell to the earth from which it arose. We'll go to Lawrence."

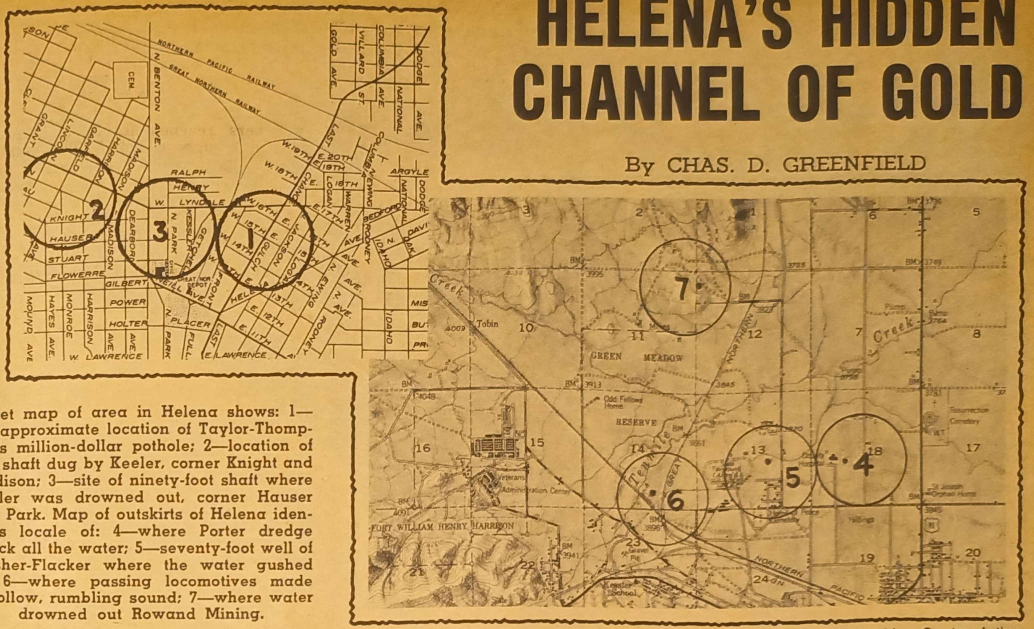
The bushwhackers hurrahed, but he raised his hand. "We've got new men along," he said. "We must teach them the rules. We don't rape women, nor do we insult them. Whoever does will be brought before me and I will kill him.

"Now, any who don't care to make the journey may ride away unharmed." He looked about him; none moved. "Dr. Ben-

(Continued on page 54)

HELENA'S HIDDEN CHANNEL OF GOLD

By CHAS. D. GREENFIELD



Street map of area in Helena shows: 1—the approximate location of Taylor-Thompson's million-dollar pothole; 2—location of last shaft dug by Keeler, corner Knight and Madison; 3—site of ninety-foot shaft where Keeler was drowned out, corner Hauser and Park. Map of outskirts of Helena identifies locale of: 4—where Porter dredge struck all the water; 5—seventy-foot well of Mosher-Flacker where the water gushed in; 6—where passing locomotives made a hollow, rumbling sound; 7—where water drowned out Rowand Mining.

Maps Courtesy Author

It's waiting for someone—who's awfully rich already but who wants to be richer!

IN the summer of 1863, two men started a search for gold on the western slope of the Rockies in what was then Idaho Territory, later to become Montana. They had worked only a few days when one morning about dawn they were attacked by Indians. After their leader was killed, the Indians fell back.

In the semi-darkness the gold seekers fled for their lives, saving only their guns. Daylight came and they holed up. A few hours after they had hidden, half a dozen mounted Indians rode so close to them that the white men thought their time had come, but the savages went on by.

On the third day of flight the prospectors concluded it was safe to travel by day. After passing over a plain surrounded by foothills and mountains, they suddenly stopped. Before them was a fissure in the earth, deep and big enough to hold a stagecoach. From the fissure came the sound of running water, an underground stream. They were intrigued by the thought that perhaps the channel was gold-bearing. Speculation ceased when one of the two said he was going down to find out.

The opening was on an incline sloping toward a stream about 100 feet below the surface. The prospector came up with his hands full of gravel in which gold was plainly visible. The men marked the spot as best they could, for without tools, grub or shelter and fearing the Indians were still after them, they felt they should hurry on, and come back to their underground discovery later.

The following year Last Chance Gulch with its millions in gold was discovered. and prospectors by the hundreds poured into the new camp which today is the capital of Montana. Among those who came were the two men who had been chased by Indians. They said it was not the Last Chance discovery which had brought them, but the underground stream which too was in this area. Long and patiently they searched for it again, but all in vain. Thus was born the legend of the Hidden Channel.

FACT or fiction, many believed the story the prospectors told, and it helped persuade one man to spend thousands of dollars digging shafts and running drifts to reach the gold he was sure would be found in the underground stream. Almost twenty-five of the best years of his life went into a search which ended only with his death. In his last days he had his wife write down the reasons he believed the Hidden Channel existed, and he described the work he had done over the years in his endeavors to find it. This document is now in the Archives of the Montana Historical Library in Helena, having been donated by a daughter more than thirty years ago.

Colonel George W. Keeler was the man who devoted his life and his fortune in an attempt to get the bedrock gold out of the Hidden Channel. He was no Johnny-come-lately to the business of mining but a hard-headed and successful operator. particularly in placer mining in California prior to his coming to Montana. It was the knowledge he acquired there which convinced him the Hidden Channel of gold-bearing gravel existed.

In the winter of 1867-68 Keeler was working a mine in Big Indian Gulch four miles south of Helena when the town buzzed with excitement, and territorial newspapers ran glowing accounts of the rich strike made by Taylor and Thompson, local merchants, on their claim in lower Last Chance Gulch. Their workings had reached what was considered bedrock in the gulch, but here it consisted of a soft clay, so the owners decided to sink through it.

Beneath the clay formation they found gravel which carried more gold than ever had been found before in the gulch, in an area of similar size. The best returns came from ground well below Last Chance bedrock.

Unable to find any other explanation for their rich discovery, they called it a "pothole." This explanation Keeler refused to accept. He knew from his experience in California that what miners call a pothole never pays, as it fills up with light material and the gold is always found on the riffles.

Keeler heard the story of the two prospectors with their underground river but had not given it much credence up to this point. Suddenly he changed his mind. He finally concluded that this wonderful strike, which one of the Taylor-Thompson bookkeepers told him yielded more than a million dollars, was what California miners had called a "dead river," a stream whose original channel had been blocked by a landslide long ago, forcing it to make a new channel—sometimes in the opposite direction.

In California, dead rivers always proved rich, and Keeler expected this old channel he was going to seek would be richer than Last Chance Gulch, which might have been merely a feeder of the old river.

IN THE SPRING of 1868, Keeler started work. Satisfied in his own mind the course ran from the southeast to the northwest, he sank a shaft in what

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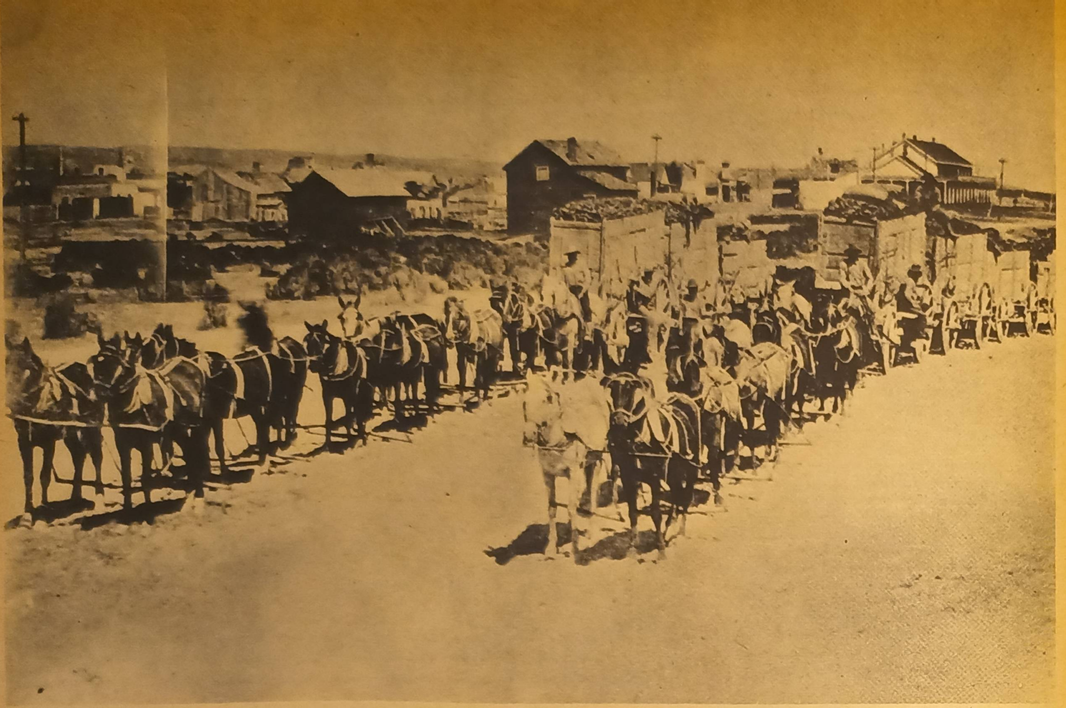


Early-day freighting teams in Elko, Nevada
Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

The FREIGHTER FROM SCOTLAND

By WILLIAM DUFF STEWART Submitted by LESTER DENT

EXPLANATORY NOTE

Several years ago, while watching a demolition crew destroy one of the old homes and landmarks in San Jose, California, I managed to rescue a box full of letters and papers just three feet and thirty seconds ahead of the bulldozer.

The contractor gave me a baleful look, saying, "Keep them." I think he also mentioned something about rehabilitation and progress.

These letters were yellow with age (written in 1911-1912) and every so often the writer would revert to his native Scotch tongue. So a courtesy is given to the language students of San Jose State for answering my many times reiterated question of, "What in hell is that?"

The subject of this story was an immigrant lad named William Duff Stewart, a fine type of the self-made, self-reliant Scotch American. Mr. Stewart did his best to chronicle the events of his life from Scotland through the White Pine rush. Stewart omitted his personal life and the fact that his brother James had fought through seventeen engagements while serving with the Union Army of the Potomac. James was killed in a mine slide at Hamilton City and is buried at Mourners Point.

In the episode of Jessie Moran, her youngest daughter, Barbara, now 100 years of age, was born in a wagon someplace in Wyoming. Today she is probably the last living person who walked the streets of Hamilton City and among the last of those who sat in the two-seater desks at school. The schoolhouse yet remains in that once thriving metropolis, now deserted and alone. Where once trod the feet of the immigrants' children, this staunch little building with its vacant seats and wide open doors beckons as if to say, "Not silver—not gold; give me your tired, your worn—you shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."—L. D.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1854, I came into this world, William Duff Stewart, at Pitlochery near Perthshire, Scotland. Born the third son of a Scotch farmer and a missionary mother, both of whom had strong religious convictions.

Almost from birth, I was scheduled to become a man of cloth in the Free Church of Scotland. I studied toward that end, but upon the death of both parents, fate stepped in and sped up the schedule.

I became a preacher but oh, the audience. Never did I dream that the sole recipients of my lectures would lay back their long ears, show their teeth and hee-haw.

I managed to immigrate to America through much effort on the part of my sister, Maggie, who was married and lived in London. My voyage was made on *Lochness II*, one of the old Anchor Lines, running out of Glasglow. Fifteen years old and alone, I arrived at Castle Gardens, New York City, July 5, 1869.

I spent that winter in Washington, D. C. with my brother, Mungo Stewart, who was working as a stonecutter on the Capitol Building. The following spring I set out for Nevada, largely on account of newspaper headlines about White Pine and letters from my eldest brother, James, who was working in the Eberhardt Mine in Hamilton City.

April 26, 1870 the train ground grudgingly to a halt in Elko, Nevada. Outside, the weather was rough; one of those beastly bone-chilling, cloudy, rain-swept mornings.

Stewart did very well in the West—he was given some good advice: never ask a stranger a question other than the price, the weather, or the direction . . .

Gathering my worldly possessions (these consisted of two blankets, a jack-knife and $3.75), I headed for the platform to disembark.

At this point I was confronted with an array of people and animals, the like of which this laddie had never seen before. There were mule teams, ox teams, burros, handcarts, people with packs on their backs and people with whiskers and tall hats. All of these were shouting, cursing, and slithering around in a sea of mud. Here and there an Indian was standing stock still, seemingly weatherproof and asleep. This was Elko! I was positive of the fact, backed up for proof with the sign at the end of the depot.

Gingerly I picked my way up the street, through the cold rain, coming to a halt for shelter just inside of a stable door. From far back inside, a deep voice called out, "Hey, kid, you looking for a job?"

Did I hear right—a job? In a squeaky voice. I answered, "Yes, sir." Then followed a moment of silence broken only by the rhythmic sound of mules and hay. Finally in a huge stentorian voice came an answer.

"All right, sonny, throw your blankets over there—I'll give you $40 and found. Ever work around mules?" I replied that there were very few mules in Scotland.

"My name's Pritchard. What's yours?"

"Stewart," I squeaked again.

"Fine, laddie. Everybody calls me Nick—Nick o' the Woods."

At noon Nick took me to a tent, the sign of which read, "Mr. King's Boarding House." The owner and cook, Mr. King, proved to be a greasy fat Chinaman, wearing a little round hat and a long black queue. I can verily state with all due respect for the truth, that the celestial son of heaven had little or no talent for his occupation.

I can distinctly recall that meal—Nevada Sirloin—the first and only steak I have ever eaten with three ribs running through the center of it. However, I ate it with relish, since that was the first meal I had eaten in two weeks, except for crackers and dried beef. Soon after our departure, Nick belched loudly and advised me to find another place to board lest that Chinaman's cooking kill me.

Nick was not an articulate man, but he did manage to give me some sound advice. "For your own sake, laddie, keep your mouth shut, your eyes open and listen well. Never ask a stranger a question other than the price, weather and direction." Personal observations later proved Nick had not been trying to blunt the curiosity of a nosy stable boy.

Thus it was that I embarked in the freighting business, not knowing a fetlock from a forelock or that mules did not beget little mules.

Lest the layman think that a muleskinner's task was a simple one, here is a description and diagram of a twenty-mule team, their problems and how they operate.

THE twenty-mule team could travel about sixteen or eighteen miles per day—weather and terrain permitting. Each empty wagon weighed about fifty-five to seventy-five hundred pounds. The capacity of a wagon was in the neighborhood of eight to twelve tons, exclusive of hay, grain and provisions.

First of all, a skinner must thoroughly know and understand his animals. Make no mistake about mules not having personal problems. They have pride, likes and dislikes very much like a human. Their intelligence varies with each animal to the same degree as in human beings. You can fool this long-eared fellow once, but don't go back for another try.

I once saw a mule bite the flesh completely off a swamper's forearm. This was caused by not feeding the animal in his proper sequence at supper time.

A muleskinner must be a veterinarian to doctor sick mules, a blacksmith to replace lost shoes, a wheelwright for wagon repairs, a cook, a weather forecaster and, on occasion, pull the old Sharps rifle out for defense or fresh meat. He must have an emphatic voice with words from a dictionary that could never be published. All of this backed up by the force of a long blacksnake. In the skinner's spare time, he was figuring out where he could find the next load.

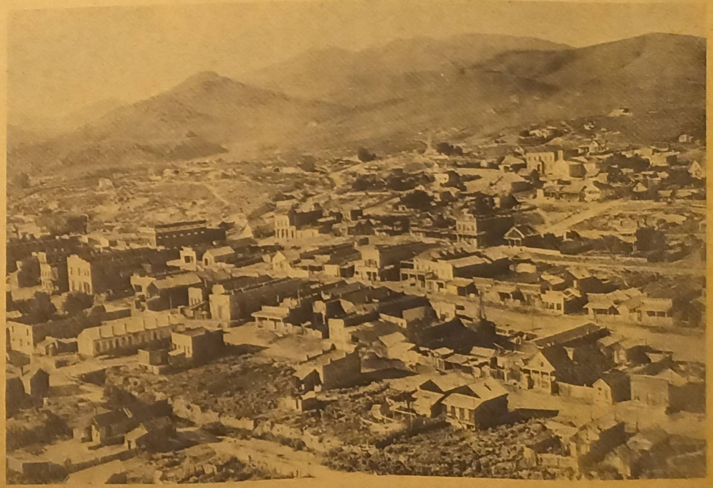
The mules were selected for their work according to their intelligence and size. Every mule was trained to respond to his or her name. The skinner controlled the team by shouting orders and using a 120-foot jerk line that reached from the lead mules to the driver who rode the nigh (left hand) wheeler. The jerk line ran through the ring on the hames of the nigh animal up to the leaders. A light rod of iron called the jockey stick with a snap on each end connected the leaders. One end of it was connected to the chin strap of the "off" (right hand) mule. The other end was fastened to the hame ring on the off side of the nigh mule. A steady pull on the jerk line caused the team to "haw" or go left, a jerk on the line meant "Gee" or turn right.

It was relatively easy to drive a twenty-mule team along a straight road. However, swinging a curve in a mountain pass presented a real test of skill for the driver and team. When a team started around a sharp curve, the chain tended to be pulled in a straight line from the leader to wagon.

Therefore, to keep the chain going around the curve, some of the mules were ordered to jump the chain and pull at an angle away from the curve. These mules, the sixes, the eights and the pointers would step along sideways until the curve was completed.

The driver rode the nigh wheel animal and from this position operated the brake on the front wagon, thus the saying;

Although very indistinct, early photo above shows rails westward through Elko in 1869. Below is a view of Eureka, Nevada, taken from a summit overlooking the little city during the height of its activity.
Nevada Historical Society



"When the fifth wheel begins to turn, get the sixes, eights and pointers busy."

As a young man the New World held many surprises for me—one of which (after losing my only shirt) was learning that the front end of a mule could be every bit as dangerous as the rear end.

Pritchard's Fast Freight hauled charcoal and wood, as well as being engaged in the livery and feed corral business.

We also did quite an exchange of animals with Benners' Stages who operated to Hamilton, Austin, Carlin and Eureka. By and large, business was brisk, and even though I slept on the premises, there was little more than time to eat and sleep.

After three months. I was advanced to $50 and my board. Nick paid my board with Mr. and Mrs. George Dobbs who were like parents to me. Mrs. Dobbs taught me the history of the United States. However, the mystery of where she found time to further my education has ever since puzzled me. The Dobbs family consisted of nine children. I suspect her kinfolk were a most literate family from way back. Mrs. Dobbs told me that her father had built the first schoolhouse in Elko. I made many a dollar reading letters aloud, particularly claim dates and notices for those who could neither read nor write.

George was later hurt in the mines at Eureka, and the last letter I had from them stated he was working in the mint in Carson City.

A LIFE and death struggle occurred in Elko during July, 1870. This took place at the far end of the block from where the Stockman's Hotel sits today. Though the bystanders, aides and abettors wore clothes, by comparison cannibals were more of a credit to the human race.

I was wrestling with a barrel of mule shoes in front of the stable door when a crowd began to form in the middle of the street. One fellow had a stick and was using it to draw a circle, the diameter of which was about ten feet across. Two other fellows were chanting like auctioneers and offering to take bets either way. The gala mood of the crowd so intrigued me that I stood up on the barrel to secure a better view of the cleared area.

I was totally unprepared to see two men enter the circle with drawn knives and begin gyrations similar to the Highland Fling. The two combatants were agile fellows and the crowd would roar its approval, depending upon which contestant they had wagered their money.

It soon became apparent to me that a death struggle was in progress. When at last, from loss of blood, one could stand no longer, the other turned to leave the ring, and after pausing for a moment, he too, fell face down with his life departing in a pulsating stream of blood.

The crowd immediately became silent and stalked off leaving the fallen combatants lying in grotesque positions. One of the gladiators was missing an ear and still clutching his knife. The other combatant was lying face down and lifeless in the blood and dust.

Shortly afterward, two Chinamen appeared with a handcart and removed the bodies from sight. All was quiet for about thirty minutes, then two large dogs arrived on the scene. The two curs began lapping the blood that yet remained in the street, and after a few growls, the battle was on again. Back came the crowd, and began making bets. Unlike their human predecessors, only one of these dogs was killed. The surviving cur limped away to lick his wounds. As before, the crowd turned their backs on the fallen combatant and disappeared.

My curiosity getting the best of me, I asked many of the bystanders the reason or cause for the knife fight. A shrug of the shoulders was all that I received for an answer. The reason for the vicious dog fight was simple. "Somebody must win the battle," explained the stakes holders, "else the bets could not be settled." One could only surmise that the crowd ran out of human participants with homicidal tendencies, and as a substitute used dogs.

This left me with but with one conclusion, i. e., that a large number of savages were not Indians and were not confined on reservations.

Early photo of Pioche, Nevada

Nevada Historical Society

PRITCHARD'S Fast Freight moved to Palisade in '71, thus affording me the opportunity to make many friends in the Palisade Railroad Company. For two years, I drove short hauls to the R. R. Hay ranch and the fresh produce run near Beowawe. Here also came my advancement to swamper at $75 and finally to $125 as a full-fledged teamster.

My acquaintance with Paul Everts, who was superintendent of the Eureka-Palisade Railroad, gave me the embryo of the idea to buy a freight team. So with my entire capital of $1,450 and a mortgage to the Paxton Bank in Eureka, I purchased a nine-team spike outfit with four wagons from Eureka-Palisade Railroad.

This at the age of nineteen years was my first business transaction. Consequently I believed that without a doubt I owned the best freight outfit west of the Mississippi.

I moved to Alpha in June, 1874. There I built an office and a house and erected a sign that read, "Freight Office—W. D. Stewart, Proprietor." Backing off to look at my handiwork, I exclaimed, "Eureka, I'm in business for myself—no more boss!"

In retrospect one can only think that the Good Lord must make provision for those in their tender years, else none of us would live to middle age. The year of 1875, Alpha was the terminal for the railroad and the center for nearly all of the freight wagons. Business was rushing. During the years of '74 and '75, everything and everyone headed for Swansea, Shermanstown, Hamilton and Treasure City. They were magic words in those days. Benners' Stages were overflowing with pilgrims. They were using four teams to a stage and carried no baggage. Woodruff and Ennor, as well as Wilson Stages, were also carrying capacity loads.

Operating a large freight outfit in this traffic was an eternal problem and taxed the tempers of a good many drivers. On the long mountain grades one could save a good deal of trouble and time by sending a swamper on horseback far in the lead of a freight outfit.

The distance to Hamilton from Eureka was about forty or fifty miles. Freight rates were generally $20 a ton, and on this a freight outfit could show a fair profit.

One day at Reid's Blacksmith Shop in Eureka, I met an old-timer named Charley Lamoureaux. Charley was taking a load of machinery to the Day Mine over at Royal City near Pioche.

He offered me one of his two loads in order to rest one of his two outfits. I couldn't resist his offer at seven cents per pound, even though it was 180 miles distant from Eureka.

The Pioche trip took between six and seven weeks, and we grossed $2,800 apiece. However, the longer the haul the greater must be the rest periods for the animals—also the greater the repairs to the outfit and shoe bill.

Occasionally I freighted to, Secret Canyon and Vanderbilt for the Stockton Mine, a distance of eight miles from Eureka. Those short trips netted me more money at $4.50 per ton than the longer trips, due to less re-outfitting after the journey.

My most memorable trip while freighting was made to Hamilton City in 1876. The load was three wagons of general merchandise for W. M. Ball and a return load of the same nature for another merchant who was getting off the mountain. I arrived in town about two P. M., emptied my wagons and put the team in the railroad corral.

Courtesy Author

Hart's Department Store at the turn of the century. Jessie was intrigued by the whalebone corsets which were displayed and sold here.

Suppertime was fast approaching so I headed over to Jessie Moran's boarding house. Jessie was red-eyed from crying. Her husband had been killed two nights before in a brawl downtown, leaving her with four little girls in school.

Jessie managed to set a pretty good table and kept three or four boarders. She told me that her entire capital after the funeral was $22, and that she wanted to go to San Francisco so the children could get an education. Jessie, herself, could neither read nor write.

I told Jessie my load would be ready at daylight and that she could go down the hill with me. I came by just as she finished setting the table for her three boarders. She said not one single word. Jessie simply put on her coat, dressed the children and walked out without so much as a backward glance at the three men who were eating breakfast.

Mr. W. R. Means wrapped the children in my buffalo robe and gave them each two silver dollars. Mr. Means, who was riding the drag wagon, wanted his things shipped from Eureka to Rhodes. Upon our arrival at Eureka I bought a ticket to San Francisco for Jessie and the girls.

Some thirty years later I was standing in front of Hart's Department Store, on the corner of Market and Santa Clara Streets in San Jose, California. A woman came out of that dry goods store with an arm load of bundles. She walked straight up to me and asked if my name was Stewart. After I admitted the fact, she announced, "I'm Jessie Moran."

"Great day in Heaven!" I exclaimed. "How did you recognize me?"

"Oh," she beamed, "I'd know a muleskinner as far as I could see or smell him."

Jessie had married Mr. Means and he had made a fortune buying high-grade gold from the miners around Bodie. He died several years later and Jessie moved to Fourth Street in San Jose—a grandmother many times over.

What happened to those four little girls? They were all graduated from San Jose Normal.

THE YEAR Jessie left Hamilton was Presidential Election Year. The candidates were Hayes on the Republican ticket and Tilden on the Democratic ticket. Every Confederate and Southerner in the district was violently pro-Tilden. Came election day (a gala event in those days), I hitched up six of my best mules and picked up any and all who were going to Eureka to vote.

Among the voters was a little Irish woodcutter who was extremely profane and violently Democrat, as well as illiterate. As it turned out, he marked the ballot the wrong way. After drinking and voting and drinking again, the subject was broached directly to him as to how he had voted. "I crossed that Republican s—o—b completely off the slate," says he.

"You mean," queried one of the men, "that you put an x on Hayes?"

"Sure as hell I did; I put the cross on that Republican!" His companions being Democrats threw him in the watering trough and left him to walk home alone. An afterthought here produces a shiver about those early-day elections. November is a cold month in Eureka, Nevada.

In August, 1878 I had eight outfits working all in the clear with more business than could be handled alone. This caused me to join forces with a Frenchman named Le Beau who owned two eighteen-mule teams and six rigs working mostly on wood hauls.

As a company we opened offices in both Eureka and Alpha. Our business continued to grow faster than we could obtain equipment; wagons were very scarce.

In 1879 we were joined by J. L. Whiteside who owned four twenty-mule teams and sixteen wagons. By the spring of 1880 we had thirteen outfits on the road and a full-time bookkeeper. Our round-up center was at Alpha and remained there on account of the cheap feed we purchased from the railroad ranch.

Our company survived the many fires and floods, mainly because of its location, although we did lose forty tons of hay in the fire of '79.

I was over in the Ward district and Cherry Creek for three months, during which time the charcoal burner trouble (Fish Creek War), took place. I had let forty Chinamen, who were out of work, live in the barn and cook in the corral all winter in exchange for stable work. When they were ready to leave for the Cortez district in the spring, they gave me six head-stalls, mounted in silver. One of them had obtained the silver while cooking in Treasure City.

In the year 1880 occurred a most puzzling enigma, and remains so to this day. I had hired a driver for my spike team of twenty on the haul to the Tybo and Belmont area. The fellow's name was A. J. Downey. Downey was an old army skinner, very well known in the area of Fort Halleck and Elko. On June 4, 1880 he left Eureka after drawing his supplies for a trip to the Alexander Mine at Grantsville, then on to Belmont.

According to Tom Mitchell who was mine superintendent, Downey arrived in Grantsville on June 16, 1880. There at the Alexander mine he picked up 15,558 pounds of bullion on June 21, consigned to the Richmond Refinery at Ruby Hill. Leaving there he went on to Belmont. He ate supper at the Montana House and bought eight mule shoes at King Hardware.

Deputy Sheriff Robinson saw Downey about thirty-five miles out of Belmont, presumably headed for Eureka. Robinson swore he had four wagons; however, he had only three wagons when he left Eureka. A check at the Alexander Mine proved he had three when he left the mine.

After Robinson left him, not one shred

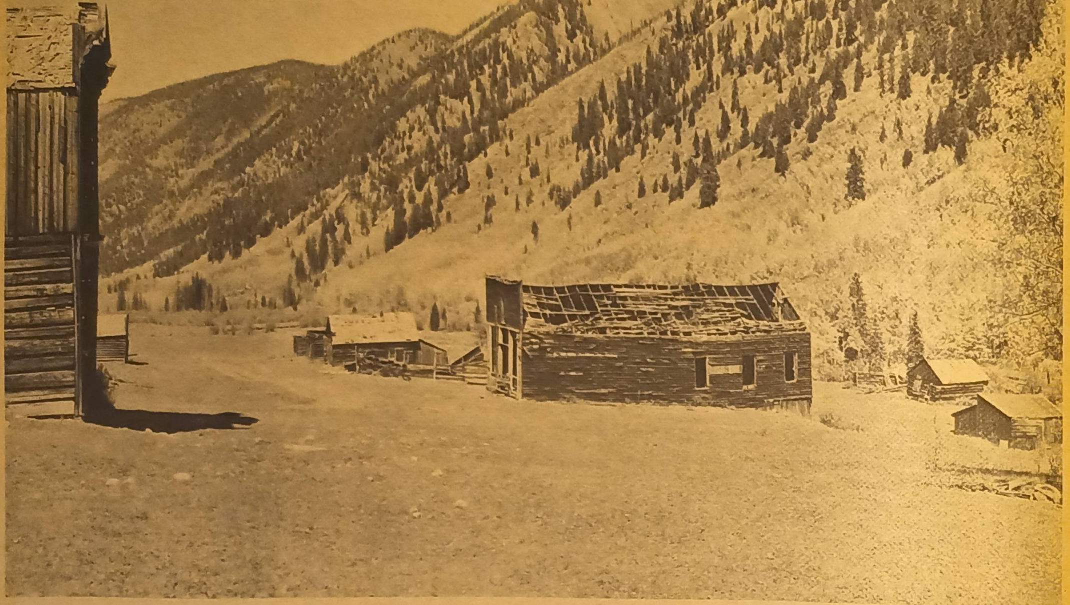
(Continued on page 56)

FORTUNE'S LITTLE CASINOS

By JACK LEWIS

Photos Courtesy Author

Scattered through the Colorado canyons are lonely places where the wheels of chance spun dizzily for a while but where few were lucky enough to beat the house



Deserted since 1893 when silver was demonitized, Ashcroft was once a thriving city with a post office, hotel, twelve saloons and an assayer's office where gold from the neighboring hills changed hands.

TWELVE MILES south of Aspen, Colorado, the Castle Creek Road snakes erratically into a lonely village of windowless structures. No people have lived here for nearly a century. If some of the weatherbeaten buildings look familiar it's probably because you've seen them on your television screen; the town is frequently used as location for western productions.

Ashcroft and the action that took place here wasn't always make-believe. Back in the 1880s when gold was king and fortunes were made (and sometimes lost) overnight, Ashcroft was a thriving frontier town with a post office, hotel, twelve saloons and an assayer's office where gold from the neighboring hills changed hands.

Then gradually the gold began to play out. A little later silver was demonitized. And with this one-two punch, Ashcroft, along with hundreds of other communities which had mushroomed in the wake of the great gold rush, began a decline from which they never recovered.

Many of these frontier settlements have long since settled into the dust from which they were born. However, Colorado—undoubtedly because of laws which protect ghost towns from theft and vandalism—still lists over 300 ghost towns in various stages of preservation.

Within a thirty-mile radius of Ashcroft are literally dozens of other ghost towns. Some of these have been partially resettled by artists, writers and sports enthusiasts. Others because of their inaccessibility to modern transportation cling mutely to the craggy hillsides like neglected tombstones in a country cemetery.

One of the most colorful ghost towns in this area is Tincup. Located on a flat mesa in the very shadow of the Continental Divide, Tincup once boasted a telegraph office, newspaper, piped water system and a railroad which ran through the Alpine Tunnel to Hancock. Now, virtually deserted since the turn of the century, it is accessible only by driving thirty-two miles over a graded dirt road which winds over the Cumberland Pass.

The construction of these towns, like their subsequent deterioration, when viewed in proper perspective, is a morbid and sometimes heartbreaking story. True, countless millions of dollars in gold and silver were grubbed from the neighboring hills. Yet for every prospector who struck it rich there were hundreds who spent their life's savings in a fruitless search while living under conditions which would tax the stamina of a pack animal.

Why did men give up a life of comparative security to settle some of the wildest country on earth during a period of inflation which makes our present price index cheap by comparison? Sad to relate, a good part of the blame must be attributed to some of the news media of the era who often substituted pure, unadulterated fiction for truth in order to boost human interest—and circulation figures.

ONE of the stories foisted in all seriousness upon the citizens of the early 1870s was the report that Pikes Peak was a solid mass of gold and by simply tobogganing down its steep slopes one could dislodge enough gold shavings that they could later be scooped up into a gunnysack. On another occasion a reporter of no less stature than the late Horace Greeley made a trip with a shovel and pan out to the Clear Creek diggings near Blackhawk. Upon being advised by his guides of a likely place to dig he immediately began to pan huge quantities of high-grade ore. Later it was brought out that the miners in that area had spent the better part of the previous afternoon salting the sand bar by shooting it full of immense quantities of gold dust with shotguns. The story which was printed in the newspapers from coast to coast, however, failed to mention this fact.

The stampedes of prospectors which were touched off by stories of this nature literally ran into the hundreds and if, upon being confronted with the hard facts of the situation there were those who dared to voice a protest, they were quickly shouted down by self-styled mining barons who had accumulated fortunes in a manner only slightly less fantastic.

A good example of this was the famed Phillips Lode which was discovered when a miner shot at a deer and missed. Tracing the course of his bullet revealed a deep, yellow crease in a nearby hillside which was ultimately worked for gold valued at tens of millions of dollars.

For the ghost town fancier who does not wish to venture too far from big-city conveniences, a number of these historical landmarks are located close to the Denver area. Most noteworthy of these is Nevadaville. Located a mile west of historic Central City, Nevadaville was once known as the richest square mile on earth. So quickly did the town mushroom that at one time it was ahead of Denver in total population. Deserted now, except for a handful of people, Nevadaville is being preserved as a monument to America's colorful past.

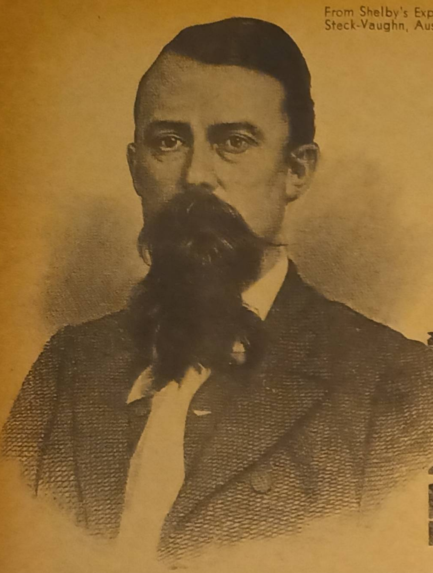
In a surprising number of cases the discoverers of the fantastic strikes which created Colorado's colorful ghost towns failed to prosper from their good fortune. In addition to numerous cases of claim jumping and other forms of thievery, many prospectors were persuaded to part with their priceless real estate primarily because of an almost unbelievable ignorance of the business they had braved countless hardships to pursue.

The famed El Paso lode in the Cripple Creek area, for example, was originally staked out by a young cowhand named Bob Womack, who promptly celebrated his good fortune by going on a roaring drunk and selling his claim for $500. Although the mine subsequently produced over five million dollars in gold, Womack died in poverty. Even Haw Tabor, owner of the four-million-dollar-a-year Leadville mining empire, went broke during the crash of 1893 and was later forced to accept employment at the Denver post office.

Walking through one of Colorado's historical ghost towns can be an exciting experience. While these dusty avenues no longer throb with the hurried beat of horses' hoofs, neither do they reflect the tomb-like serenity of a mausoleum. Perhaps our imaginations simply refuse to accept anything as inglorious as the last vestige of the Old West succumbing to the quiet decay of wood and mortar left unattended.

You have only to stand in the dusty streets of Eureka or Tincup or Nevadaville and squint your eyes a bit to become aware of the pungent odor of metal being shaped at the blacksmith shop, or to hear the rattle of iron-rimmed wagon wheels blending with the boisterous laughter from the Palace Saloon.

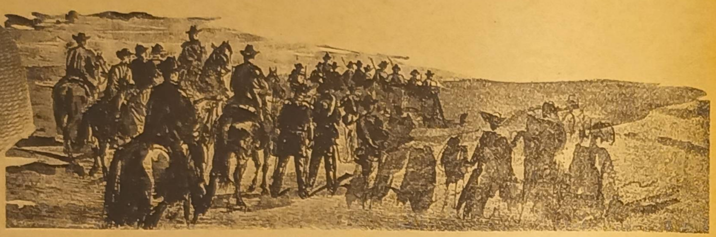
Inhabited by birds and mice, the rooming house pictured above now stands empty and alone in one of the hundreds of ghost towns that dot the Colorado Rockies. Many towns are near main Colorado highways while others remain hidden in the remote high country where only the creaking of a board, or the sigh of wind disturbs the sleep of these long forgotten structures. Nine miles northeast of Silverton, Colorado, the ghost town Eureka, middle photo, dozes quietly on a rugged mountain slope. Adjacent to the famed Sunnyside Mine, which operated until 1938, Eureka is now another monument to Colorado's golden era. At right, another scene of empty streets and abandoned dwellings reflect the reality of an earlier year when this Colorado town was jammed shoulder to shoulder with jousting miners.



From Shelby's Expedition to Mexico, Courtesy Steck-Vaughn, Austin, Texas

"TRAMP GENERAL"

By ROBERT JOSEPH



Jo Shelby found himself a soldier without a country—what could be more natural than to gather an army and create his own republic?

THEY were a thousand strong, fully equipped and armed, well-fed and well-clothed, the best trained, toughest group of fighting men in the country. These were the marauders of the Missouri Cavalry Command, a hard-hitting, hard-fighting, hard-riding regiment from the West—Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas—men without a country, and men without a war.

Their country—the Confederacy—had collapsed; and their war had ended weeks ago in an obscure courthouse somewhere in far-off Virginia. Before night fell on that hot, blistering day of July 1, 1865, their commander, General Joseph Orville Shelby, would have to make the most momentous decision of his life. And of his men's.

General Jo had been making important decisions for years. Scores of times he had decided to give battle against overwhelming odds, and had beaten his Northern foes every time. But these had been decisions of tactic and maneuver, and he was master of them all. Some said he was even better than Jeb Stuart, and more than a match for the North's Phil Sheridan.

But he was out West now, away from battlefields and war, a few miles outside of Eagle Pass, Texas, on the Mexican border, a no man's land where he and his thousand bivouacked followers were the only law. Yes, the South had surrendered, but that had been the surrender of other men, not Jo Shelby, C. S. A., a commander who had never lost a battle or a skirmish.

General Jo at thirty-five was one of the youngest generals in either army. A light beard hid his youthful face. No spit-and-polish martinet, he nevertheless demanded and got loyalty and discipline, and, best of all, affection from his men. He was tall and handsome, bronzed by days of western sun. And now as he rested in his saddle, looking over his army, came the moment of decision. Should he make himself a Napoleon of the American West?

It was almost noon and the sun was at its hottest. The men yearned to go into Eagle Pass and rest in the shade of the colonnades of the central plaza, visit the *cantinas*, exchange smiles with the shapely girls who were a fixture in any of these border towns, their *rebosas* mockingly thrown over their shoulders. Jo had given strict orders that the men were to wait until he gave the order to move on, and he knew that none of them could understand the reason for sitting in the hot sun in this waterless *chollo* land. But he had given a command and his men obeyed.

The war—or what was left of it—rested entirely on his shoulders. Lee had surrendered weeks before (in April) at Appomattox. Edmund Kirby Smith, commanding general of all Confederate forces in the Trans-Mississippi Department—and that meant commander of all the Southern forces that remained—had seen fit to resign his command on General Jo's insistence. Jo Shelby did not trust Kirby Smith, "The Old Man" he derisively called him although Smith was only forty-one, because Smith was weak and willing to surrender. So the remaining officers of the Confederacy had met secretly at Marshalltown and had voted to replace Kirby Smith with Simon Bolivar Buckner. Buckner was the man, they thought, to continue the war, but he had literally galloped off to do what they all thought only Smith would do—surrender the Trans-Mississippi Army at Shreveport, Louisiana, to Col. John Sprague, U.S.A.

All this left Jo Shelby, ranking officer of the Confederacy, in command. In command of what?

THE OFFICER mopped his brow and set his black-plumed campaign hat back on his head. That black plume had always been a sign in the midst of battle that "Fightin' Jo," another affectionate term, was in there alongside his own hard-pressed men, fighting with them and for them. The first cookfires were spiraling in the hot, motionless air as General Jo rode back toward the bivouac. There would be couriers that afternoon. From the North? He would know how to deal with them. And from the West, across the border in Mexico? He would have to wait and see.

The young general was without a country. His men's uniforms were new, their knapsacks filled with supplies, their tethered horses the best they had seen for years. Back in Austin, Texas, General Jo and his cavalrymen had defended the last remaining Confederate repository of money and supplies, fighting off the looters and the freebooters who had converged on that city to pillage whatever they could find. General Jo had defended the cache of $300,000 in silver and gold, and turned it over to Governor Murrah, the last active civilian official of the slow-dying Confederacy. Governor Murrah then gave his consent to the General that his men might take new uniforms, ammunition, rifles, tinned beef, brandy and whatever other supplies were available in the Confederate Army commissary which was under the governor's charge.

A swirl of dust heralded two of the General's rear guard scouts. James Kirtley and James Rudd, pounding leather, rode up excitedly. Rudd reported that a Yankee, Col. Johnson, was moving down the Rio Grande Valley with three thousand men.

General Jo pondered the news for a while, then dismounting, walked among his bivouacked men, dropping a word or two of the report, waiting for the reaction. Within an hour he had heard all he needed to hear, and had returned to his makeshift tent headquarters to pen a note:

"Colonel:

My scouts inform me that you have about three thousand men and that you are looking for me. I have only one thousand men, and yet I should like to make your acquaintance. I will probably march from my present camp, halting on the high road between San Antonio and Eagle Pass. Should you desire to pay me a visit, you will find me at home until the day after tomorrow."

After folding the letter neatly, Shelby handed it to Major Jim Moreland, one of his adjutants, and told him to ride due north until he met Federal forces, making sure that the note was personally handed to the commanding officer.

When Johnson received the note, he promptly wheeled his troops northward and trotted away. Whether Johnson's decision was made for him by a higher command, or whether Johnson decided not to risk contact with the fabled Missouri Cavalry Division is unclear. Nothing more was heard of any Federal interest in General Jo and his "Tramp Army," until General Phil Sheridan and General George Custer, among other commanders of the North, converged on the Brazos and Rio Grande early in the fall, some months later, and by that time General Jo Shelby had already made history.

LATE in the afternoon Shelby gave the order to mount and ride. Word went down through the ranks that Eagle Pass was to be entered peaceably. Eagle Pass was in Texas, and Texas was still part of the Confederate States of America. The men understood what Shelby meant, and the troops rode into the last stop west bravely but silently.

Eagle Pass had a history all its own. In the earliest days of the Civil War a majority of the townspeople voted to remain with the Union and were promptly hounded across the river to Piedras Negras. Some who had enough courage to cross back to the Texas side of the Rio Grande were captured and hanged.

Piedras Negras was the operating headquarters of General Juan Nepomuceno Cortinas, a man with a flair, if not a genius, for playing both sides successfully. Lt. Col. Robert E. Lee had pursued him back across the Rio Grande a few months before Lee declared for Virginia and the Confederacy, and with Lee gone, the "Red Robber of the Rio Grande" returned to rule the Valley with a vengeful and bloody hand. Brownsville, Roma, San Ygnacio and Laredo carried the scars of Cortinas' raids. Earlier he had been one of the conspirators in a plan to separate the states of north Mexico from the rest of the country. He was the leader of the "Three Cs"—Generals Canales, Carvajal and Cortinas—only because he was craftier, smarter and more resolute.

On June 5, 1865, General Juan Cortinas was somewhere west of Piedras Negras, exactly where was known only to his most trusted lieutenants, for at the moment he was a staunch Juarista, sworn enemy of Maximilian and Bazaine and the murderous French Corps d'Afrique, a body of soldiers as ruthless as his own private army.

Shortly before sundown, Francisco Reyes (some said he was a lieutenant in the hard-pressed army of Benito Juarez, others claimed he was a spy for the French, still others supposed that he was a double agent) crossed the Rio Grande at a point north of Piedras Negras and made his way unnoticed into Eagle Pass. Although the latter had once been an active customs station for commerce and traffic, illegal or otherwise, between Mexico and the Confederacy, and therefore reasonably well patrolled, in this strange period between war and peace with Confederate supervision gone and United States occupation yet to come, there was no difficulty in illegal border crossings.

Reyes rode into Eagle Pass without being challenged or stopped once. Reyes' English was good, better, in fact, than most Texans' of Mexican ancestry. When the Mexican emissary found his way to Shelby, the General's adjutants, Moreland and Major John Newman Edwards, the very loyal and very flowery chronicler of Shelby's post-surrender activities, were not on hand.

There were brief introductions, and then Reyes said, "I have the honor to offer you the Presidency of the Republic of Sierra Madre."

Shelby understood all the inferences. "I" meant Mexican General Juan Nepomuceno Cortinas for whom Reyes spoke; the "Republic" was a long dormant but never forgotten dream of brigands and freebooters on both sides of the Rio Grande to slice off as much of Mexico as they could as an independent buffer state between Mexico and its neighbor. Reyes continued: Shelby's leadership and fifty thousand men—General Jo would have to attract that number to his banner—plus Cortinas' knowledge of the Mexican political situation could create a formidable alliance. Texas, Arkansas, Louisiana, and more than a third of Mexico—Sonora, Chihuahua, Sinaloa, Coahuila, Nuevo León, and Baja California—would together constitute a new independent state, between the United States and Mexico.

SLAVERY? Reyes shrugged his shoulders. As far as General Cortinas was concerned the question was of little importance. The future president of Sierra Madre could make his own decision.

So this was Sierra Madre, the fabled republic which had come to life again after a bloody death seventeen years before when another ambitious Mexican general, Carvajal, backed by native and

Juan N. Cortinas while Governor of Tamaulipas, Mexico. He later became the leader of a bandit gang which sacked and burned American towns along the border and decisively defeated the U.S. Army on several occasions.

Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma Library

American river merchants and assisted by veterans of the Mexican-American War who had not had enough adventure, had tried to create it. Carvajal's opponent in the short-lived war which ended at Camargo had been a General Canales; and Cortinas had lurked in the underbrush of Coahuila waiting to pick up the pieces.

Mexicans and Americans had whispered about Sierra Madre ever since, and the idea like all such ideas would not die. Now it was Cortinas who was reviving it, holding it out to the American general who had found himself without a cause.

Reyes pressed General Jo for a commitment. "Who knows, General," he said engagingly, "which way the new Republic may turn for its future? To the south to Mexico City or beyond? To the north? The General knows that answer better than I."

But Shelby had some questions. What was the military situation directly across the river? His scouts reported some kind of military force in Piedras Negras. French? Juaristas? Brigands? Who were they?

Reyes gave General Jo a full report on the military situation, minimizing all dangers and deprecating a Colonel Viesca, Juarez' second-in-command in the north of Mexico when Pancho Villa was not on the scene. Viesca was a treacherous sort, Reyes emphasized, a man not to be trusted, who would make all sorts of propositions, none of which he could fulfill. General Juan Nepomuceno Cortinas was *the* military power, and only he was to be trusted.

"If you cross the Rio Grande, General," Reyes said carefully, "this means you have made your decision to be with us. General Cortinas will be waiting for you at the Sabinas River crossing at Purisima for your meeting and for the signing of a sacred and enduring treaty of friendship. After that, Mexico is ours."

They shook hands and Reyes left. As long ago as the conference at Marshall, Texas, weeks before, when through Shelby's efforts Kirby Smith had been induced to resign as commander of what was left of Confederate forces and Buckner took over, General Jo had known of Cortinas' secret plans and that an envoy would convey details to him in Eagle Pass. And now that he had all the information he might ever have, the time had finally come for decision-making.

It was dark, and Shelby walked the streets alone. Before he turned in for the night he decided that in the morning he would cross the Rio Grande and make his way into Mexico. His thousand men would stand fast. Perhaps later there would be fifty thousand more. The future would have to take care of that.

SHORTLY after breakfast on the following morning, the flag of the Missouri Cavalry Division was lowered, reverently weighted with stones, and after General Jo Shelby had dropped his black plume inside its folds, the banner was washed into the depths of the Rio Grande. There were no final words of commemoration, for no words were necessary. With the brief ceremony over, Jo Shelby was a man of action again. He ordered his men to line up, his howitzers facing the west bank of the river where Governor Viesca and his men had been watching the strange flag ritual. Then he sent Lt. Col. Frank Gordon across the Rio Grande in a skiff with twenty-five armed men to parley with the Mexican satrap.

Governor Viesca's reply was immediate and to the point: he offered the American general military control of Coahuila, Nuevo León and Tamaulipas (even Reyes had not included a province that close to Mexico City) if the general would join forces with Benito Juarez and his Juaristas and drive out the French. Shelby could have Viesca's own capital, Piedras Negras, as his base of operations. Here he might recruit the necessary ten or twenty thousand *Americanos*—Confederate soldiers or even Federals who were willing to continue their military careers and enlarge their fortunes. When the general believed his force was up to strength, he could strike at the French general of the North. Pierre Jean Joseph Jeanningros, who was even then waiting in Monterrey for something to happen. With the Frenchman defeated, Viesca declared, the road to Mexico City and to glory lay open.

The offer was not as dramatic as Francisco Reyes', but it had its merits, and Shelby crossed the Rio Grande—his Rubicon, as he was to call it thereafter—to consult privately with Viesca, remembering, of course, Francisco Reyes' words of caution. The Governor of Coahuila repeated his offer, and Shelby came into the central plaza of Piedras Negras and addressed his men with these words, "Boys, if you are all of my mind, and will take your chances with me, it is Juarez and the Republic from now on. You know Viesca's offer. What he fails to perform for us we will perform for ourselves, and if his promises turn out to be false, there will be scant laughter over any American trapped or slain by treachery."

There was debate among the men of the Missouri Cavalry, but Shelby did nothing to persuade them to follow his thinking. When the vote was taken, the decision was unanimous in favor of joining Maximilian, even though the men made it clear they would follow Shelby to back Juarez if he so ordered. General Jo stood alone.

"If that is your answer," he said finally, "it is mine too. Henceforth we will fight under Maximilian. Tomorrow at four o'clock in the afternoon we commence the march for Monterrey, Let no man repine. You have chosen the Empire, and perhaps it is as well, but good or bad, your fate shall be my fate and your fortune my fortune."

Viesca took the news stoically, knowing that he could not stop a body of men as well-trained and as unified as the Missouri Army. He generously offered to buy Shelby's howitzers for $16,000 in silver and $16,000 in worthless Juarez scrip, and a deal was quickly made, for Shelby knew that he would need money to keep his men moving south to Monterrey and Mexico City.

PIEDRAS NEGRAS shimmered under the heat and the air was tense with the presence of the two armed camps—Viesca's forces and Shelby's—eyeing one another, waiting for any eventuality.

The "eventuality" came immediately following afternoon drill, a daily performance on which General Jo had insisted as far back as Missouri days. His men would line up according to companies, present arms, stand for inspection, and then await dismissal. After the dismissal order the men headed for the *cantinas* and the girls they had eyed as the cavalry regiment rode through Piedras Negras earlier that day.

Trouble, when it came, was inspired by three of Shelby's own men who had joined up at San Antonio. They had represented themselves as veterans of General Lee's Army of Virginia. The men, who had a surprising and excellent command of Spanish, stirred up the Mexicans with harrowing stories of plunder and rapine by Shelby's men in Texas, and intimating that Shelby was waiting for the right moment to sack Piedras Negras. They were only following Shelby, they explained, to recover two of their own horses Shelby's men had stolen from them in Texas.

Captain James Wood, a Missouri Cavalry veteran of The Great Raid, one of Shelby's most important victories long ago in eastern Missouri in October '63, and one of General Jo's best commanders, watched as a Mexican lieutenant and thirty-five men headed across the plaza toward the cafe which Shelby had made temporary headquarters. Wood knew that trouble was brewing, so he quickly collected Troopers Ike Berry and Martin Kritzer with the message, "Looks like Old Jo delivered those guns too soon—maybe we're going to have to take them back."

Wood and his two men caught the lieutenant and one of the two renegade Texans before they reached Shelby. The Texan claimed Ike Berry was the man who had stolen his horse—a mistake if ever he had committed one—since Ike Berry, with a charming smile he always carried in battle, ripped out his sabre and sliced the man's arm from shoulder to fingertips. The Mexicans moved in, and Kritzer broke loose and headed for Shelby. Wood swung his short rifle into position and killed the Mexican officer.

Shelby's men streamed out of the *cantinas*, cafes and bordellos, pouring fire as they came. When the smoke cleared, seventeen Mexicans, wounded or dead, were on the ground and the rest of the contingent had fled back to their barracks.

Within minutes Shelby's men, now mounted, moved against Viesca's 2,000 troops. Both leaders tried to calm down their respective forces, and then when order was finally restored, Governor Viesca pleaded with General Jo to get his men out of town and on their way.

Shelby finally got control, returned the howitzers which one contingent of his cavalry had already recovered, and moving southwest out of Piedras Negras, bivouacked for the rest of the afternoon and night.

That night Viesca came to the bivouac, paid off in silver as he had promised, and made it as clear as he dared to, that he hoped not to see the Missouri Command back in Piedras Negras again.

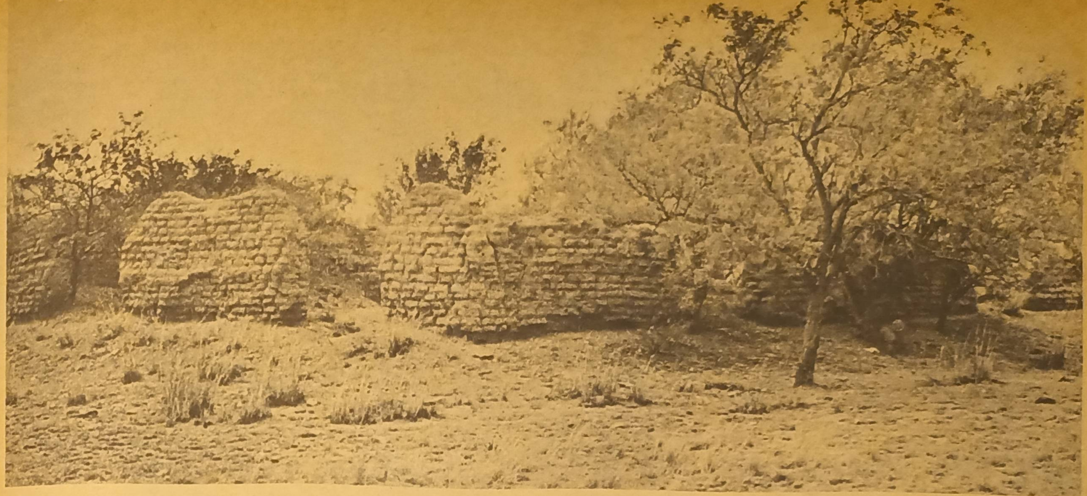
AT DAYBREAK Shelby started his men on the road to Monterrey. They paused once as the sun rose to take a final look at Texas across the Rio Grande, then turned their attention southward toward whatever fate might befall them.

Later that morning Shelby's column, held tight and at the ready in this strange country, was overtaken by a Mexican rider who demanded to see the General.

Given an audience, he explained that he had come on a friendly mission. A Texan had once saved his life, and he wanted to repay the *gringos* in some way. "This is evil country, señor," the Mexican told Shelby through an inter-

(Continued on page 65)

Ruins of Camp Crittenden



Many of the Western outposts heard their first bugles and their last in the space of five or six years. Such a one is

GHOSTLY
CAMP CRITTENDEN

By MARGARET KUEHLTHAU

Photo Courtesy Dan Tortorell

WHEN Camp Crittenden in Southern Arizona was officially closed on June 1, 1873, certainly no soldier there mourned its passing. Only the shells of a few buildings remain today, hanging on with the same dogged tenacity that characterized the early settlers of the Territory.

Despite the fact that the ruins are located only about 300 rods west of State Highway 82, half-way between Sonoita and Patagonia, motorists whiz past, completely unaware of the historic site where men faced danger every day of their lives. For the wily Apache was a relentless foe, and he was as cunning as he was ruthless.

It is doubtful if more than a handful of Arizonans have seen the remains of the garrison which once provided quarters for two companies. Blending into the landscape, the ruins are barely discernible. Located now on a private ranch, no effort has been made toward restoration.

Camp Crittenden was established in 1867 on high country in what is now Santa Cruz County. For the first year, the soldiers lived in tents. Three years later, Lt. William Ross of the 21st Infantry was sent to inspect the post and report on his findings. Ross, either because he took things like marauding Indians in his stride, or because he didn't stay long enough to become involved in a fracas, began his report with these words, "Indians—Apaches; hostile." For 1870, this was probably the understatement of the year.

At any rate his review of the fort was included in *Posts and Stations of Troops, Military Division of the Pacific*, published in 1872, and is one of the few complete descriptions of Camp Crittenden to be found. Maintained in Arizona Territory by the Federal Government, it was set up to protect early settlers living in the Santa Cruz, Sonoita and Babocomari Valleys.

The Lieutenant commented on the "good wagon roads on which supplies were hauled from Tucson, 65 miles away." Mail was brought in once a week on horseback. A three-months' supply of food and provisions was usually kept on hand, although Ross noted that the storehouses were large enough to hold enough provisions for a year's needs.

AN OLD MAP shows 17 buildings located, for the most part, around the parade grounds. With the exception of the prison cell (the center room of a 60 x 24-foot guardhouse), all were constructed of adobe. The walls ranged from 10 to 12 feet in height and were 18 inches thick. Roofs were made of "pine slats and brush covered with earth."

Still intact today are the heavy logs used as crossbeams over the prison cell which Ross wrote "was the only room in the garrison with a shingled roof." The prisoners' cell was a "room of rubble masonry laid up in mortar." Guards were taking no chances on prisoners' escaping through the less durable adobe.

The camp boasted a 12-bed hospital, 80 x 24 feet, with a 21 x 14-foot room partitioned off for surgery. In addition, there were living quarters for men and officers, dining rooms, five sets of laundresses' quarters, kitchens and bake houses, and workshops. By the standards of its era, it was a well setup fort.

The cavalry performed the scouting duties and the infantry was stuck with post duty. "Stuck with post duty" probably is as good a description of their activities as any because Ross wrote his commanding officer that baseball and horizontal bars provided about the only recreation.

The workshops were located in "former headquarters and residence of the former commanding officer of old Fort Buchanan," which was abandoned in 1861, six years before the establishment of Camp Crittenden.

Most of Fort Buchanan had been laid out in a ravine on Sonoita Creek to the west of the newer camp. After "extensive repairs," the old buildings were converted into blacksmith, saddle, paint and carpenter shops.

The walls of the corrals were built of adobe with good sheds built around two sides of the corrals.

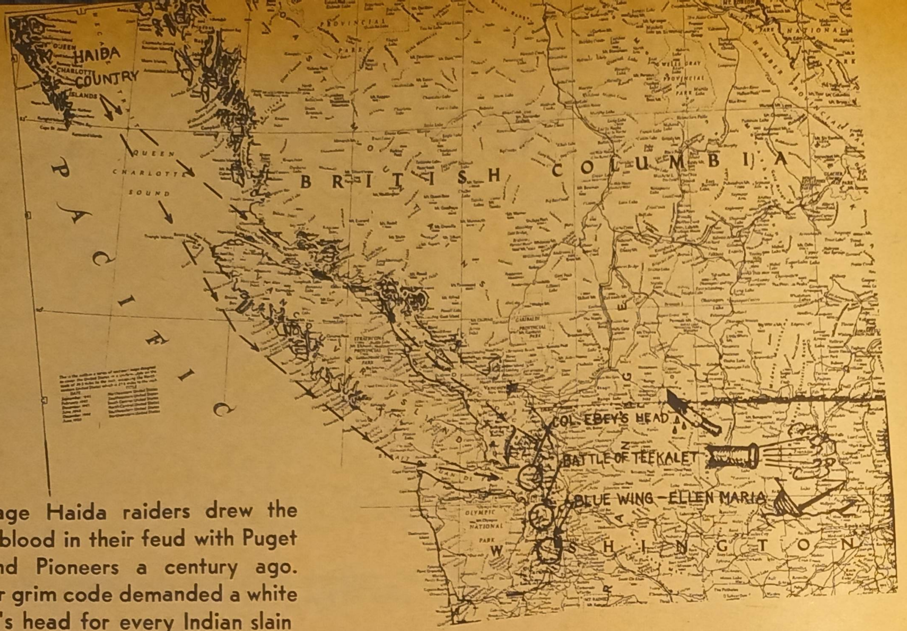
"The east corral could accommodate 150 cavalry horses," Ross wrote, "and the west corral could care for 100 head of beef cattle and 60 head of the quartermaster's animals."

The post was supplied with good water "from springs in the immediate vicinity and from two wells situated within the garrison." Fuel was no problem because stunted black oak kept the fires burning. Troop labor brought in the fuel wood from the surrounding mountains.

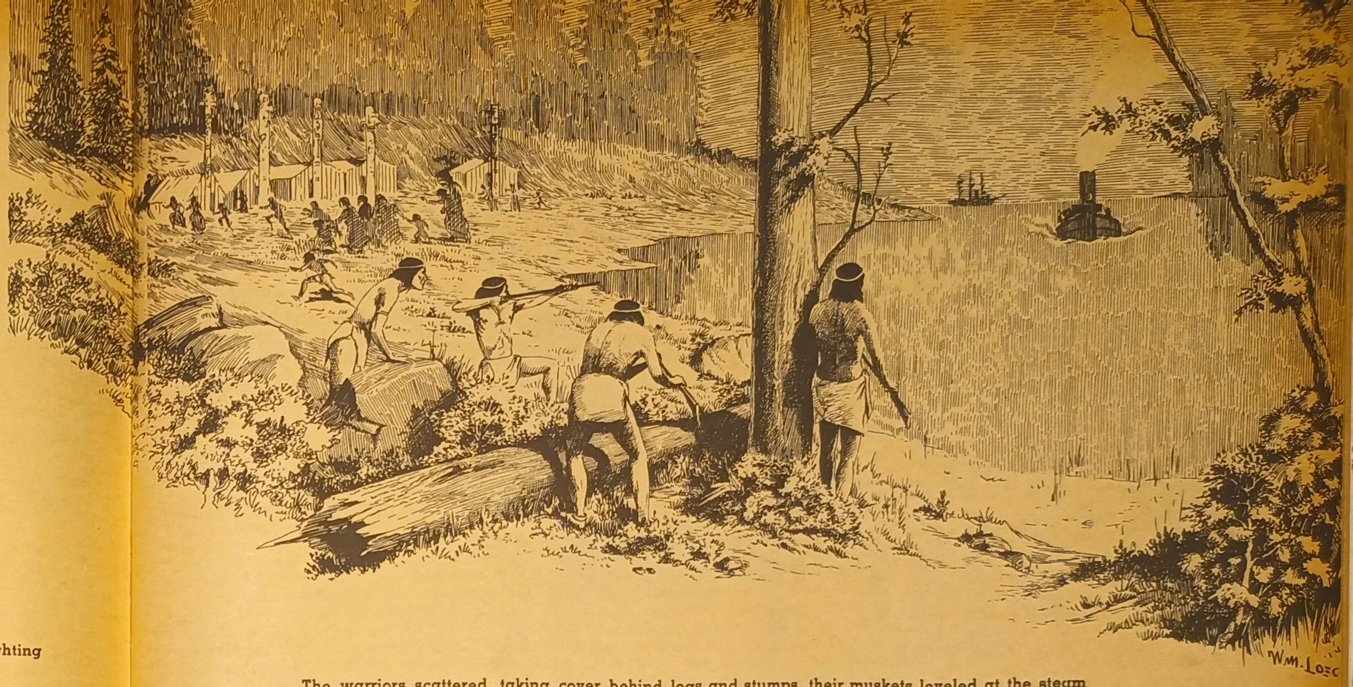
Neither was there a shortage of timber because Ross told his commanding officer that "an inexhaustible supply of pine can be procured in the Santa Rita Mountains, nine miles west of this point."

Named for Colonel Thomas L. Crittenden of the 32nd Infantry who had previously served in the Civil War, the isolated outpost defied Cochise's roving bands and served the settlers well.

Savage Haida raiders drew the last blood in their feud with Puget Sound Pioneers a century ago. Their grim code demanded a white man's head for every Indian slain



Map, showing Haida country and the scenes of action during the fighting



The warriors scattered, taking cover behind logs and stumps, their muskets leveled at the steam launch. Frightened Haida women snatched up their children and dodged through the brush.

HEAD-HUNTING WAS THEIR HOBBY

By DONALD H. CLARK

NIGHT fog still shrouded Hood Canal and hung in the lower branches of the dark firs ashore. The steamer *Traveler's* rusty little mortar barked at Haida raiders hiding in the Indian village across the bay from Teekalet. The second round shot struck one of the flimsy cedar lodges and scattered its debris through the camp.

Bedlam broke loose before the echoes died. Dogs howled, an elk-hide drum beat an alarm, and a scattered volley of musket shots cracked out from the village. Splinters flew from the *Traveller's* cabin, and glass from a shattered window tinkled on the deck.

Frightened Haida women snatched up their children and dodged through the brush toward the timber's edge, east of the village. The warriors scattered, taking cover behind logs and stumps, their muskets leveled at the *Traveller* and at the steam launch which was heading slowly toward the beach from the U.S.S. *Massachusetts.*

On board the *Massachusetts,* anchored out in the deep bay, Captain Swartwout watched the action through his telescope. "Signal Semmes to occupy the village," he called over his shoulder. While the signal flags were still fluttering up the halyards, Lieutenant Semmes ordered the launch full speed ahead. His twenty marines crouched in the bow ready for a landing.

Semmes beckoned the Clallam interpreter from the launch. "Tell them I want to parley with their chief." The interpreter funneled his hands around his mouth and shouted toward the village. *"Nes'ka tikegh wawa kopa tyee."*

The answer was a chorus of derisive howls from the concealed Haidas and a large rock which glanced off the howitzer shield. Lieutenant Semmes faced around toward the *Massachusetts*, raised a hand high above his head, and then dropped it toward the village. Red flashes lanced out from the ship's gun ports, and the sand spit on which the village huddled erupted in shell bursts.

Semmes waved his men to follow and started toward the Indian camp in a half crouch. The *Massachusetts* covered his advance, firing over the camp into the timber where most of the Haidas were now hidden. Shells and grapeshot tore branches from trees, and a tall dead snag toppled over and fell with a splintering crash among the Indians.

Yells of pain followed the shell bursts, but the Haidas held their ground at the edge of the timber and fired steadily at the landing party. Gus Englebrecht, an acting corporal on the left flank of the line, fired his carbine point-blank at a tall Indian, then scrambled over a log behind which the redskin had dropped. The Indian, blood streaming down his face, brained Englebrecht with a war club.

THE village had been wrecked by shell fire, leaving an almost impassable barrier of rubble between Semmes' detachment and the woods. Shooting from the timber's edge increased in volume as the landing party stumbled through the ruins. The marine next to Semmes gasped and fell to his knees with a shoulder wound. Semmes cursed under his breath, then signaled his men to fall back toward the howitzer position and lie prone.

The *Massachusetts* continued to blast at the concealed Indians in the woods, and Semmes had his howitzer crew fire canister when Haida snipers offered a fair target. Shooting from the timber and from the ruined village gradually tapered off under the double bombardment.

The lieutenant called a corporal and pointed toward ten Haida war canoes pulled up on the beach. They were narrow and high-prowed, fifty to sixty feet long and without equal in speed and seaworthiness. Each one had been expertly carved from a single huge cedar log, and painted with fish oil and earth colors. "It's a damn shame to destroy those beautiful craft, but you'll have to do it or those redskins might make a getaway tonight."

The corporal had his squad splinter the bottom of each canoe with large rocks and gun butts. Howls of rage came from the timber, and the Indians concentrated their fire on the wrecking crew. A shrieking Haida woman rushed at the corporal with a knife and had to be bound hand and foot to keep her quiet. "Take her to the launch," Semmes ordered. "We may want to use her for a messenger."

A whistle blast from the *Massachusetts* called Semmes' attention to a signal hoist recalling his detachment to the ship. He loaded the howitzer, Gus Englebrecht's body, the Haida woman, and his troops in the launch and headed for the *Massachusetts,* speeded on his way by lead slugs and derisive hoots from the Haidas.

WHEN Lieutenant Semmes reported aboard, Captain Swartwout informed him that he had decided to lose no more men skirmishing with savages. He was going to give them one more chance to surrender, and if they still wanted to fight he'd blast them out of the woods one by one. "Yesterday, when I sent Lieutenant Young to tell them I'd tow their canoes, with all hands, back to Canada where they belong," the captain continued, "they just sneered at him and wouldn't let him land. I tried to get their chief aboard for a parley, but he wouldn't come—said they would stay right where they were as long as they damn well pleased."

"They're sure big fellows," Semmes commented, "and tough as grizzly bears. One of 'em cracked Englebrecht's skull like an egg, even after he'd been shot through the head."

"Yes, they're hunters, not fish Indians like these Puget Sound tribes. Most of 'em live in the Queen Charlotte Islands up on the British Columbia coast and some of 'em live in Alaska—when they're not raiding on the American side. Hudson's Bay Company keeps 'em well armed so they'll bring plenty of furs to their trading posts . . . . Now let's send that squaw ashore with my last offer."

Captain Swartwout had the interpreter explain to the Haida woman that she would be taken ashore to tell her chief that the *Massachusetts* would take the Indians to Vancouver Island with all of their gear except weapons, if they would surrender and promise never to come back across the United States boundary.

The launch took her across the bay to the sand spit and waited for a reply. Captain Swartwout's jaw tightened when the interpreter repeated the Haida's answer. "We will fight as long as one of us is alive!"

It was getting too dark for effective bombardment, so the captain called it off until morning and posted a double guard on both the *Massachusetts* and the *Traveller* to keep Haidas from boarding the ships during the night. "The bastards swim like seals," he remarked to Semmes.

Lieutenant Young drew the job of taking Gus Englebrecht's body ashore for burial. Captain J. P. Keller, Puget Mill Company's manager, gave him permission to bury the marine in the little cemetery on the hill above the sawmill settlement.

"How did these Indians happen to come in here?" Young inquired.

"They went down near Olympia, trying to catch a white man who murdered a Haida two years ago. They got into a fight and lost two men before your ship took after them. Then they ran in here because a bunch of their tribesmen live over at that Indian village we call New Boston; some Haidas and Stikeens who work in Ellis' logging camp."

"How many do you figure we're fighting, Captain Keller? I estimated about three hundred when they were firing at our lads today."

Keller grinned. "There's just one hundred and seventeen of 'em, not counting their women an' young 'uns, but one Haida can raise more hell than any five other Indians."

Lieutenant Young nodded. "Thanks for the information, Captain Keller, and for letting us leave Englebrecht here. He's the first United States Navy man to be killed in action on the Pacific coast."

AT sunrise the next morning, the *Massachusetts* opened fire again on New Boston and surrounding timber. The answering rifle fire slackened off as the forenoon advanced, and Captain Swartwout ordered the guns silenced just before ten o'clock, when a lone Haida stalked toward the beach with a white rag on a pole. Lieutenant Young, with the interpreter and twelve marines, took the launch and approached the sand spit.

"He say they stop fighting now," the interpreter told Young. "They got no more food, an' women an' children he too much hungry."

"Tell him to have them all come down to the beach without any weapons," Lieutenant Young ordered. "We'll feed them and take them to Vancouver Island."

It was almost dark when the launch brought the last load of bedraggled Haidas alongside the *Massachusetts*. Only ninety men were counted, twenty-one of them so badly wounded that they had to be hoisted aboard on stretchers. They told Captain Swartwout that they had hastily buried twenty-seven bodies, and that one of the dead was their chief —with both legs broken and a shell splinter in his skull.

A messenger was sent with a note of thanks to Captain Parker on the *Traveller*, telling him that no further help would be needed. The little sixty-foot steamer chugged off into Hood Canal on her delayed trading trip, while the *Massachusetts* weighed anchor and headed across the Juan de Fuca Strait for Canadian territory.

The deportees were landed on the dock at Victoria early the next morning. As the *Massachusetts* cast off, they shook their fists and howled defiant epithets. "What's all the yapping about?" Captain Swartwout asked the interpreter.

"They say they come back our side some time," explained the Clallam. "Kill plenty Boston men an' cut off heads. One, he gotta be big tyee like Haida chief you kill along Teekalet."

"They may come back and beat up some of these Siwashes around Puget Sound," Captain Swartwout remarked to a midshipman, "but that head-hunting business is probably bluff."

"I'm not so sure, sir," replied the midshipman. "On the way over, I was talking with one of the Haidas who picked up a little English from traders. He told me that when a Haida or a Stikeen is killed, they never give up until they even the score. A couple of them were killed down here two years ago, and when the news got back to their villages, they sent four of their twenty-paddle war canoes down to Bellingham Bay. They caught two white miners and took their heads back north."

"You mean scalps, don't you, mister?"

"No, sir. Heads! They smoke them so they'll keep. Stick them on poles and dance around them when they have a powwow."

"Well, they won't get mine, mister. I understand this ship's going to be ordered back to San Francisco Bay."

NEWS of the Teekalet battle spread around Puget Sound like wildfire. White settlers cleaned their guns and laid in extra supplies of ammunition. Those who lived near the water trained their dogs to attack anything that moved at night. A few sold out and moved inland, certain that the Haidas and Stikeens would kill every paleface on tidewater if they got help from local Indians.

The head-hunting threat, made on the Victoria dock, passed from town to town. Dozens of log blockhouses were thrown up, some surrounded by palisades, and with bastions at the corners in which carronades and swivel guns were mounted.

Exactly one month after the battle of Teekalet, the Haidas were back for Yankee blood. Sixty warriors scudded across Haro Strait to San Juan Island, where they concealed their scouting by trading furs for food and trinkets. What they actually were shopping for was heads, and particularly the head of a Boston tyee, to avenge the chief killed at Teekalet.

The Indians chose the U. S. Customs Inspector on San Juan Island for this honor, but he was tipped off and escaped. Before they could make a second choice, the *Massachusetts* hove in sight of the island with her gun ports open, and the Haidas hit for home. Their war canoes could outrun any sailing vessel on Puget Sound, but they weren't going to play tag with the *Massachusetts* or with the *John Hancock*, another Navy steamer sent to patrol these waters.

When those two vessels were sent to San Francisco Bay in the summer of 1857, the northern Indians whooped with delight and reached for their war paint. On August 11, two hundred Haidas and Stikeens landed on Whidbey Island, forty miles south of the Canadian boundary. Nervous settlers were slightly less alarmed when they saw women in the big canoes. "You think they're looking for trouble?" they asked local Indians.

"Haidas always looking for trouble," the Siwashes assured them.

The invaders quietly scouted the island for a white chief with an attractive head, and picked out Dr. J. C. Kellog, because he always wore a stovepipe hat. The doctor didn't favor decapitation, however, and skipped out for Port Townsend, leaving the Indians on the prowl for another candidate.

The first prosperous-looking place they found was The Cabins, a big water front farm owned by Colonel Isaac N. Ebey. The colonel, one of the Northwest's leading politicians, had been Collector of Customs for the Puget Sound District and was Prosecuting Attorney for the Third Judicial District of Washington Territory. A few Haidas cased The Cabins while the others pretended to be violently interested in a big gambling game on the beach.

TWO Indians stalked up to the house and asked Ebey to lend them tools and help them repair a canoe, planning to get him alone so their job would be easy. Ebey had never had trouble with Indians and didn't suspect their purpose, but refused to go because he had house guests.

The Haidas then found a farm hand, Thomas Hastie, cradling oats in a field near Ebey's house. They pointed out the colonel and asked Hastie if he were a big tyee. "You bet he's a chief," Hastie bragged "He's the head man on this island."

At one o'clock the next morning Ebey's dog barked frantically, awakening the entire family. Mrs. Ebey got her three small children out of bed. The guests, U.S. Marshal George Corliss and his wife, called to Colonel Ebey, but he had gone outside to investigate. He wasn't armed; there wasn't a gun in the house.

Corliss heard two shots and saw Ebey running around the house toward his bedroom window, bleeding from a head wound. The Haidas shot him twice more when he ran back toward the porch. The family and guests leaped out the bedroom window and ran to a neighbor's place for help. Only one shot followed them, the Haidas being intent on ransacking the house and wrecking the furniture.

Several nearby settlers heard the shooting and came running with their guns, to find the Indians gone and The Cabins a horrible shambles. Near the porch was Colonel Ebey's body—minus the head.

The Haidas made a swift getaway, traveling only at night and hiding during the day in dense timber which grew down to tidewater. During the first day they hid out on Smith Island in the Juan de Fuca Strait, where they skinned out their ghastly trophy and buried the skull.

All hell broke loose when news of the raid reached the settlers. Seven wandering Haidas were grabbed near Port Townsend and put in irons as hostages. Citizens threatened to hang them unless Colonel Ebey's murderers were caught. Several ships took out after the raiders, but the trail was too cold. The Army couldn't help, because the Indians had escaped into Canadian territory.

Local newspapers shrieked to high heaven and demanded Indian blood and lots of it. They declared that the Haidas were not only professional murderers, but that they held over two thousand slaves captured from other tribes. Also the papers reprinted the story of twenty-two white miners who were enslaved by Haidas in 1851 when their ship, the *Georgiana*, was wrecked in the Queen Charlotte Islands.

The Army was bombarded with demands for protection, but when troops were sent to the settlements, the jittery pioneers decided that they'd rather have Indians around than drunken soldiers. The Washington Territorial legislature passed emergency laws against trading with Haidas or employing them. Ebey's farm was abandoned, and what little furniture remained from the raid was removed.

IN the fall of 1858, Hudson's Bay Company sent its heavily-armed steamship *Beaver* to trade for furs in southeastern Alaska. At a Stikeen Indian village on Kuiu Island, Chief Trader Charles Dodd picked up a startling news item and rushed to the ship's skipper. "Captain Swanston, you remember some of these Indians killed Colonel Ebey on Whidbey Island last year and took his head? Well, that head's right here in this bloody village."

The captain armed all hands, then sent word to the village that he wanted the colonel's head. His message stirred up the Indians like a rock thrown into a hornets' nest, and four canoes full of warriors swarmed out to surround the *Beaver*.

The ship was cleared for action and her guns were run out. Ten Stikeens who boarded her found themselves looking into pistol barrels, and jumped overboard. Captain Swanston shouted that he'd sink their canoes with all hands if they didn't pull away. After sizing up the ship's armament, the Indians calmed down and trading was resumed. When the *Beaver* steamed off, she had several nice bundles of furs, but Colonel Ebey's

(Continued on page 36)

By JOSEPHINE PATTEN

Explanatory note: The story of the Marlow brothers has been carried before in our magazines, and our old-time readers will note variances between our former presentation and this account. For this is George Marlow's side of the story and one which his family accepts as true. We believe he deserves his day in court since even the Marlows' greatest enemies never denied the brothers' desperate courage.

HE KILLED A HEAP OF MEN

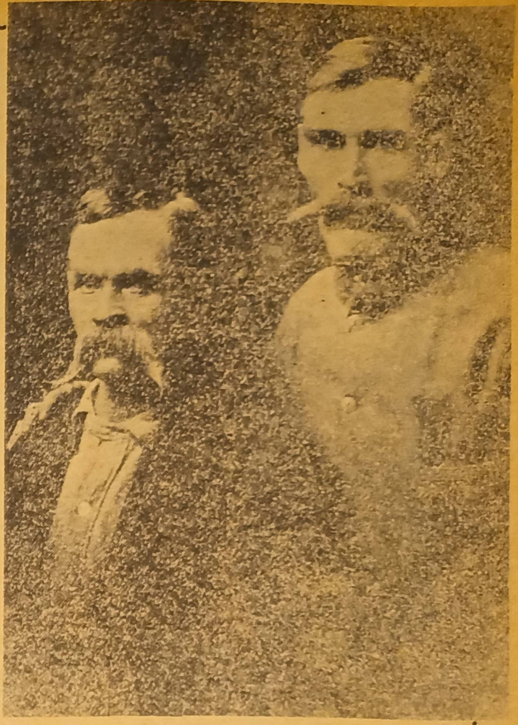


Photo Courtesy Author

George and Charles Marlow

TO SOME of us, the slight man with the blue eyes and the soup-strainer moustache was "Uncle George." To others, whether related or not, he was "Gramps." In fact, his designation was such a confusing problem that my own small daughter, in the imaginative way of a child, solved it for herself by coming up with her private name for him. The title she gave him was a fitting one, for he was as much a contradiction as the name by which she called him.

The mild-mannered, quiet-spoken person whom she dubbed "Uncle Gramps" was, in reality, George Marlow—one of the legendary Marlow Brothers who suffered an enduring brand as outlaws and who were hunted and harassed through the Southwest.

We knew him as our stepmother's father and, within our memories, he was a very old man who helped us with the kitchen chores on our father's ranch in western Colorado. His bullet-scarred hands were clumsy and slow but he patiently and carefully peeled fruits and vegetables. He was adept with the churn, and indispensable during the canning season. It was, however, "a casual towel" with which he wiped the dishes, and when we complained that he was not doing a thorough job, his stock answer was that it could not be helped. "I'm wipin' 'em so fast they're sweatin'," he explained.

Unimpressed with whatever formal education the family's four girls might be acquiring in boarding school and college, he lectured to us at vacation-time on matters practical and important. First off, he taught us how to play gambling-house solitaire. Also we had to memorize the folksongs he sang in a quavery voice —verses vital to us should we ever engage in driving cattle up the Chisholm Trail. He cautioned us never to attempt to shoot a bear between the eyes, and outlined the likeliest places to find trout in the streams. He drew graphic examples of animal tracks in the dirt, and vainly tried to organize us into a hunting party with the singular purpose of capturing a porcupine for supper. He gave us this lesson in semantics: "ado," he said, was the Indian word for "red" and "Colorado" meant "color red" and depicted the silt-laden rivers and rusty soil of our state. We kept the derivation well in mind for momentarily he might pop the question, "Where did Colorado get its name?" It is completely irrelevant that none of us found any opportunity to put that disputable bit of information to use. At least we remembered it, although working it into a conversation without engendering an argument was impossible.

When winter iced our fingers, we hurried in to stand behind Gramps' chair and he took our hands next to his bare chest, buttoning them inside his shirt until they were warm again. He also performed surgery on splinters. Using the razor-sharp tip of his pocket-knife, he eased embedded slivers painlessly forth while he held the patient's attention with stories.

In one such tale, a Negro drover fell and was trampled under the hoofs of a stampeding herd. Gramps always relieved the terrible aspects of the accident with a description of a decent burial and added, reassuringly, "We said a few words over him, Sister." This, too, was the case when another drover carelessly spat into the fire, spraying a supper of parched corn which bubbled there. The cook unceremoniously drew his pistol and shot the offender and, though less deserving, the dead man was accorded a brief prayer invoking God's mercy for his misdeeds.

GRAMPS renamed every person with whom be became acquainted, reserving a special deference for the ladies: the younger ones he categorized "Sister" and the older ones he called "Auntie." If he happened not to be related to the person in question, it made no difference. This was his code of good manners and he adhered to it. Uncritical by nature, he nevertheless commented unfavorably on two things—disheveled hair and profanity. These faults, he observed gently, were "not pretty."

Dusk was his bedtime, and his sleeping costume consisted of long-johns and all his other daytime apparel with the exception of patent-leather bow tie, his pants and shoes. Each girl soon learned to expect, when entertaining a boy friend in the parlor, to be confronted by Gramps who would rouse from slumber and wander forth to scrutinize the visitor. He'd stand just out of the light, rubbing his eyes, shirttail dangling around the baggy knees of his underwear, socks askew, and softly ask, "Ain't it time you was in bed, Sister?"

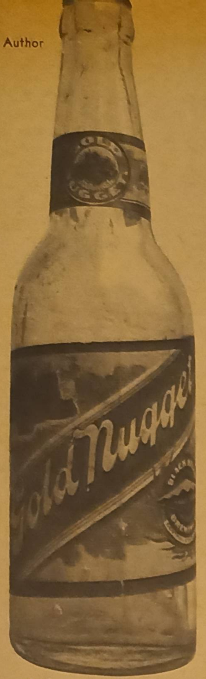
Assured of the hour, he'd melt back into the shadows, leaving her to explain this strange apparition and the implied suggestion that the caller should go home. The next day he'd indelicately inquire, "Did he kiss you goodnight?"

We invariably denied that any such thing had taken place, and we invariably got the same advice. "Don't go out with him no more," he said. "I never went out with no girl I wouldn't kiss goodnight."

It was a trial to the old frontiersman that, for reasons of health, whiskey and tobacco had been prohibited him. Still, having established a great rapport with the younger generation, he managed to some degree to get around such nonsensical orders. Occasionally he even succeeded in going on quite a binge, cajoling each of us in turn and in secret

(Continued on page 64)

Courtesy Author



Bottle used by the Black Hills Brewing Company to hold its "Extra Fine Special Beer"—Gold Nugget. This relic, one of the few still in existence, is owned by Julius Johnson. Below, the Black Hills Brewing Company, Central City, South Dakota, in the early 1900s.

The DAY THE BREWERY DIED

Deadwood Gulch was bankful of bitter tears and Gold Nugget Beer . . .

By MILDRED FIELDER

THE BLACK HILLS of South Dakota before the advent of the Twentieth Century was the ideal place for a brewery. The northern section where the gold rush had boomed had several small towns by the 1880s, and the prospectors and miners of the area were a thirsty bunch. Townspeople who supported the gold diggers were all of a mind—a good brew was a joy to drink and a necessity of nature.

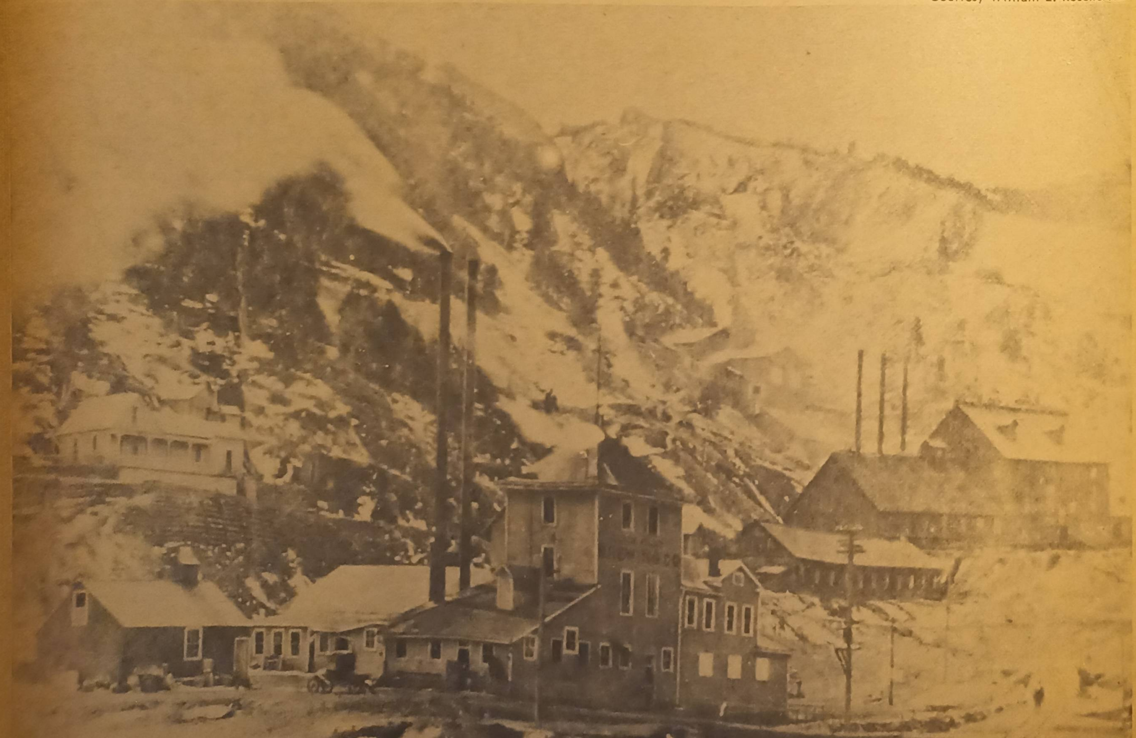
Lead City, Deadwood, and Central City, together with several smaller neighborhoods between the three big towns, were situated around a clump of hills with a road connecting all three. One went "around the Belt" if he were going to have business in more than one town.

In Lead City where the big mining was progressing, Mr. Lange and Mr. Selig tried to start a brewery. They were sure of plenty of patronage, but there was not enough water in Gold Run Creek for the mine and a brewery both. The venture was abandoned.

In Central City the mines did not require as much water from Deadwood Creek, and the water flow was stronger, too. Henry Rosencranz and Sam Kaiser built the Black Hills Brewing Company in Central Citv, half way between Deadwood's gayety and Lead City's industrial mines. The stream down Deadwood Gulch ran with sparkling clear mountain water. The distances were not too great for their Percherons to haul the brew wagons. From Central City they could tap the demand in all three towns, to say nothing of the scattered mining camps beyond the Belt.

They built two large buildings, one for brewing, the other for bottling, with a bridge crossing the creek between. Clear white bottles were purchased for bottling their Gold Nugget beer, and Henry and Sam were in business.

Photo from the Collection of James R. Harris by Courtesy William L. Rosencranz



From the first the company was a success. The big horses which delivered the Black Hills Brewing Company brew were big dray horses which could pull a wagon up any hill—and the miners were waiting.

For years Rosencranz and Kaiser did a thriving business, but around 1900 Rosencranz decided he could make more money by selling over the counter. Minneapolis Brewing Company bought the Black Hills operation, lock, stock and barrel, and Henry Rosencranz took over the Central City Saloon.

THE CHANGE of ownership made no difference to the name of the brewery or its beer. It remained the Black Hills Brewing Company, and continued the Gold Nugget brand. The main difference was that H. B. Schlichting came to town to manage the business, replacing Rosencranz and Kaiser.

Schlichting fitted into the community very nicely. He became one of the prominent businessmen of the area, a booster and a fine fellow. Perhaps his generosity was a factor in his success. It was said that anybody could go to the brewery and sit down for a chat with the employees and drink all the beer he could hold, for nothing. Employees were given slugs to exchange for drinks of beer, and they were generous in turn in giving the slugs to friends. The slug was horseshoe shaped, about the size of a nickel, and when dropped into a beer slot machine would dispense one glass of beer.

It was a gay time. The beer was good, his hospitality was famous, and Schlichting was making a living until such a time as he could get rich. Before long he was hiring a crew of twelve or fourteen men to work in the brewery and drive the wagons. Some of them are remembered by people in the Black Hills today. Kobe was brewmaster, it is said. Montauk was bookkeeper. Firemen included Bruno Vivig and Fred Fielder for a brief time. Louis Wibmer handled the vats, and Adolf Cramer the bottling works. Sam Hilton was barn boss. Helpers and teamsters at one time or another included Conrad Volkerd, Victor Truscano, Bill Savage, Matt Foster, John Gruber, Smith, and Matt Bender. Dr. Leslie was employed as veterinarian, for the ten big Percherons had to be kept in good shape for hauling the beer to distributors.

In 1903 a flash flood swept down Deadwood Creek in a hurry. Matt Bender was caught in the water before he knew what hit him. He was washed down the gulch, and drowned. Usually, however, things ran smoothly, and occasionally the crew held a picnic or other social affair.

Schlichting ran half-page ads in the Deadwood *Pioneer-Times* proclaiming the brewery's virtues. One dated January 3, 1914 read: "Gold Nugget Beer has answered the call for a strictly high grade, high class old fashioned beer, and this beer has the distinction of being brewed in one of the most sanitary breweries from only the choicest hops and barley grown. It is properly aged before being placed on sale, and is not charged with carbonated gas. Our sole aim has been to see how good and appetizing we could make our beer, and today our books show hundreds of satisfied customers. Order a case today through any of our distributors.—The Black Hills Brewing Company."

This fine state of affairs might have gone on forever if it had not been for Prohibition. Who would have thought that South Dakota would go dry even before national Prohibition arrived? Beer was such a satisfying drink, and seldom hurt anyone. Yet it was a fact.

South Dakota legislators adopted constitutional state Prohibition in 1916. Not until December 18, 1917, was the Prohibition Amendment submitted by Congress to the states.

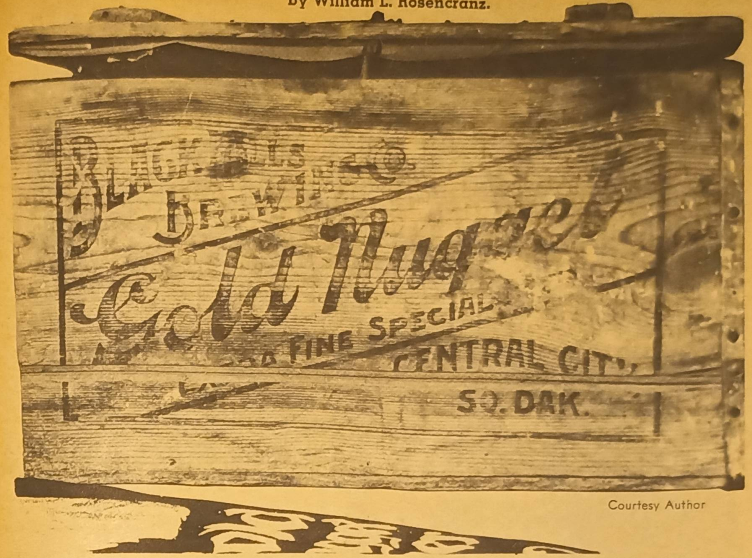
Schlichting had no choice. He had to stop making his delicious Gold Nugget beer. In an effort to keep going, he tried to introduce a soft drink, calling it the Cherry Blossom. It was flat. He couldn't blame his clientele for turning up their noses in disdain, and quietly he added a few hops to make what was euphemistically called home brew or near beer. The result was too near the genuine beer, and state authorities caught his activities.

For seventeen years Schlichting had been slaking the thirst of miners in the northern Black Hills. For seventeen years he had sold Gold Nugget openly and aboveboard, the best and only beer for many a mile. Suddenly he was operating against the law. It didn't seem fair.

"No beer!" said the authorities.

"What will I do with it?" he asked.

Wooden case used for marketing Gold Nugget Beer. The pennant in foreground is of purple felt and was provided by the brewery to advertise its products. Both are owned by William L. Rosencranz.



Courtesy Author

John Rosencranz pouring some Gold Nugget Beer into a mug during a "beer break" at the Black Hills Brewing Company in 1890s.

Photo Courtesy William L. Rosencranz

They didn't care. He had to get rid of it, that was all.

The brewer called in his friends.

"Drinks are on the house," he told them. Case after case was given away. People sat around the brewery drinking beer as long as they had room to toss another slurp down their throats, but even that comes to an end.

There was still beer in the brewery. Sadly Schlichting looked at the remaining kegs. They had to go. He was finished, and he knew it.

"Here, boys, give me a hand," he said.

"What are you going to do?" they asked, aghast at what they guessed.

They were right. He was going to dump the rest of the beer down the creek.

THE MEN rolled the kegs to the outside of the building, around the side of the brewery where the creek went by. One by one they tipped the precious casks and watched the contents gurgle into the water, foam topping the mountain stream to the end of the world, never to come back. The boys from Central City gathered along the banks watching Deadwood Creek with a head on it.

Another keg was emptied, and another, and another.

Before the afternoon was over, there wasn't a dry eye or a dry throat left in town. The creek itself was a little wobbly with its added ingredient, and the men from the brewery staggered home on rubber legs.

It was a sad day for Central City, a sad day for Lead City, a sadder day for Deadwood; but no one was so sad as H. B. Schlichting himself. If he could not make the genuine article, he wasn't particularly interested in remaining on the job. He sent his resignation to the head office and the company sent Mr. Neubert to replace him. Schlichting left for California, as far from the scene of his frustration as he could go.

Three years later the Volstead Act was passed by the national Congress, and South Dakota was upheld in its stand against liquor. A January 5, 1920 news article headlined "New Restrictions Placed on Liquor Business" and outlined the Prohibition enforcement act covering anything containing one half of one percent or more of alcohol. It was the death knell for beer all over the country (one of the big breweries in New York fought the case in court and was promptly defeated).

Schlichting engaged in the wholesale fish business in San Diego after he left the Black Hills of South Dakota. He sold his fish business and intended to go to New York City where he was joining a new firm, but stopped to visit his sister in Los Angeles first. He was taken ill about the time that January 5 news article appeared, and a few days later he died. He was spared seeing the outline of enforcement details that appeared nationwide on January 16, in which the Government announced the ban on the manufacture or sale of alcoholic beverages, the declaration against the establishment of places where it could be sold, and search and seizure powers.

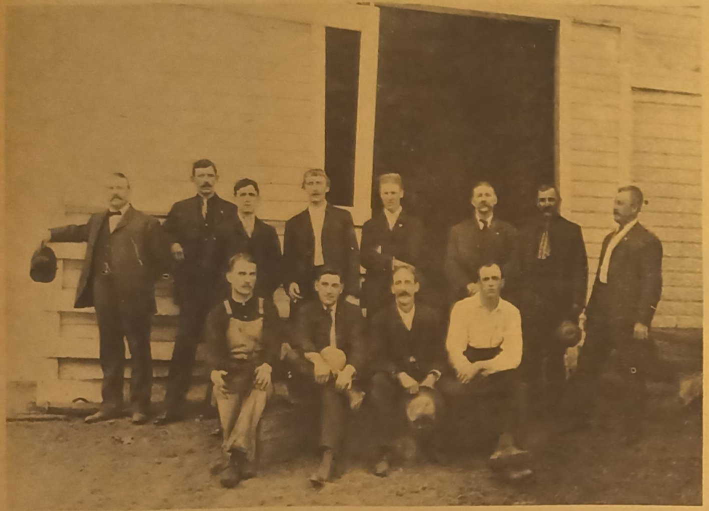
The law did permit the home manufacture of non-intoxicating ciders and fruit juices for personal use, and permitted manufacture of alcoholic liquors for sacramental and medicinal uses under certain restrictions, and for industrial and scientific uses. But even physicians were prohibited from prescribing liquor for their patients unless they believed in good faith that it would afford relief from ailments, and then were restricted to prescribing only one pint in any month for any one person. Imagine! One pint a month to the thirsty miners who had been in the habit of a beer or two every night after work! At least Schlichting was spared that!

The Black Hills Brewing Company operated for half a dozen years after Prohibition became the law of the land. Neubert continued making the Cherry Blossom drink, added ginger ale and a near beer called Byro. Gradually the near beer got too "near," and again Federal agents objected. There was no appeal. The Black Hills Brewery was finished.

We know now that the experiment of Prohibition did not work, but at that time when Central City citizens had seen their brewery closed twice, they thought their beer was gone for good and forever. The brewery building itself was torn down. There was no chance of its opening again.

The interesting fact is that when the Black Hills brewery was demolished, that ended the legal manufacture of beer in the Black Hills to this day. Soft drinks are bottled there, but nobody has tapped the mountain streams for beer making from that day forward. Another irony is that the building in which Lange and Selig first started their unsuccessful attempt at running a brewery in nearby Lead now houses the local chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous.

Black Hills people remember, though. There are men living there today who recall seeing Deadwood Creek with a head on its water, coursing down the gulch in the gayest day it ever had!



Above, some of the brewery crew around 1906 outside the Black Hills Brewing Company. Those identified are, left to right top row: 1. Kobe; 4. Louis Wibmer; bottom row, 2. John Rosencranz. Interior of Central City Saloon, below, shows Henry Rosencranz keeping bar. He had been one of the founders of the Black Hills Brewing Company.

Photos Courtesy William L. Rosencranz

Samuel Romero and his burro, "Little Bear"

THE BOY GERONIMO MISSED

By EDNA G. LANDIN

Photo Courtesy Author

He was left for dead at age seven—clubbed into senselessness by the Apaches. But a spark of life remained which was to burn for another hundred years!

BOOT HILL Graveyard was Tombstone's official cemetery from 1878 until early 1884. Then, due to "few vacancies," a new burial ground was dedicated. This borders the old road leading to the grave of Ed Schieffelin, founder of Tombstone. With its variety of grave markers, which range from the most primitive to the sophisticated, it is no less interesting than Boot Hill.

While passing through there recently, I found at the far end a grave adorned with a simple hand-carved wooden cross, on which was the name, SAMUEL ROMERO. Samuel Romero! My thoughts went back to 1949 when I visited him at his little hut nestled at the foot of Tank Hill, within sight of the great Apache stronghold from whence, more than ninety years earlier, one of its tribe had attempted to kill him. Like "The Town Too Tough To Die." Samuel survived and lived to celebrate his 107th birthday in 1953.

In 1853 young Samuel was living at his grandparents' ranch in the Santa Cruz Valley, Sonora, Mexico. It was just at daybreak when the quiet of the dawn was pierced by the sudden clatter of horses' hoofs approaching at a fast pace. Samuel had no fear, thinking it was cowboys, but to his grandparents the sound struck terror in their hearts. They lived in constant dread of the ruthless Apaches and their surprise attacks which had snuffed out the lives of so many of their friends and neighbors.

"It's Geromino," his grandma exclaimed as she led him out the back door to make a run for the thicket at the rear of the house. But she was killed at the threshold by a rifle shot and seconds later, Samuel was struck down by a terrific blow on the head.

The sun was setting when the boy regained consciousness. The dreaded Apaches were gone; so also were the livestock, food and blankets. Left behind as mute witnesses of the tragedy were the prostrate bodies of his grandparents, his aunt and his cousin. He alone, considered dead, was miraculously spared. His parents, fortunately, were away at the time.

Hungry, frightened and weakened by shock from the head wound, Samuel trudged to the Agua Sarka Ranch, about four miles distant. It had been spared the Apache raid and its owner hastened to the nearest town for aid.

It was not until two days later that the bodies of Samuel's relatives were removed from the ranch and Samuel and his parents never returned to their former home.

A couple of years later, his parents died in an accident and Samuel, still a child, alone in the world, wandered from ranch to ranch doing odd jobs until, as a young man, he became a cowboy at the San Rafael Ranch near Nogales, Arizona. He said there was no border patrol then and he used to run cattle on both sides of the International Boundary.

AT THE TURN of the century, Samuel made his first trip to Tombstone on horseback, a distance of seventy-three miles. Tombstone then still retained the picturesqueness of a boom silver town and, located in the heart of the cattle country, it was the "trail's-end" for many cowboys. It was here, in 1901, that Samuel met Mrs. Salome Martinez, a widow, and in 1902 they were married.

After his marriage, Samuel made his home in Tombstone, working at Charleston on the railroad; at Fairbanks with the Chinese; and later in Tombstone as a laborer. The father of two sons, two daughters and four step-daughters by his wife's first marriage, Samuel had about twenty grandchildren and twelve great-grandchildren.

He was 103 years of age and lived alone when I visited him at his home just a few blocks from Boot Hill Graveyard. It was the only home he ever had in Tombstone. The exterior was covered with various strips of corrugated tin. Along one side the roof was extended, furnishing shade for several dogs and cats taking their siesta in the late afternoon. Here branches of chili peppers adorned the walls and these, together with many vines and plants, gave the house a charm and atmosphere of peace and contentment rarely matched in this world of strife.

The interior of the house consisted of four rooms, only two of which were used—the kitchen and the bedroom. The floors were of Mother Earth and the walls were patched with corrugated box tops. Off the kitchen on the left, was a dimly lit bedroom containing two cots, a table and two chairs. When Samuel lighted the kerosene lamp on the table, the room seemed suddenly transformed into a shrine, for above the table glistened a golden crucifix, framed on each side by religious pictures.

It was here that Samuel told his story. Here also he produced a small picture of Geronimo who he said, "resurrected me." However, mellowed by age, Samuel no longer expressed hatred toward his would-be slayer but voiced the wish that he might have a larger picture of the Apache warrior.

Returning to the kitchen, he opened the door to another room, larger than the rest, but empty except for a large cooking stove, a few clothes hanging from nails on the wall and an unfinished piece of weaving.

"Everything is ready here," he said. "All I need is a wife. My wife died in 1916 and without a wife one just comes and goes. A wife is the joy of a home."

It was suggested that a *señorita* be found for him at which he chuckled and replied, "I would give you money for a *señorita*. I would give you $30.00 down payment."

Out in the garden again, he spoke of the apricot orchard he used to have, showed the pomegranate trees which have replaced them and the few rows of tilled soil from which he raised corn, tomatoes and chili peppers. Not wanting to be left out of the picture, his burro, "Little Bear," peered over the fence from his corral, while in the opposite corner of the garden, stood the remains of an old wagon. Samuel pointed to it with pride saying, "Little Bear used to carry me through the streets of Tombstone on this. I also used to rent my burro out for

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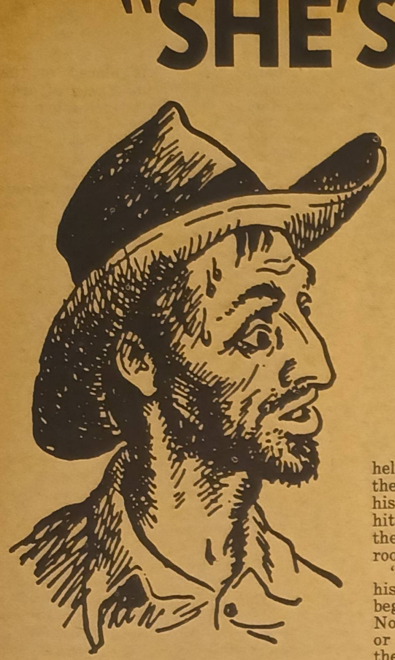
"SHE'S TAKEN BAD, DOC..."



By SHINE PHILIPS

Editor's Note: One of the most entertaining books ever written is now out of print. BIG SPRING (Prentice Hall), 1942) by Shine Philips should be on everybody's bookshelf just to take care of those rainy days! It is funny; it is sad—which is the way life certainly was in Big Spring, Texas in the days of long handles, pill rollers, saddlebag parsons, barbershop bathtubs and cherry phosphates.

A MAN of the Old West hardly ever got downhearted about anything unless something happened to the woman he loved and was married to. They were a quiet, solemn kind of lot, mighty short on kissing and all that stuff women are supposed to set such store by, but I reckon they loved their wives as much as any men that ever lived, even if they rarely said so. And the woman must have known it with their woman's intuition. Anything like a divorce was unheard of and what those women went through in remote ranch houses, far from any of their kind, with the most primitive equipment for housekeeping and even for existence, was plenty. That pioneer female who once said that Texas was heaven for men and horses but hell on women and dogs, spoke a mouthful. But women stuck it out and brought up large families, one way or another. If they hadn't stuck it out, I doubt if the men would have.

I suppose women were heir to as many ailments then as they are now but they hardly ever had time to give in to any of them, except something like having pneumonia or a baby. There's nothing much you can do after you get one of these except have somebody ride hell for leather after the doc. When anything else happened to a woman, she brewed up a lot of home remedies and toughed it out til she recovered, or if she was worn out to start with, she died. She didn't have time for hypochondria and nobody ever heard of a nervous breakdown.

When a lady twenty-five miles in the country got ready to have a baby, her husband, as frantic as any prospective papa wearing a track in today's hospital linoleum, saddled up to make a run for town and the physician. All the way he prayed the doctor wouldn't be at a ranch fifty miles in the opposite direction, helping another little stranger come into the world. When he came dashing up on his sweating horse, tied his steed to the hitching rack and vaulted the stairs to the doctor's office, everybody gave him room.

"She's taken bad, Doc," he would say, his chin ready to quiver and his eyes begging the medico to get a move on him. No matter how big the six-gun he had or how many children he already had, the idea of his wife suffering would reduce any six-footer to a pulp.

"Steady, boy!" the doctor would say and begin to put all his equipment into a worn black leather bag and get ready to ride, because he had to go back the same way the husband had come. We didn't have any automobiles or telephones, and a horse and buggy was too slow. The doctor rode horseback and how he could ride! In spite of that, oftentimes when he and the miserable father got to the scene, the baby had already arrived. It seems that a baby could be born on a floor of a dugout with the same enthusiasm and dispatch that is demonstrated on our modern hospital beds, and without benefit of any anaesthesia, or anything else which is now considered fitting and proper.

Babies came in larger quantities then than they do now, but I think the quality is about the same. Many of them were capably eased into the world by cowboys who were ordinarily so bashful they ran from a girl, but there's no accounting for what people can do if they have to.

WHEN I get to thinking about those old doctors who spent their lives facing blizzards, sandstorms, cyclones, burning sun, tearing wind, thirst, and hunger to assuage the pain of this raw, new country, I get a lump in my throat as big as a Parker County watermelon. We don't know anything about courage these days, because we've got so much to help us—so much that men have discovered and dug out and proved and passed along to us.

Doctors in those days had to practice medicine by instinct, feel, and the looks of things. About all they could do was look at the patient, take his temperature and remember other patients and their ailments from long years of hard experience. They had no modern instruments, clinical laboratories, or X-rays to provide scientific information. They had to guess and then follow through on a diagnosis based largely on experience, and it was surprising how often the diagnosis was right. Anywav the patients mostly got well and lived to a ripe old age. Hot applications, enemas, diet and common sense accomplished wonders. Those doctors were long on common sense and intuition.

In Big Spring, Texas. in the Nineties, the doctor wore a frock-tailed coat, stiff collar, and starched cuffs and considered his calling sacred. His work was enough for him and that was mighty fortunate because his chances of getting rich in the doctoring business were as slim as a mesquite sapling.

"They just paid me when they could," one of them told me not long before he died. "I never kept any books. Just depended on God for bookkeeping."

About the best he could do was support a family and a couple of horses to carry him on his rounds and eke out enough for a new frock coat once in awhile. That frock coat was the insignia of the doctor's profession—just a part of his make-up. In the various pockets of this coat he carried an assortment of pills, tablets, and thermometers, cough drops and some horehound candy to give youngsters after a bad dose of medicine. His saddlebags reminded me of a modern woman's purse. They had everything in them which was then known to medicine, and you could about carry it in two saddlebags. They smelled like a combination of asafoetida and skunk and when doc threw them down on the stove to dry they reeked like a wet dog.

When anybody was "taken bad," the doctor always managed to get there—no matter if it was thirty miles away with a blinding snowstorm in progress. He would strap his saddlebags on, get on his horse and plough over trails covered with snow and ice to get to a dugout where the sick child of a squatter lay. A squatter was a man who was taking up land just by settling on it, and on this account his reputation was none too good in town, but that never made any difference to a doctor. Mostly these squatters lived in dugouts—a room dug in the earth on the side of a hill with some sheet iron or timbers over the top and dirt on top of that. These dugouts were really nothing more than holes in the ground, like animals make for themselves, with dirt walls, ceilings, and floors.

In these hovels, which were occupied generally by a man and his wife and several children, the doctor would pass an anxious night. Most of our doctors were well educated, cultured gentlemen who had come out from the East, and what they thought of these primitive dwellings might have made interesting reading matter, but they never said. They were just interested in alleviating the pain and suffering of human beings, whether they were in dugouts or the biggest house in town.

If the illness was serious or desperate, the doctor stuck by the family and would stay for several days, without any means of communication with his own family. He stayed as long as they needed him, lived on frijoles, sowbelly, and black coffee and his presence generally kept the family going and braced them against whatever blow befell. Everybodv just felt better when the doc was there, working with the patient. When he left he never knew when he would get back, if ever. Sometimes after he had been gone two or three days, his wife would send a note down to the drugstore to ask if we had heard anything from Doc. Sometimes a rider would have brought in an order for medicine or news of the sick folks and sometimes not. If we had had one of the blizzards that have made history in this part of the country, Doc would be snowbound, and oftentimes when he did get in, he would be so frozen we would have to help him down off his worn-out horse and thaw him out at the stove before he could talk.

WHENEVER I think of one of the heroes of medicine, I think of Dr. McIntyre, a man the newspapers and history books never heard of. He was a Yankee gentleman of the oldest school, born in Glengary, Canada, and educated in New York City. He came to this country and settled in Big Spring in 1883 and spent the rest of his life doing good and trying to keep anybody from knowing it. Nobody knows why he came out here to this Godforsaken spot (in those days) when he could have practiced in New York or anywhere else he had a mind to. I asked his daughter once why in tarnation Doc picked on Big Spring and she said she didn't know—thought he had just heard Horace Greeley's admonition, "Go West, young man," and never could get it out of his system. After he got out here, he sure enough couldn't get it out of his system and stayed here until he died.

Dr. McIntyre was a sawed-off, wiry little character, short in stature, long on keeping his mouth shut. He tended to his own business and forced everybody else to leave his business alone. He had side-whiskers and the inevitable frock-tail coat and a heart as big as a wagon wheel—too big for his small body—but he carefully tried to conceal the fact. He was very dignified and hard to approach and was very positive in his nature. He loved boys but didn't want them to find it out, didn't have time for foolishness and pranks, and didn't think anybody else ought to. The records of his charity are unwritten but they bulk large beside his name, wherever he is now.

Dr. McIntyre had a fine education. He used to be able to pronounce all the Latin names on the blue glass bottles in the drugstore and he knew what they were all for. In fact, there wasn't much about medicine he didn't know and he had that sure instinct for it which made him a valuable doctor. He helped the living with his practice of medicine and he embalmed the dead, when he had to. He never got any publicity for his charitable deeds and he never wanted any. It would have embarrassed him greatly to have his good works recognized. Like all pioneers, he fought something or somebody every minute he was awake. In his case it was mostly disease and ignorance he fought. He conquered a lot of it.

Dr. J. H. Hurt came along with the railroad. When the T&P started across these parts—it wasn't the railroad it is today—its path was no bed of roses. We had a few Indians left who still believed in personal rights and "Fight for Freedom," as we call it now. A lot of railroad people got shot at and shot with guns the Indians had acquired from their white brothers, and there were still wild animals. Well, liberty finally prevailed over all enemies, including the deer, antelope, buffalo and Red Man, but not without stacks of bones along the track and plenty of shooting.

Dr. Hurt was the official railroad physician, employed by the T&P to patch up the men who needed attention, and was permitted to get whatever other trade he could out of the community. He came from Kentucky, with his pretty wife, and made his home in Big Spring. Dr. Hurt always went when he was called, no matter who called him or where, and sometimes he stayed for weeks in the ranch country if it was necessary. He never asked questions and he never told any lies. He saw lots in his time and it went no further. He forgot unpleasant things he saw with the same facility he forgot to collect what was due him for his work. He never charged anybody when he knew they couldn't pay him anyway, yet he always thrived and was loved by everybody in town. He never did give too much medicine—just what they needed and although he has been dead a long time, people are still having the prescriptions he wrote refilled. No physician can have a more impressive monument.

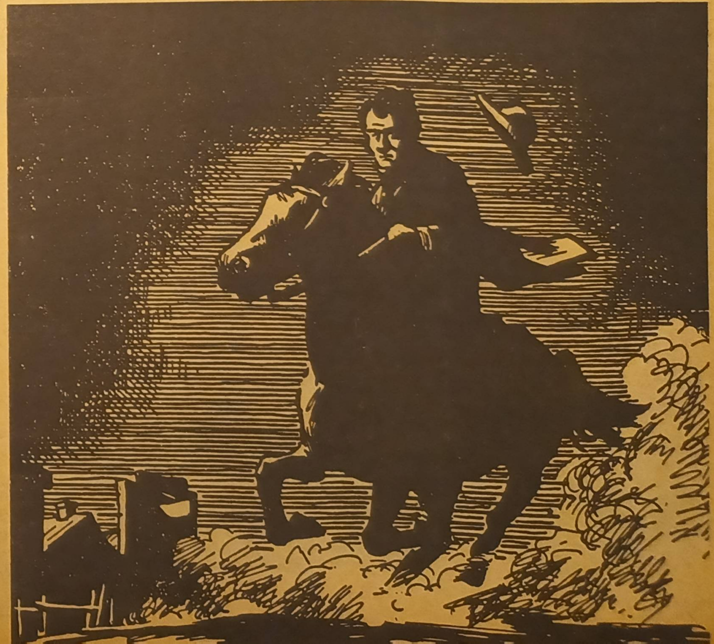
ABOUT the most colorful doctor we ever had was old Doctor Jones. He arrived in Big Spring on the mail hack and whence he came, nobody knows. He was a tall fellow with a scissor-tail coat and long moustaches and an ingratiating manner. He clambered off the hack and asked the whittling crew who were standing around watching the hack change horses to direct him to an eating-house.

The boys took him to the nearest chili joint and Doc Jones never climbed back on the hack. He was without luggage and didn't have much to say about his past life. The idlers discovered that he was a well-educated man and an M. D. That was as much of his history as they ever learned, because it wasn't polite out here to even go that far into a man's past. It soon became apparent that in addition to being without luggage he was also without means, and succeeding days brought forth the sad fact that he was addicted to the morphine habit.

But he was a likeable cuss and everybody right off got fond of him and wanted to help him start life anew. The boys rigged him up an office over the bunkhouse and got hold of a second-hand cart load of furniture for him. He never had a horse of his own—just used the livery stable horses to make his calls, day and night, year after year.

Doc Jones was always able to answer a call. He was a smart doctor. He did everything he could to alleviate suffering and never asked anything in return. He was a blessing to that open range. He never did seem to need or care for money. Anyhow, he never had any. He never even had enough to buy a sign to go on his office, so the boys got some sheep-marking paint and painted a sign for him on the hitching rack in front of the bunkhouse. It read: "Dr. Jones—Office Upstairs." They did it for a joke at first, but after awhile people got so they respected that sign.

One morning after he had been around Big Spring for several years, Doc Jones was missing. The boys climbed the stairs and found him very sick. They did what



they could for him but in a few days, he died. Cowpunchers never had any spare cash either but they wanted to do the best they could for Doc. News traveled fast and they rounded up a bunch of people Doc had helped and gave him a decent funeral. They buried Doc on a hill out there and as they didn't have enough money to buy a tombstone, they just dug up the old hitching rack and placed it over his grave, where it stands 'til this day and reads: "Dr. Jones—Office Upstairs."

BIG SPRING doctors in those happy times believed in pills and they prescribed them. We made them up in the drugstores by hand, by forming a pill mass made of some sticky substance like a combination of gums and inert powder to give bulk. This mass held the drugs—often as many as ten to a pill—and we rolled this mass into a long thin cylinder, cut it in equal parts, and then pill-rolling began. We rolled each pill between our fingers and then placed the pills in a cylindrical wooden or metal cup and rotated it to give the pills uniform roundness. Then they were coated in a liquid made of sugar and water and rolled out on an oiled paper to dry.

In fact, doctors believed in drugs of all kinds and were always handling them, and so pungent were some of the mixtures of asafoetida and iodoform that doctors and druggists smelled to high heaven and you could tell when one of them came into church without looking back. Asafoetida was used to keep away diseases and though I know the doctors didn't think much of it, they never kept mothers from tying it around their children's necks in little bags to scare off scarlet fever, diphtheria, mumps, or what have you. All the kids wore these sacks and when thirty or forty of them were gathered in one schoolroom on a warm day in winter, the teacher sometimes fainted.

Quinine was widely prescribed, and while we had few malarias or fevers in this high dry climate, it was believed to be good for everything. Everybody took quinine in the winter to prevent something—God only knew what. Some people just put it in their shoes. Epsom salts, camphor, sweet spirits of nitre, and well-aged whiskey were part of the doctor's dispensary. Whiskey was used for everything from snake-bite to pneumonia and it seems to be about the only nostrum we have left from that time which continues to hold its popularity.

Morphine was the doctor's stand-by. It was also sold over the counter. Axle grease was a great remedy with ranchers for skin diseases but when the doctor get there, he usually advised them to wash it off and use soap and common sense and most got cured by this route.

Grippe and epizoodiac were the common names for what we now call influenza. Since quinine was used for everything else, doctors thought it wouldn't do a cold any harm, so they eared the patient down and gave him a big capsule of quinine every two hours until his head felt like it was full of brass bands and then if he kept complaining, they would stuff more quinine into him, so, of course, the patient would rather get well than take any more of that treatment, and that's how quinine got its reputation for curing colds. The remedy was worse than the complaint, so the patient got up and went to work. That system still works, since sickness seems to be fifty per cent from the collarbone up. Besides, we don't know what to do for colds any more now than we did then.

Hot water, castile soap, and carbolic acid were the only real antiseptics the doctor had, and the acid was used largely to put in the water for chickens who had the roup. A few people tried to get out of the world with it, but usually after a drink of carbolic they would come tearing to the doctor or the drugstore for something to stop it, having discovered they didn't want to die in the first place. Of course, we didn't have anything to stop it, any more than we do now, and if they got a gulp in their gullets and it got down, they died in spite of having changed their minds about the whole thing. But most of them had just sort of smelled the cork and put on an act. Any doctor will tell you that most would-be suicides are just teasing. We have poison laws now, and when a man signs up for a bait of poison to "kill a skunk" and goes out and takes the poison himself, maybe he is right. Maybe he is killing a skunk.

Chloroform was practically the only general anaesthesia the doctor had in the early days and it wasn't very safe, because they hadn't then found a way to remove all the impurities. Still it saved the situation in many major operations. "Freezing" carbuncles with a spray of nitrous oxide was prevalent, though the frost sometimes didn't last as long as the operation and the doctor had to have help to hold the patient down while he finished.

Diphtheria was one of the scourges of children in those days and it was called everything from membranous croup to tonsilitis. It was treated with hot bricks and mustard plasters because this was before anti-toxin came into general use. There is no way of knowing the dreadful mortality rate of this disease then, as its diagnosis was often in doubt. Scarlet fever was often fatal and usually left those who got well maimed in some way. There was no serum for it and the disease just had to run its course. Smallpox ran roughshod over communities and people feared it more than anything. Quarantine was rigidly enforced and people were sent off to the pesthouse to have it out, waited on by somebody who had already recovered from the disease, and was therefore immune.

Many people were pitted from smallpox and vain ones used to beg to have their hands tied so they wouldn't involuntarily scratch a pustule and come out with a scar on the nose or somewhere it showed. Vaccination for smallpox was fairly primitive but was coming into general use. The doctor gouged a hunk of meat out of your arm and poured the serum in. For about a week it made you so sick you thought you had the smallpox or maybe wished you did, but when you got well, you had a scar the size of a silver dollar and its not likely you ever had any reason for being afraid of the smallpox anymore.

THE THEORY that bad tonsils and bad teeth caused rheumatism wasn't generally known, even to doctors, and it just never occurred to anybody. We went right on to work and had quite a lot of pleasure out of telling each other about our personal rheumatism, and just died right along and our tonsils were buried with us. Lots of people have lived, died, and been buried in Big Spring without ever once being operated on for anything, even a wisdom tooth.

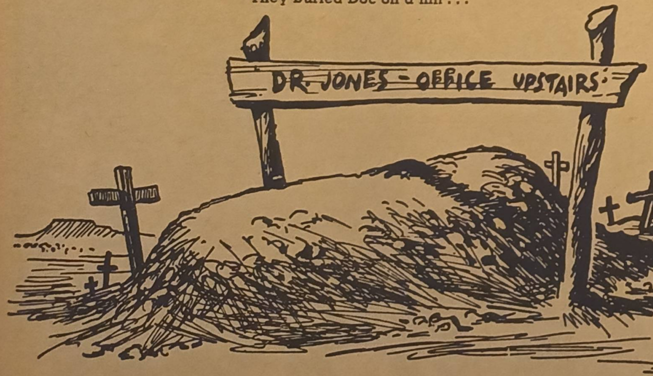
Snakebite was common among both men and horses, for the country was full of rattlesnakes. Nearly everybody had a sure-shot remedy, mostly centering around a bottle of whiskey. Of course, whiskey is likely to make you forget a snakebite which is all to the good, since most of the people who die of snakebite are scared to death. The bite of a rattlesnake is a pretty serious thing, and makes a man or an animal mighty sick. All our doctors treated snakebite the same way. They slit the wound with a knife, sucked the poison out with their lips and bound the wound up. Most ranchmen used this therapy too, when it was too far to the doctor, and when they did and tied up the wound with rags soaked in kerosene, the patient's injured member would swell up all over the place but he usually got well and was none the worse for it.

For a long time we didn't have any germs, and then the germ theory got around. It scared most people to death. The first pictures we saw of germs painted them as fierce small animals that looked like a combination of a dog and an alligator, and I don't know if some of the doctors didn't get the same idea. Our doctors didn't know much about germs but fifty years before they heard of them they boiled their instruments and washed their hands before any operation, without knowing exactly why but because they knew it was important to be clean.

Earache was a common complaint but we didn't have any earache drops and the doctor usually prescribed a bag of hot salt "until it rose and broke." Tonsils were not paid any attention to and

(Continued on page 66)

They buried Doc on a hill . . .



THE TWENTY MULES OF DEATH VALLEY

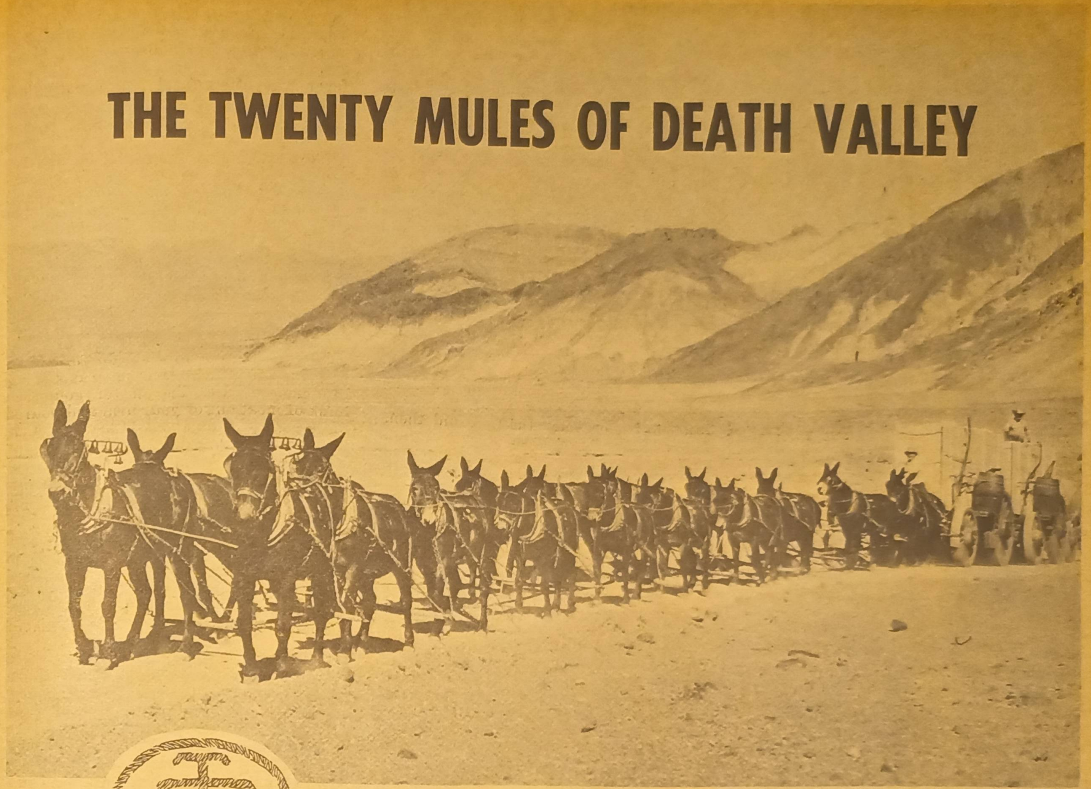


Photo Courtesy Death Valley Days, Los Angeles, California

The Twenty Mule Team is hitched to an 80-foot chain which ran the length of the team and fastened onto the lead wagon. The complete team and wagons stretched out over 185 feet.

THE TWENTY MULE TEAMS and the lumbering borax wagons appeared in Death Valley in 1883, when the commercial possibilities of large borax deposits there became apparent. The nearest rail transportation was 165 thirsty miles across the tortured desert at the town of Mojave. But the challenge was accepted by the owners of the Harmony Borax Works, later to become a part of The Pacific Coast Borax Company, forerunner of today's United States Borax & Chemical Corporation.

The teams and wagons were remarkably efficient. Operating on a definite schedule, with a round-trip consuming 20 days, the teams hauled borax out of Death Valley for five years without a single recorded breakdown.

The borax "train" consisted of two giant wagons—each weighing 7,800 pounds and with rear wheels over seven feet tall—a trailer tank wagon holding 1,200 gallons of water, and the mules themselves. The full load was more than 70,000 pounds.

While all the mules pulled the wagons, sections of the team were classified according to their specific work, and had to be selected and trained accordingly. The "captain" of the team was the "nigh leader"—the left-handed lead mule, and the smartest animal of them all. Commands from the skinner (the driver) to the nigh leader, nearly a hundred feet ahead, were communicated by the "jerk-line," which ran from the skinner's hand through metal rings on each left-hand mule's harness to the lead animal.

Immediately behind the leaders were the "swing" teams—five pairs of mules whose jobs were generally limited to straight pulling. Then came the "eights" (the pair in eighth position from the front), the "sixes," the "pointers" and the "wheelers," the latter hitched directly to the first wagon.

Each span of mules, with the exception of the wheelers, was hitched to a set of single-trees and double-trees that, in turn, were hooked into an 80-foot chain that ran between the mules from the leaders to the wagon.

It was on short curves that the proficiency of the team became vitally important. In rounding a corner, the lengthy chain had to be kept in line with the road (to keep the wagon on the road), rather than be permitted to drag across the angle of the turn. To accomplish this, the eights, sixes and pointers were required to leap over the chain at command, and pull at almost right angles to the direction of the turn, thus compelling them to step along sideways.

Riding the nigh wheeler, the skinner controlled the team by voice and by jerk-line, and also held the rope controlling the brakes on the first wagon. Brakes on the second wagon were operated by the swamper (brakeman).

Spur rail lines soon reduced the mules and their skinners to obsolescence, but their feats lived on in story, song and paintings. Usually they were pictured strung out horizontally, tugging two borax wagons and a water tank across the parched desert. However, Joe Ruiz Grandee of Arlington, Texas, one of America's leading western historical artists, has presented a new concept in his oil painting, "The Twenty Mules Of Death Valley."

In a masterful representation of heroic action, Grandee's mules are in full flight—urged partly by fear, partly by the shouting, whipcracking muleskinner who is struggling with a braking problem that could turn his 36-ton load into an unmanageable juggernaut. The scene is a grade in the Panamint Range, the most dangerous obstacle in the 20-day round trip from the old Harmony Borax Works, forerunner of U. S. Borax.

To paint the picture, Grandee traveled to Boron, California, location of U. S. Borax' vast open-pit mine, where he sketched the old wagons, collected harness, bells, and other equipment. Later he hitched up four mules as models, then struggled with the challenging perspective problem posed by the head-on view.

Grandee's painting is in commemoration of the 35th anniversary season of "Death Valley Days" in broadcasting.

A Ranch on the Nueces

(Continued from page 9)

thigh, barely bringing blood. The whole pack, leaving their horses on the far side, plunged back to hunt down the man they had missed. The stream carried them downward, and they had considerable difficulty clambering up the high bank.

Meanwhile, according to his plan, Jim ran upstream under cover, jumped in, swam across, and, still under cover, ran down to the horses. He had no difficulty catching his dun, which carried not only his saddle but the scabbarded rifle. It was loaded. He gave the other horses a scare and started down the creek, keeping close to cover. He realized, however, that within a short time the Indians would be back on their horses trailing him. After he had galloped maybe two miles he discovered that he was at a slough roughly paralleling the Nueces River. The Nueces makes a big bend in this region, and he was much nearer it than he had supposed. The slough was wide but deep only in the middle. He rode up it in knee-deep water for several hundred yards, leaving no tracks. Then he swam across it and followed a shallow arm of water into flat country. He stopped in a *motte* of trees and *granjeno* brush, satisfied that he and his trail were both well concealed. He stayed there all day without seeing a horseman. Once only he heard a yell away off across the slough.

HE found that all his ammunition had been removed from the *morral*, but a few water-soaked soda crackers were still in it. They tasted good. During the day he had located an island of grass near the *motte*, and at night he and the coyote dun camped on it, the horse faring superbly. By now, all ideas of prospecting farther for a ranch left him. He was restless to get back to what was left of Wallace, near the creek crossing. At daylight he rode. The world seemed so empty that when he came upon the tracks of his enemies they made a kind of human association. The creek had run down enough that it was no longer swimming.

He carried his brother's body to the head of a gully, wrapped his own shirt around the head, and spent almost the whole day digging dirt with his pocket-knife to cover the body. Then he carried drift-logs from the creek to hold the dirt down.

When he was through, he noticed three buzzards in a dead tree down the creek a distance from where the Indians had swum it. The tree might be their regular roost, but curiosity took him to it. At its base was a mound of drift, in which a patch of red caught his eye. After he had yanked out a few sticks, the patch expanded into a bandana. It was still around Hess's head. The current, probably aided by a drifting log, had carried Hess under into the tangle of drift. The only care Jim gave Hess's body was to remove Wallace's money belt from it.

He had meant to kill meat that evening, but now the light was too dim for shooting. He got under a tree. It rained again, just enough to keep him wet through the night. He was really getting hungry now—and the coyote dun was feasting on mesquite grass. Clear, warm sunshine next morning seemed a special benediction from on high. As the sun came up, Jim heard gobbling. When he stepped out cautiously, he saw two big old gobblers making passes at each other while other gobblers circled around them. The sheen on their feathers was wonderful. He aimed his rifle, pulled the trigger, and had meat. The fact that he did not have a dry match did not keep him from enjoying and assimilating while he swallowed several pounds of prime turkey.

His only course now was to get to fire and food. He rode to the river. It was on an immense rise. He knew that if he went down it far enough he would reach people. An idea came to him. Had he had more experience, he would have rejected any idea that parted him from his horse, but he was still, in a way, a young greenhorn. He unsaddled, hobbled the horse, hid saddle and money belts, lashed some drift-logs together with his rope, tied his rifle to one of the logs, and with a pole to steer with, shoved off into the current. It carried the raft rapidly, but every once in a while eddies or treetops along the sides of the river slowed down the voyage.

AFTER Jim had been on the river maybe two hours, the raft made a lunge against the inside bank of a sharp curve. Some of the crooked logs had already worked loose in the roping. As they hit the bank, they twisted apart and, almost instantly, with his rifle gone on down the river, Jim was left holding to a root growing out of the bluff. He pulled himself up until he got his elbows on the ground and then swung free.

After his breathing became normal, he walked out for a view. He thought he had never seen a more beautiful sweep of country than the land in and beyond the bend of the Nueces. While he watched some deer graze, they lifted their tails and bounded away and then he saw what had disturbed them—a man on horseback. He carried himself like a white man. Jim yelled and waved his hat. The man approached to within about two hundred yards and then, ready to shoot, waved for Jim to come to him.

He proved to be the owner of a ranch five or six miles away. He was looking for a horse that he suspected of having taken up with the mustangs. He would have impressed anybody as a man to be trusted. He carried Jim home with him, and there Jim ate and slept for two days. Lending him a horse and saddle, the rancher rode with him to recover his outfit and the ten thousand dollars in two money belts.

Jim Ray had no need to prospect farther. He had found the ideal location for a ranch. The rancher informed him that it was state land, subject to sale or homesteading. He bought horses, a wagon, lumber, provisions, tools and other necessities, hired Mexican help and built a house on the bluff. He bought land scrip, then for sale cheap, and had several sections surveyed out from the riverbank. He had been gone from home nearly two years by the time he got stock branded and well located on the range.

Then he went back to Alabama to marry a girl supposed to be waiting for him. He had not written. She had not waited. He knew that a dun horse with a line down his back and two or three faithful Mexicans were waiting for him back on the Nueces. He returned to them, and in time the Ray ranch, fenced in by barbed wire, became well known.

Head-Hunting Was Their Hobby

(Continued from page 26)

head remained in the village—hanging in the lodge of a Stikeen whose brother had been killed at Teekalet.

Chief Trader Dodd vowed that no white man's head should remain in the hands of Indians, and when he returned to Alaska the following year in the trading steamer *Labouchere*, he had the skipper anchor off the same Stikeen village. The Indians had plenty of furs, but Dodd refused to buy them until the matter of Ebey's head had been settled. After a long and violent argument, with threats made by both the Indians and the trader, Dodd bought the head for six blankets, three pipes, six heads of tobacco, one fathom of cotton cloth, and one cotton handkerchief. It had been smoked and carefully preserved with the scalp, hair, and ears intact.

When Dodd got back to Victoria, he turned the head over to Alonzo Poe, a friend of Ebey's, who delivered it to the colonel's widow on Whidbey Island. It was buried with Colonel Ebey's remains, three years after that unsuspecting friend of the redskins had been slaughtered so that a Haida chief could rest quietly in his grave at Teekalet.

The northern Indians were surprised when no warship came to punish them for the Whidbey Island murder. In their code, that meant that the whites were cowards, and they planned a real Grade-A raid on Puget Sound shipping.

ON January 25, 1859, the schooners *Blue Wing* and *Ellen Maria* sailed from Steilacoom, Washington Territory, carrying freight and passengers for Port Townsend. Settlers sighted the schooners as they passed the north end of Vashon Island, but neither vessel reached Port Townsend, although they were quite seaworthy and there had been no bad weather. They simply disappeared without leaving a trace of wreckage and with no witness to their destruction. Haida canoes which had been seen in the vicinity disappeared at the same time.

Homesteaders on the south end of Whidbey Island pointed to masts protruding from the shallow waters of Maxwelton Slough. "That's the *Blue Wing*," they insisted. "Her crew was murdered and she was stripped and scuttled here by Haidas." The wreck disintegrated before it could be explored, and nobody had any actual proof that Haidas waylaid and destroyed either the *Blue Wing* or the *Ellen Maria*.

Puget Sound hotheads threatened to invade Canada with a heavily armed marine posse to wipe out the Haidas unless navy vessels were sent to patrol Northwest waters. Fearing international complications, the government ordered the *Massachusetts* back to Puget Sound. The raids ceased abruptly, although northern Indians still came south in season to pick hops in the Puyallup valley and to bully peaceful Puget Sound Indians who worked on the same ranches.

Although the Haidas brought their women with them and left their muskets and war clubs at home, oldtimers remained skeptical. "Mebbe they're women an' mebbe they ain't," an aging pioneer snarled. "Some of 'em used to dress like squaws to fool us when they come a-raiding. They was ten Injuns to every white man in them days. It's t'other way around now, but I'm still scared of the bastards."

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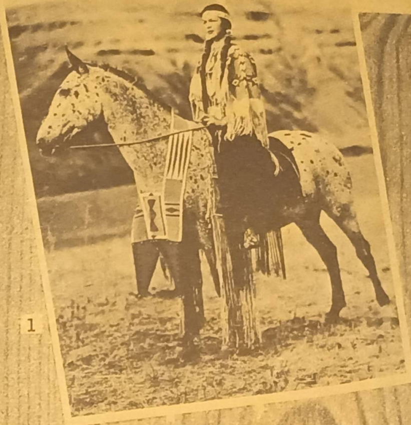
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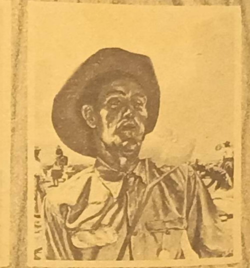
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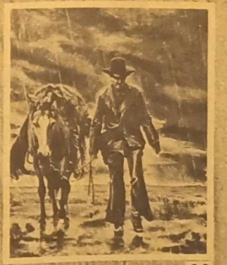
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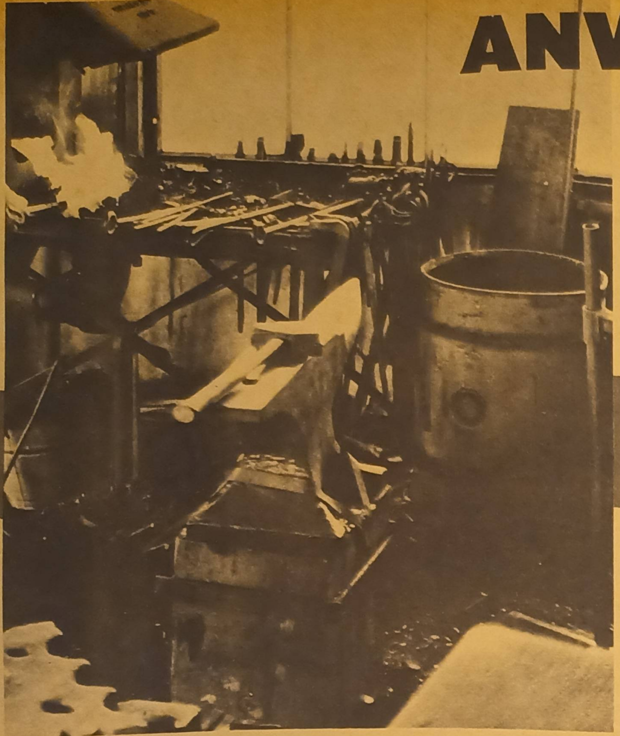


What was the old-time blacksmith made of? Heat—metal—and imagination . . .

By THOMAS G. BREDLOW

Photos Courtesy Author

About the author—Thomas G. Bredlow owns and operates a blacksmith shop in Tucson, Arizona. He has traveled throughout the United States and abroad visiting blacksmith shops, both operating and defunct. He enjoys the warm welcome he receives in other blacksmith shops in Tucson, and is always glad to have local smiths drop in on him. While his shop is not the oldest in Tucson, it is age-old in looks, and has become a Museum to the American Blacksmith. When he is not at the forge or busy writing, Mr. Bredlow is involved in extensive research both into tools and methods of the old-time smiths, and into the hand-wrought ornamental ironwork of all ages. He also assists the establishment of authentic blacksmith shops connected with historical exhibits. His shop and his work reflect the fruits of his research and the technical assistance so willingly provided by his brothers in the trade.

THE AMERICAN WEST was hewn from wood and stone. It was won with lead. It was paid for in silver and gold. Wherever he went, man built his empire from the resources he found—trees, clay, rock—and bound them together with iron. This is a tribute to the men who worked the iron.

Their trade was centuries old when the first blacksmiths came to this country. A thousand years ago, Norse smiths fashioned the weapons of the dreaded Vikings. Norse battle-axes were fended off by English oak doors bound in iron by English smiths. Skills with iron which were developed by a much earlier generation went into fitting the Viking ships which first touched our shores.

Then, and for a long time to come, men thought that iron held magical powers. It showed in their work. Grotesque figures and magic symbols were wrought into the tools and weapons.

Those who watched the blacksmith work were filled with wonderment. His skills and accomplishments improved. He, who once made only nails and hinges, was to build majestic gates of beautiful design. His work adorned the palaces and gardens of the royal families. But even so, he was never far removed from simple locks and hardware. His metal was needed by rich and poor.

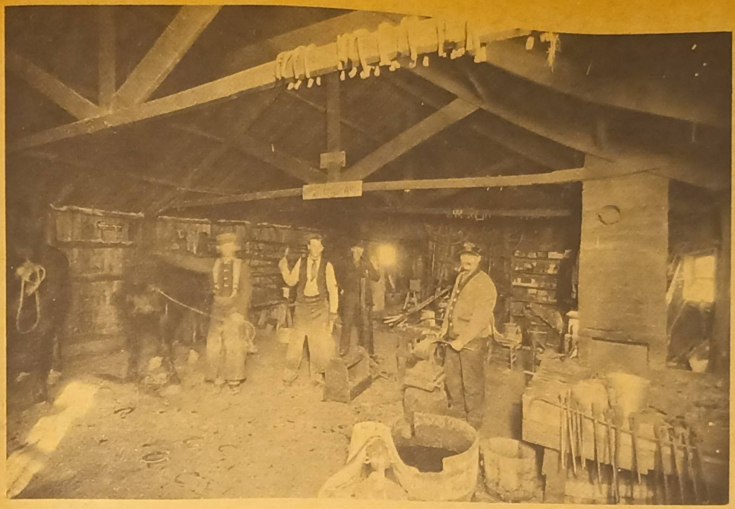
While colonists were settling America, European blacksmiths were in their finest hour. Armorers to kings and princes, they themselves were to become knights. Their own trade was to be dabbled in fashionably by the royalty. Young smiths could dream of royal patronage. A few would sail to the New World and forsake that dream forever.

In the young colonies, even the rudest iron implements were luxuries. The magnificent ornament of Europe was a long way off. Blacksmiths were constantly busy forging the tools and fasteners necessary to building the settlements. From there, a continent would be explored. And there, a process began that was to meet its decline only in the past half-century. For 250 years to come, no area secured from the wilderness would be without its full complement of blacksmiths for very long.

AS THE first settlers' wagons were crossing the Mississippi, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, was gaining renown as the steel city of the country. Colonial days were past, and a war of independence had won half a continent from the British. The great age of industry had not yet begun. Hundreds of blacksmiths were turning tons of iron into implements beyond counting. Axes and pipes for trade with the Indians, plowpoints and bullet molds, wagon tires and trace chains—entire warehouses full of hardware items which would begin the long journey West were being produced round the clock. Each piece was being made by hand.

The tools made in Pittsburgh supported the movement westward but would eventually wear out. Smiths made them and a smith must make the repairs. His shops followed the wagon tracks. Every town, every military outpost, and later, every mining camp, secured at least a single blacksmith. Eastern shops supplied the original equipment, but once departed. settlers must provide for themselves. Everywhere men went they took iron. Everywhere iron was used a blacksmith was not far away.

Established shops of the East were there to stay. Sheer weight of the tools dictated this. Some smiths took all they could load on a wagon, but many were to set out with little more than an anvil and a favorite hammer. For the smith who knew his trade, want of a tool was his least worry. His hammer would fashion a punch; then halves of the tongs, punched for the pin and riveted, and the tongs would be complete. These would beget more pieces. A blacksmith could arrive and in a matter of days fill his shop to overflowing with tools. So long as he had iron and fuel, he was limited only by his own imagination.



The shop of James Madison Shoults in Guernsey, Wyoming, about 1903. A son and later blacksmith, Jim, rope in hand, and his brother, Ed, pose on the shoeing floor while a local rancher, Herman Weber, looks on. To the rear of Mr. Weber is the wagon repair and paint shop, part of the same building.

The ingenuity of the smith depended on his training. The young apprentice exposed to an imaginative master was himself sure to excell. Left on his own he would recreate tools he was accustomed to using. From there he would innovate. The kinship he felt with his work would grow. He would come to be respected for his knowledge wherever he settled, only to pick up and go to a far different place with unfamiliar needs; and there he would begin anew. Tools and implements used on the plains differed from the picks and drills of the mining country. Yet something deep in the iron remained familiar, whatever its use. He could move about, but something intuitive and unexplainable would make his work consistently good. Something perhaps magical would draw him closer to his trade; perhaps it was this magic that made him brother to every other blacksmith.

SO the wilderness began to be settled. Towns filled with people and there was work to be done. Men had to earn their way. Their tools and machinery would eventually need repair or replacement. And there the blacksmith earned his. On the plains, plowshares dulled in the soft earth and had to be sharpened. Cultivators had to be built. Vast arrays of axes, hoes, pitchforks and shovels were not always available at general stores. In the mines, drills and picks, single jacks and double jacks, bolts and braces of every description were needed. And everywhere there were horses to be shod and wagons to be kept in shape.

The railroads which began to make their way across the West brought with them a well-equipped breed of blacksmiths. The rail cars could haul heavy loads, and carried with them entire shops outfitted to the last word in heavy smithing tools. With these, railroad smiths could maintain a whole system of rolling stock. Flatcars would move heavy mine and mill machinery out on the plains; freight wagon and pack mule would carry it piece by piece to nearly inaccessible sites—where much of it lies today.

After the Civil War, the established shops were of wide range. Those operated by lone smiths with perhaps a single helper were the most frequent. Most often it is this image that is summoned by imagination when one thinks of blacksmiths. But the shops varied in size, up to the vast complexes wherein huge hammers powered by steam performed on enormous forgings what a single sledge could not.

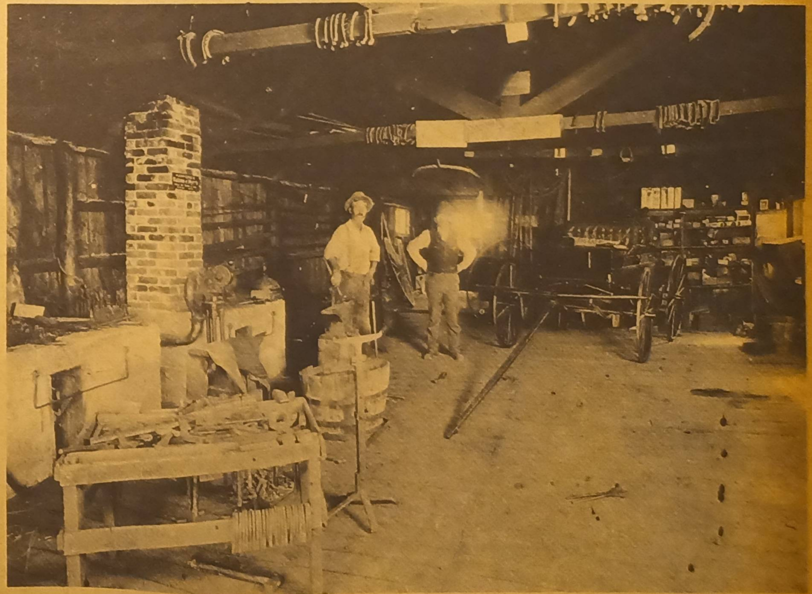
The shop where he worked could be of any size; yet the image of the blacksmith remained the same. In the hands of a lady, a mere broken kitchen utensil might take him from the steam hammer to make a speedy and strong repair. He was looked upon as a number of persons all in one. The hands that shod horses, mended cracked hoofs, sharpened chisels and picks, also made surgeons' instruments and repaired the woodwork in a handsome carriage. The hands which amazed onlookers would occasionally surprise their own master—a kind of gratification peculiar to his trade. It may be this particular kind of gratification which keeps retired smiths very near their shops long after they have ceased to work.

The average shop having more than a single forge also had more than one large area to work in. The shoeing floor, normally of wood plank, was near an anvil; it was not uncommon for this area to be rented to a farrier, a smith who did nothing but horseshoeing. Away from the soot and sparks of the smithy itself, was a cabinet and paint shop, where wagons and buggies were prepared for the irons. The furnace that heated the wagon tires was away from the forge, and near a special tank for shrinking onto the wheels.

Placement of the forging tools was, at best, untidy, but there was a reason. Those tools not on the bench lay on the floor within quick reach of the smith. Fumbling for a tool filed neatly away might spoil an operation. As a result, most shops, laid out for full-time operation, looked somewhat messy; and none was exempt from a visiting smith's friendly jest.

THE NEED for iron was universal. Lumbermills, mining companies, railroads all had their own smiths to build and maintain equipment. The United States Army trained blacksmiths as part

The same shop, not long after, with a few changes. The blacksmith had to be a cabinetmaker as well, as indicated by the buggy in background.



Jim Shoults (earlier photo, rope in hand) in 1953, in his own shop in Torrington, Wyoming. Jim, a winter resident of Tucson, is a welcome visitor almost every week in the shop of the author, Tom Bredlow.

of its personnel through the first half of this century, and for years after the cavalry and horse artillery were retired. Trading centers and industrial towns provided work for hundreds of smiths and smith's helpers. Each separate geographic or economic area required special tools in addition to the general ones found in every shop.

But if the basic tools were typical, they were the only things that were; for few smiths performed their work in the same way. Each had his own methods for forging, hardening, tempering and so on. Equipment was arranged to suit the individual. When possible his shop was even built to his particular tastes. Shops were located where they would do the most good; some were in the open air with little shade and no protection from the sun. At least one is known to have operated hundreds of feet down in the shafts of a mine.

In each area, men accumulated wealth. Some of them commissioned local smiths to execute fine ornamental work. But for the most part, industrial work predominated. Not all of it was pleasant. A few pieces finished in the nick of time to repair an invaluable mine shaft water-pump could make the smith a sort of local hero. Endless days at the chain fire, pounding out fathoms of iron links were a different story. And visions of "chestnut trees" were unlikely while the farmland smith was confronted with plowshares in stacks like cordwood, all waiting to be forge-welded, pointed and sharpened.

The machine age was past its infancy when it reached the West. It brought with it a new breed of workers, and greater demands on the smith. Each was exposed to an increasing variety of machine-made parts which he must duplicate, if necessary. He had to develop and exercise skills never dreamed of when he was an apprentice.

It was at this point that the American blacksmith was to call upon the magnificent artistry of the European smiths, but in a far different sense. So far, he had merely adapted handmade repair parts to hand-fitted machines. Now he must duplicate machine-made parts. Machinists were virtually nonexistent.

The luxury of files was one that time would not allow. Smooth slipfits and dovetails had to be finished at the forge. But the smiths were equal to the situation. They produced pieces which were a credit to the best of them. In fact, the mastery of close tolerances became so general that a later generation was to make crankshafts and connecting rods for the early automobiles, and in many cases finish them by hand.

Throughout the period of expansion, no single influence touched all blacksmiths simultaneously. Each was to produce according to local needs and technology. Progress in most areas was only as rapid as the influx of population. Contacts with other areas was limited, making experience the most usual teacher. But for all the progress that led ultimately to the machine age, the tools and methods of the blacksmith, ancient at its outset, emerged from the period much as they had entered.

AS EACH succeeding wilderness area gave way to man and civilization, and expansion was nearing its close, the age of the American blacksmith approached flood tide. Huge industrial areas on the Pacific Coast employed hundreds of smiths, and needed hundreds more. Blacksmith shops were operating in every city and town. Veteran smiths from the old days worked twelve- and fourteen-hour days. Their fires attracted apprentices, some barely old enough to swing a sledge. Travel where you may, the melodic ring of the anvil was not far from earshot.

In larger shops, mechanization had made strange giants of forging equipment. The processing of better grades of iron and steel, and the material demands of a World War set blacksmithing at its peak—one to which it would never return. From that point, the very technology it had helped to develop induced its decline. Mass-produced farm implements and machine tools could be repaired with replacement parts.

Gas and electric welding gave the blacksmith a positive, sure hand with repair of tractors and motor cars. He was encouraged by business trends and by his own publications to modernize his shop in every way. One, *The American Blacksmith*, published first in 1900 and for four decades following, experienced a change in title which typifies the declining trend. It became *The American Blacksmith and Auto Mechanic* after World War I, and near the end was called *American Garage*.

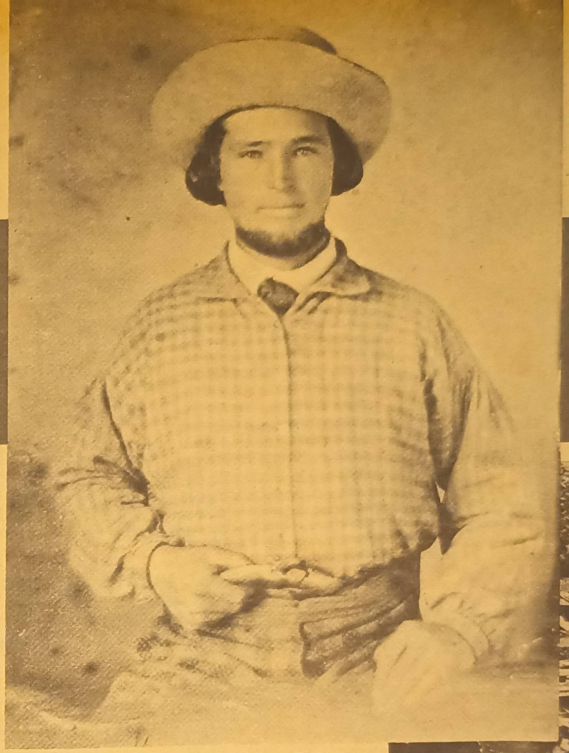
In a much earlier photograph, Oly Myrmo, then of Washington State, performs the astonishing feat of holding a pair of sixteen-pound hammers horizontally, their 36-inch handles butt to butt, supported only by his powerful wrists.

The shops stayed open, but forge tools were laid aside for the more lucrative welding and repair techniques. Hot punching gave way to the fast, efficient drill press. Welding machines and torches were the rage. Operations once performed at the forge were now done from start to finish in the machine shops. The horseshoers, a breed of their own, began to leave the shops, carrying their tools to the livestock. Progress had put modern automotive and equipment repair shops where forges and anvils once stood.

But the pendulum may have swung too far. Most of the blacksmiths who still stand at their fires are now middle-aged or past. Their numbers dwindle. Few have apprentices. Here and there, younger men learn and carry on the trade, but their sort is rare. For the most part, the remaining shops will close one by one as they have been doing for half a century. And while the true blacksmiths become fewer and fewer, people with time and ideas increase in number. They have begun to take up projects around the house or for recreation. A special tool, not found on the shelves of a hardware store, is the blacksmith's fare. Hooks of a certain size and shape may be ordered from the smith, hardened and tempered to serve a specific purpose. Rockhounds and sculptors require unusual rock chisels. And anyone who owns a pick axe knows it needs resharpening from time to time. While these items and more may perhaps be obtained from other sources, they are the realm of the blacksmith—the kind who still keeps his fire and uses the ancient tools, the kind who represents the "dying art."

Although still employed at steel plants and factories, blacksmiths are no longer recruited. In many such instances, the forging equipment is retained in honor of the old fellows who use it, and will be disposed of when they go. Individual shops will close to the public, but never to the smith's own entrance so long as he is alive. For wherever the blacksmiths are, and whether they still work or not, all derive pleasure from showing their shops and talking of work they have done. The genuine affection for his work and for his tools which dominates the true blacksmith continues long after his hearth has grown cold. Hesitant to voice it, he is nonetheless unable to hide it. A visit to a local smith, working or retired, when he is not busy, is sure to provide pleasure for him and for his visitors, especially if they ask polite questions.

As the blacksmiths' numbers decrease, a craft becomes steadily more vague before people's eyes. Homage to him lies in museums, amusement parks, and motion pictures. Magnificent and intricate wrought ironwork from centuries ago pay him tribute as no other medium can. But here and there, the infrequent blacksmith shop, still in operation, is the most significant contribution to his memory. For in each works a man whose ancient tools and methods still forge into his handiwork an affection that is found in no other industry.



Above, early portrait of Dan Davis.

Two broken families try to join hands to make a dream come true for both. But it seems great courage can only endure bad luck, never fend it off . . .

ONE STEP AT A TIME

Edward Partridge's sawmill in the Big Horn Mountains, right, has been replaced by a beautiful highway.

By G. DAVIS WILSON

Photos Courtesy Author

DAN DAVIS had visions of striking oil in Wyoming's Big Horn Basin. In the spring of 1900, with his wife, small son, baby daughter and a group of pioneers, he traveled west in a covered wagon. First things had to come first, of course—townsites, roads, canals and a railroad. So while his family lived in a tent near the Burlington Railroad Company's campsite, he helped build the railroad from Billings, Montana to Cody, Wyoming.

One night Dan invited widower Edward Partridge and his two young sons, Mark and Blake, to dinner. He explained to his wife that the Partridges lived in a covered wagon, and he felt sorry for them. Little did anyone at the table that evening realize the sorrow, the changes and developments which they would experience together in the years ahead, or how closely their lives would be interwoven.

A long time later Mark wrote his father's biography in which he described that first supper. "Father accepted Dan's invitation gratefully, but did not feel very presentable after camping out on the freight run for a week.

"When we entered Dan's tent, we thought it was just as tidy and neat as any home we had ever been in. It was the first time for months that we had eaten at a table with a white tablecloth. Everything seemed perfect, even though goods boxes were used for some of the diners to sit on.

"Dan's wife, Dora, was a lovely woman, full of energy and anxious to be hospitable. As we were leaving, Dan insisted that Father and we come for breakfast. Thus began a lasting friendship."

Edward did considerable freight hauling for the railroad camp from Bridger and Billings, Montana. Being away on these freight runs meant his two boys were left alone. And like most young boys they were curious, mischievous, and unaware of danger. Dan and Dora Davis assumed a sort of guardianship—and had their work cut out for them.

One Sunday morning, as Sunday School was being held in the campsite cook tent, someone ran in and shouted, "Ed Partridge's wagon is on fire!"

Everyone ran out to help. Fearing an explosion, Dan entered the wagon to get the kerosene can. As he ran out the door, the can was so hot that the solder holding the bail melted. The can fell to the ground while he still held the bail in his hand. By hastily throwing many buckets of water on the blaze, it was extinguished. The wagon cover was badly damaged, the bedding was soaked with water, but everyone was thankful that it had been no worse and the boys were spared.

WHILE BUILDING the railroad, Dan and the other men worked almost every day all winter long in freezing weather. They wore "Dutch socks," resembling boots and reaching nearly to their knees. Over these were heavy rubber overshoes.

In the spring, camp was moved to Schribner, near the place where Warren, Montana, was later established. At the mouth of Piney Creek a beautiful, clear mountain stream filled with trout afforded the children, including Mark, Blake, and Jesse Earl Davis the greatest fishing opportunity of their lives. With willows for fishing rods, twine for lines and hooks made from safety pins, the fishing was superb. And on top of that, each child enjoyed the luxury of one half an apple that summer. Mark and Blake secretly used their father's razor to cut the apple.

Yes, they were poor, but Dan Davis refused to think poor. He made the members of his family feel that they were

(Continued on page 67)

TRAPPED on VICK'S PEAK

Three sulphur matches and a howling gale—and a man's life hanging in the balance!

By MARK M. FOSTER

Photo Courtesy Author

WHEN the panic of 1929 had reached its crisis in November, 1931, I was living in Socorro, New Mexico, a soldier in the great army of the semi-starving unemployed. I got an offer from a man (long ago deceased) to prospect for gold on a grubstake and one-half interest in any gold or other valuable mineral discovery I might make.

I accepted the offer and was issued a Model T pickup car, an army squad tent, and was stocked with dry beans and salt pork.

I was sent out with an old fellow who no doubt had traveled a hard road, was soured on life and sore at the whole world. It didn't take me long after I had been in camp with him to realize he was bordering on insanity and seemed to be brooding over some secret tragedy of his past. The set-up made me miserable and I wished I had been sent out alone.

I will refer to our grubstaker hereafter under an alias, "Tim Good." He was imbued with fantastic dreams of the pipe, said he once had a dream of owning and working a rich gold mine and the dream impressed him so vividly that he believed the dream was a true vision of his future and that he would yet possess that mine.

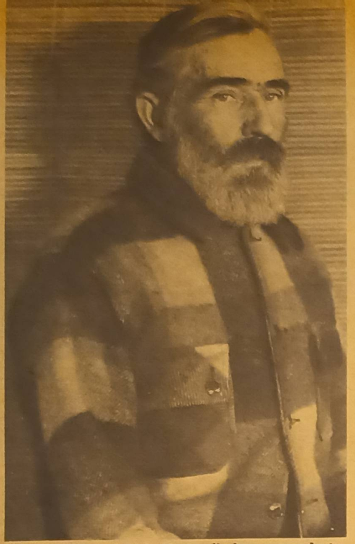
This obsession only increased after a conversation with old Pat Murphy. Pat said he was fleeing from Apaches, and had outdistanced them enough to crawl into a manzanita thicket and conceal himself between some boulders. The Indians soon overtook him and from their actions Pat realized they suspected he had gone into retreat there. Some circled the thicket, and some got down on their hands and knees and peered into the undergrowth. Pat said he hardly dared breathe lest he give himself away, and did not dare come out of hiding until long after nightfall for fear a sentinel had been left behind to ambush him. He said as he lay there still and silent, he could see gold nuggets all over the ground on a bare spot near the thicket, but the risk of getting some of them when he left was too great.

Many years later he landed back in Socorro, aged and penniless, and told of his experience with the Apaches to Tim Good, asking for a grubstake to return to the strike.

Tim, believing the incident to be the fulfillment of the vision given him in the dream, readily acquiesced to Pat's request, and even went out with Pat to locate it. The old man could not recognize the country, and after the two had gone out on several unsuccessful trips, Pat's aged and feeble body could no longer endure the stress of mountain climbing. Shortly after the last trip, Pat Murphy died.

WHEN the old man with whom I was sent out first landed in Socorro, he arrived penniless in an old car. He had a pick shovel and gold pan as gear. He stopped at the S.E.R.A. office to solicit food and gas to roll on. Tim Good was in the office and made him a proposition to accompany me in a search for Pat Murphy's nugget-strewn knoll. We were sent to San Juan Peak, San Mateo Mountains, Socorro County, to find an El Dorado.

When we arrived in San Juan Canyon, some two miles from San Juan Peak, we found too much snow on the ground to prospect the peak and had spent about two months searching the lower and dry sides of that range when news came that a big strike had been made in the Nogal Canyon area of the San Mateo Range. The discovery had sold for $125,000 so Tim ordered my partner and me to go there and try to locate claims as close to the strike as we could get.



The author, "Old Foster," from a photo taken at Winnemucca, Nevada, in 1952

I had heard a story told by many old-timers and prospectors that an Indian, known as the Apache Kid, used to go into some trading point—Reserve, New Mexico, or maybe Silver City—and sell nuggets and, of course, would tell no one where he got his gold. Prospectors tried to follow him to his gold deposit but he would always elude them in the vicinity of Vick's Peak in the San Mateo Range.

Well, Mack (as I will call the old man with me) and I got to Nogal Canyon at mid-afternoon on February 13, 1932, and pitched our tent. I, a perfect greenhorn at prospecting, was excited over the stories I had heard about the Apache Kid and Vick's Peak and it is an established fact that the Indian did bring in and sell nuggets. Bob Lewis (real name) of Socorro had once attempted to shadow him and is one of the men who found the Kid's squaw on Vick's Peak in chains.

I rose early on the morning of February 14. It was one of those summer mornings we sometimes have in winter in New Mexico—"weather breeders." After a hasty breakfast I headed for Vick's Peak alone as I had soon learned Mack was too old and slow to do anything, and his knowledge of prospecting was little better than mine. Also the way he nursed his chronic grouch made him poor company.

Distance is deceiving, especially in the clear air of New Mexico where peaks can be seen a hundred miles distant, so it was much farther from camp to the foot of Vick's than I had judged. When I arrived, I noticed a cloud on the peak and further observed a rhyolite escarpment which appeared to be about twenty feet high.

It was farther to the top than I had expected and when I got to the foot of the escarpment it turned out to be a vertical cliff at least 400 feet high. I started walking around looking for breaks or erosions by which I could climb it. Occasionally I'd seem to have found such and would scale 50 - 100 - 200 or 300 feet only to hit a sheer wall and have to back down.

WHEN I reached the top, the cloud I'd seen from below lay flat on the ground and was so dense visibility was not more than seventy-five feet. The chill air was a reminder that in my excitement I had left camp without a coat or any locations forms or my tiny match box. The snow on top was eight inches deep and crusted. As the days are short in February I decided to find a route down and go back to camp.

I had scaled the peak from the south side so I turned my back on the point where I had ascended, facing north. I soon came upon a large space where the scarp had sloughed and formed a talus sloping about forty-five degrees. I started down it.

The snow crust would break at times and I would drop into crevices between boulders. Miraculously I got no broken bones but my shins took a beating. Finally I got off the talus. I had had to descend it at an angle as the pitch was too steep to risk traveling straight down.

I then took a course I thought was east. I was already tired and after walking up and down ridges for what seemed two hours I knew I should have traveled far enough to have reached camp. I decided I had gone too far north, so veered sharply to the right. Meanwhile the sun had come out, perfectly clear, and I found myself right on the spot where I had scaled the peak.

Conditions were now in reverse, perfectly clear on top of the peak but with the upper surface of the clouds on a level with my feet. There I stood on the brink of a 400-foot precipice and everything invisible over the valleys. Looking out over the level upper surface of those clouds reflecting the sunlight reminded me of traveling along the cliff shores looking down on the Pacific Ocean.

Presently the wind whipped into a gale and blew up an upper stratum of clouds. A face-cutting, blinding sleet and snow began to fall. It would have been difficult to walk on level ground under such conditions and it was doubly so on a mountain over boulders. Realizing I was lost and far from camp, I kept walking faster and faster hoping I might find a way down the mountain before it became too dark to find camp.

I went over ridges, down ridges, and across ridges until I was fagged to near exhaustion. I never knew when I set my feet down whether crusted drifted snow would bear my weight or whether I'd break through knee-deep. Finally I came upon a ridge with deep snow and quaking aspen trees, small saplings on its face. I decided if I could cross that ridge the other side should be bare of snow and I could walk on dry ground. I could get off the mountain, and regardless of where I was, find my way to camp the next day. I was so tired that in ascending that ridge I used my hands as much as my feet—grabbing hold of a sapling to keep from sliding back, bringing my feet up and setting them firmly, reaching ahead to cling to other saplings.

As I had guessed, the other side, having a sunny exposure, was clear of snow so I knew it was on the south or southwest side.

With darkness coming on, I had the extreme good fortune to find myself in a dead grove of oak timber about fence-rail size. Many trees had fallen, making it easy to get fire wood. The big trunk, half dead, of a stubby old alligator juniper was my target. With a small penknife and with much effort, I scraped enough shavings to kindle a fire. A bunch of dry weeds, which had drifted in the wind and lodged against the shrubbery, helped, too.

Having only two whole matches and the stub end of another in my pocket, the wind blowing a gale, hands numb, eyes watering from blowing sleet, I had little hope that I would succeed in starting a fire. I pictured someone finding my bleached bones scattered about on the hillside, years later.

I STACKED a few rocks, carefully placed my weeds and shavings, and kneeling on the windward side, put my cap over the kindling. My hands shook with cold. The first match ignited the weeds, but there was no blaze. The weeds merely sparkled and popped like firecrackers, and the sparks blew off in the wind.

Suffering and dejected, I repeated the operation but did not use any weeds. I laid the shavings on the ground, placed a few dead twigs from the juniper on them, and paused waiting for the slightest change in the wind before striking the match. The lull came, but my timing was off and I struck the match just in time for a strong gust to blow it out. Now only a ½-inch stub of a match remained.

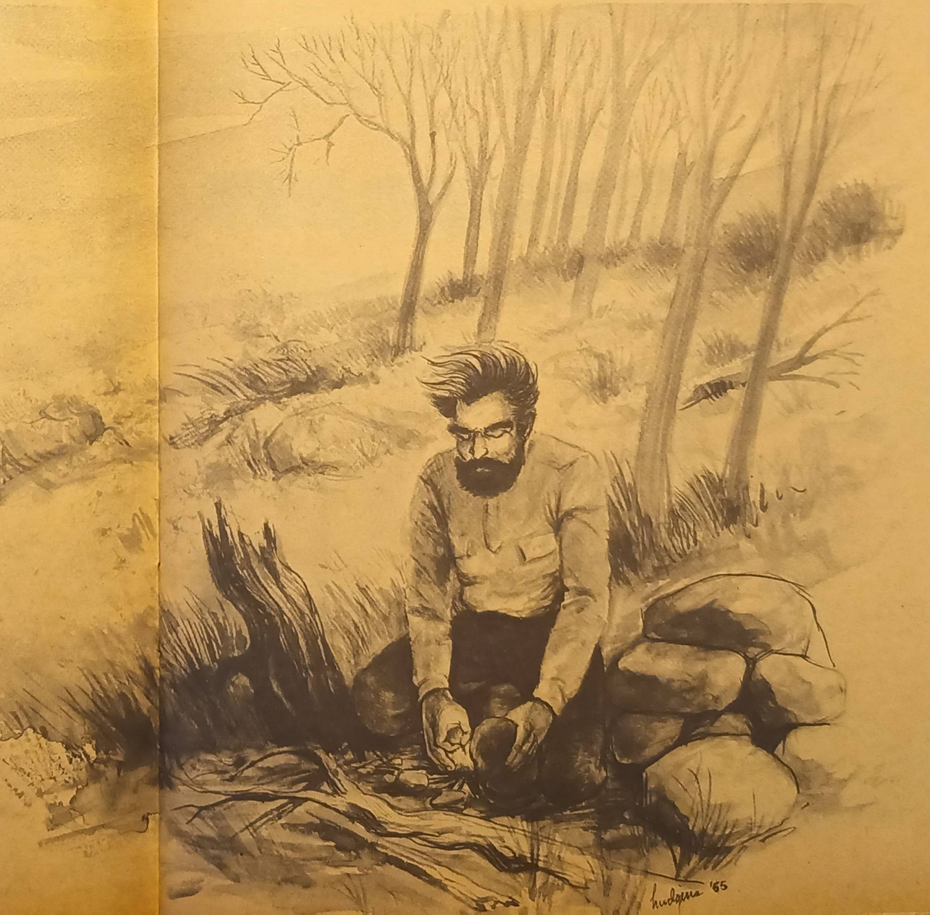
Suddenly it occurred to me that I had a letter from my brother in my pocket. I took the letter and shredded the paper and carefully relaid the kindling.

With the greatest care I whittled juniper shavings as fine as corn silks; small twigs were broken into very short lengths. I had to cut the shavings under my cap to keep the wind from blowing them away and weight the bill of the cap with a rock. At last with the most earnest prayer I ever uttered, I struck my stump of a match and the tinder caught fire.

I felt I had the fire safely burning, so I got off my knees to get more twigs and at that moment a terrific gust, which almost carried me off my feet, extinguished all flames from my fire. I hastily grabbed as many twigs as possible that had embers on the ends, and this time those dry crackling weeds saved the day. They caught. I stacked shavings and twigs until I had a big bonfire—hot enough to melt the ice from my whiskers.

I laid two oak poles parallel and about three feet apart between the alligator juniper and the fire, and carried from the gully and spread dry oak leaves for a bed. With my head to the tree and my feet to the fire, I would not have traded my couch for the best the Waldorf Astoria had.

(Continued on page 57)



Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

STEAMBOATS 'ROUND THE BEND

Remembered best for fun-filled holidays, they saw their share of tragedy, too. And when that happened, the "Queens of the Lake" turned into sisters of charity . . .

By MARY PEASE LASHBROOK

IN 1882 A. J. Prichard struck paydirt on a creek in Idaho's Coeur d'Alene Mountains. When the news leaked out, the little tent town beside Fort Coeur d'Alene boomed. And with the sudden rise in wealth and population came an energetic new enterprise: steamboating on Lake Coeur d'Alene.

The first vessel to ply the lake's clear waters was the *Amelia Wheaton*, built of native timber and equipped with boilers and parts which had been shipped around Cape Horn. It had been put into service by the government two years before to bring wild hay to the army post. Overland transportation through that high mountain region was so difficult that soon two new steamers, the *Coeur d'Alene* and *General Sherman*, were added and Coeur d'Alene became the center of a rich commercial activity.

N. S. Kellogg's strike in 1885 increased Coeur d'Alene's importance and more boats were built to handle lake traffic. The *Kootenai* was constructed to break ice and keep navigation open in winter. The sternwheeler, *Georgie Oakes*, which had been put into service to haul ore, was later converted into an excursion boat. *The Schely, Bonnie Doone, St. Joseph, Defender, Avondale, Lyondale* and *Mudhen* also steamed in and out of Coeur d'Alene.

For a few years the lake even boasted a "Christmas Boat." On Christmas Eve, 1892, the members of the Odd Fellows Lodge held a meeting to discuss several community Christmas projects that the Lodge might sponsor. Finally one man said, "I have an idea. Why don't we sponsor a steamboat trip around the lake on Christmas day and carry gifts to the settlers?"

"I'll take my boat," offered Mr. P. W. Johnson, owner of the *Defender*.

The Christmas boat traveled up the west shore of the lake and back along the east shore presenting each family along the way a gift of fruit and candy. This visit was so greatly appreciated by the isolated settlers that the Lodge decided to repeat the trip every year.

In 1893 they set up a Christmas tree in the boat's cabin and took along "Santa Claus" to pass out treats to the children on the shore. And the following year the Lodge added one more attraction—a group of girls to sing Christmas carols at each place they stopped. But by 1895 the population had increased so much the families couldn't all be visited in one day so the Odd Fellows' Christmas boat was discontinued.

In 1890 the O.W.R. & N. built a branch line into the mining region. Gradually the extra work and expense of loading steamers caused the demand for water transportation to dwindle and the early lake queens vanished. Only the *Georgie Oakes* was kept in service to handle traffic to the town of Harrison.

LATE in the 1890s, excursions became the rage and Lake Coeur d'Alene again emerged as a center of attraction in the Inland Empire. Every Sunday during good weather an electric excursion train brought hundreds of passengers into town. One Sunday 2,000 people arrived, bringing two bands with them. Another Sunday 16 coaches bearing 900 visitors arrived. Twenty-five hundred people came one Fourth of July and most of them took lake cruises.

At that time the most popular tourist attraction was the Old Cataldo Mission. Passengers were carried up the lake to Harrison, then along the crystal clear Coeur d'Alene River to the mission site. Where the boats turned around just below the mission, scraps of food were thrown into the water. Thousands of trout and other fish came there to feed, and the sight never failed to amaze the visitors. After spending an hour at the mission the boat returned to Coeur d'Alene .

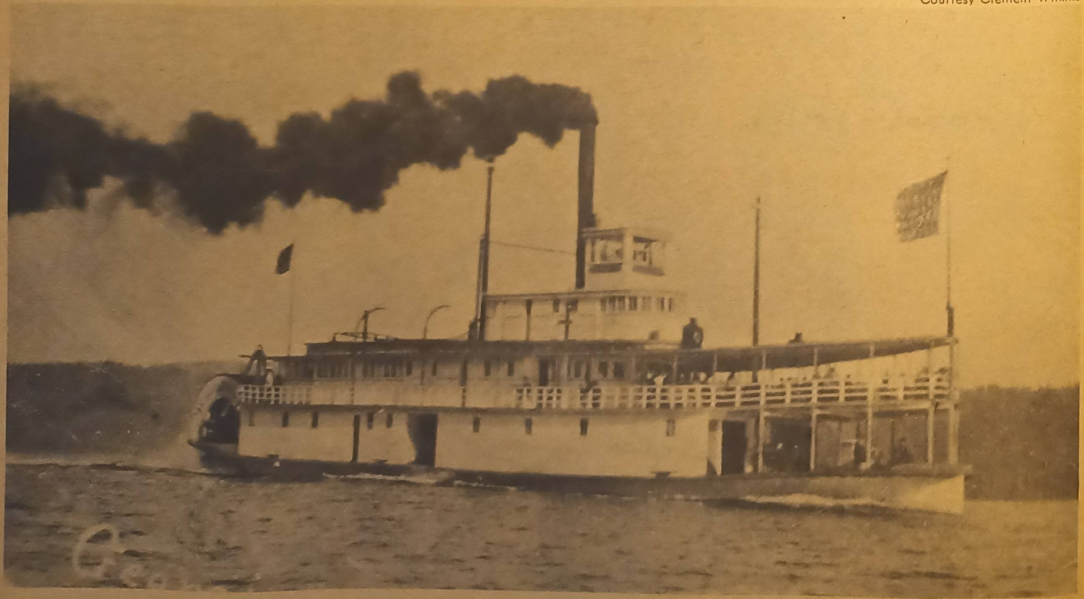
The Mission of the Sacred Heart at Cataldo had been built by Father Ravalli with the help of two lay brothers and a few Indians of the Coeur d'Alene tribe. No nails were used. In the adobe which covers the walls, the fingerprints of the workmen are still visible. The building was completed about 1853.

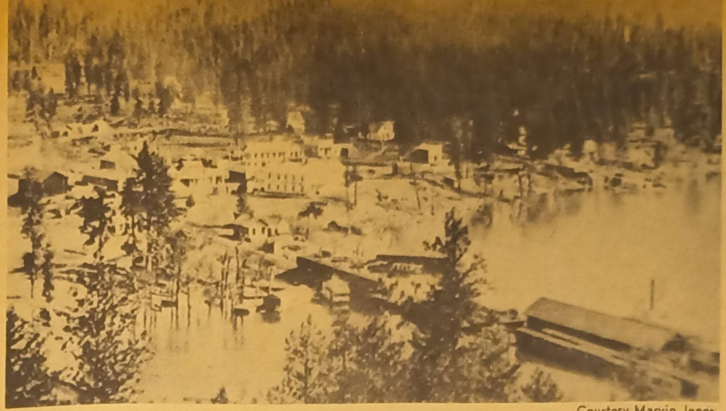
Another popular excursion carried visitors up the St. Joe River. This river, one of the most beautiful in the world, mirrors the cottonwoods and willows that lean over its banks. An unusual scene is provided by the sight of the St. Joe flowing through a part of Lake Coeur d'Alene. Sediment deposited in the shallow water has created a channel through the eastern end of the lake. Bushes and slough grass have grown up on the banks and between them the river flows completely independent of the lake waters which lie on each side.

THESE excursion boats rivaled the great eastern showboats in glamor. Children played on the decks, young people danced to popular tunes played by the band, and adults visited and admired the scenery. When the cool lake breezes whetted appetites, families gathered in groups and ate potato salad and fried chicken. The *Georgie Oakes* specialized in Sunday fish dinners. The cook fished all day Friday and the deck hands cleaned fish on Saturday to prepare for this "specialty of the house."

Sternwheeler *Georgie Oakes*

Courtesy Clement Wilkins





Courtesy Marvin Jones

Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, about 1886

While the boat stopped at the waterfront town of St. Maries, passengers walked the wooded sidewalks and bought souvenirs in the stores, then returned for the trip back to Coeur d'Alene.

Crowds were especially large on the Fourth of July. In 1905 seven thousand people rode on the Electric Line from Spokane and one thousand took excursion rides. Fifteen thousand people visited Coeur d'Alene in 1909.

Every active organization planned its own excursion party. Odd Fellows, Woodmen of the World, Maccabees and Chamber of Commerce members hired bands and decorated the boats with bunting flags. Several dance barges were also used. On moonlight nights these barges were towed by steamers while strains of the latest waltzes floated over the water.

The *Georgie Oakes* held the undisputed title of "Queen of the Lake" for thirty years. Once a pair of swallows built a nest under the guard rail. Each morning the mother swallow flew into her nest before the boat sailed. Her mate stayed in Coeur d'Alene and flew out across the water in the evening to meet the boat on its return.

Another large sternwheeler, the *Harrison*, and the *Georgie Oakes* met the trains at Harrison. Their captains frequently raced on the return trip to Coeur d'Alene with their passengers cheering wildly, but the *Georgie Oakes* won so often the *Harrison* finally quit trying to outrace it.

One of the best-remembered characters of steamboating days was "Cap" Eli Laird. He was active on the lake from the 1890s and at various times was captain of nearly all of the Red Collar steamers: *The Colfax, Idaho, Flyer, Georgie Oakes* and *Miss Spokane.*

Cap was a natural teller of tales and was especially remembered for his Paul Bunyan yarns. Many people took excursions up the St. Joe River just to meet him and listen to his "whoppers." Cap was also a famous cougar hunter and sometimes acted as guide for Eastern hunters who came to the St. Joe Valley.

In 1908 a marine mail route, one of the few in the United States at that time, began operations with L. C. Shaddock as the first carrier. For two years he delivered mail by bag service in his steamboat, *Lyondale*, to post offices at every bay on the west side of the lake. For several years after Shaddock sold the *Lyondale*, the marine route was continued under Civil Service and mail was delivered at all landings along the lake shores. The carriers not only delivered mail but took orders for and delivered groceries, carried messages from neighbor to neighbor and when necessary, transported the doctor to anyone who was ill.

"Those were hectic days," recalls Shaddock. "Everything had to be moved by boat or barge. I remember once when a sawmill owner wanted a crew of lumberjacks so he met a train from Spokane and hired forty men. As usual, most of them were drunk and went to sleep soon after they got on the boat. There was no dock at Carlin Bay; when the boat stopped, the men—still half asleep—got off the boat and walked across the barge into the lake. Stryker, the owner, had to build a fire to dry their clothes and go after a team and sled to haul them to camp.

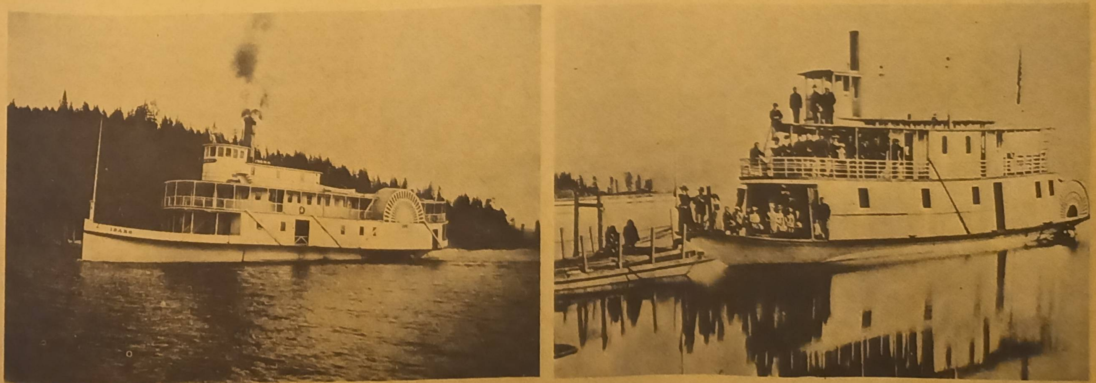
"Another time I brought the Winton Lumber Company baseball team from Lane, Idaho, to play the Coeur d'Alene team at Woodlawn Park. After the game all the players went to Coney Island and got drunk. It was aften ten o'clock before I could get them back on the boat. Swan, the pitcher, came and asked how much the window in the cabin was worth. All the rest of the windows were broken and he wanted to break it. I told him about three dollars. He paid me, then ran his fist through the window. He cut his hand so badly he couldn't work for six weeks!"

One of the pioneer boatmen, Ernest Weeks, who began his career as engineer on the *Corwine* in 1895, told me, "The Indian reservation stretched for miles along the St. Joe River and the Indians got to ride the boats free. Although it

(Continued on page 57)

Sidewheeler *Idaho* under steam and the *Amelia Wheaton* at dockside

Courtesy Clement Wilkins



Ira Terrill

Lawbreaker, Madman or Political Scapegoat?

By PAUL T. NOLAN

Whatever he was, he wouldn't be ignored and he couldn't be broken

JANUARY 3, 1891, was cold and clear in Guthrie, Oklahoma. The wide street in front of the land office was crowded with horses, men, and wagons. The town's frame buildings looked chapped, as though the winter wind had sucked the sap from the green lumber. Tents scattered along the outskirts suggested a poorly disciplined army that had moved there from a defeat.

There was a bustle about the scene, too, the scent of violence and a quick buck in the air. Less than two years before, Guthrie had been nothing more than a bald spot on the prairie. Now it was a hornet's nest of over 15,000 inhabitants—land-hungry settlers from the Midwest and East, gamblers and gunfighters.

It was a town which seemed ready for anything—almost anything. What happened there on the main street that January day in 1891, however, shook not only Guthrie but the entire area, giving rise to such conflicting accounts that Judge Layman Brown, historian and jurist, in reviewing the case called it "confusion confounded."

A fight that day between Ira N. Terrill and George M. Embrey proved to be so complicated that it kept the courts of Oklahoma and Kansas in a state of agitation for over a dozen years. Even today, in Oklahoma, the case is still one of the classic mysteries. James C. Stratton, editor for the *Stillwater* (Oklahoma) *News-Press*, on Sunday, May 16, 1965, in a new review of the evidence, recommended "some of our current high judiciary could have read this with profit."

The case had everything—a gunfight, a charge of "soonerism," insanity, perjury, a battle for the state capital, politics, and a Count-of-Monte-Cristo ending.

THE MAIN DETAILS of the event seem clear enough. Ira N. Terrill and his brother David went to the land office in Guthrie to commute Ira's homestead entry to cash. His right "to prove up"—to show that he had legal right to the land—was challenged by George Embrey, who claimed that Terrill had "soonered."

To be called a sooner in this stage of Oklahoma history was to be accused of jumping the gun in the land race of April 22, 1889, of having taken unfair advantage of one's neighbors. "A sooner," says Angie Debo, "was a special kind of polecat." Professor B. B. Chapman of Oklahoma State University goes even further: "To call a person a sooner at the land opening was the equivalent of calling him that other name which for generations has been the clarion call to violence."

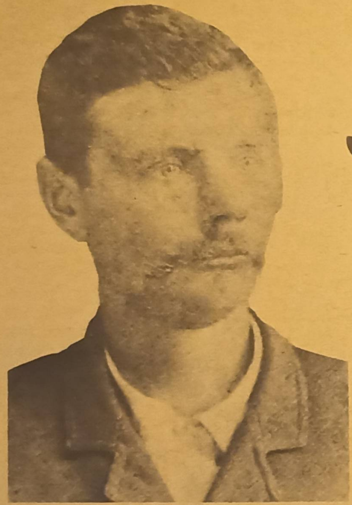
According to Terrill, he did not lose his temper, but attempted to disprove Embrey's claims to the questioned land by showing that Embrey was so little familiar with the land that he did not even know if there were a ford there.

Terrill's brother, David, jumped into the argument and told Embrey that if he weren't a liar, he ought to know if there were a ford.

"I told Dave to hush," Terrill testified, "that I didn't want any fuss there." Embrey left. "Shortly afterward Dave left the room. I watched them as I didn't want them to get together. While I was sitting at the window I saw my brother coming. Embrey was leaning on the fence. When my brother came through the gate, Embrey stepped forward and put his hand in his pocket. I said to Dave, 'Come back, he is a s— of a b——!' I sprang back and tried to dodge his aim. He took aim the second time. We shot about the same time. The shot cut that finger (little finger on right hand) about one-third off, and bruised that muscle."

He continued, "It looked like Embrey was trying to shoot Dave. I took my pistol in both hands and ran up and began shooting Embrey. My purpose was to protect my life and that of my brother. It looked like it was fight or die. . . ."

When the quarrel was over, Embrey was dead.



Courtesy Robert E. Cunningham Collection

At right, one of the earliest known photos of the gunfighter-playwright, Ira N. Terrill. It was with settlers such as depicted below that Terrill entered Oklahoma.

Courtesy Prof. B. B. Chapman

According to John W. Scothorn, special agent for the Guthrie land office, "Embrey did not fire the first shot." He heard a shot, he testified, and then he heard Ira cursing Embrey, "You are a damned s— of a b——."

Scothorn said, "It was just a moment or so after the first shot before I saw the pistol in the hands of Embrey. Next time I saw Ira he was walking north with a revolver in his hand. He walked up, and reached around David (who was struggling with Embrey) and placed the revolver against the side of Embrey and fired. Then Ira fired the revolver twice, as it appeared to me, at the head of Embrey."

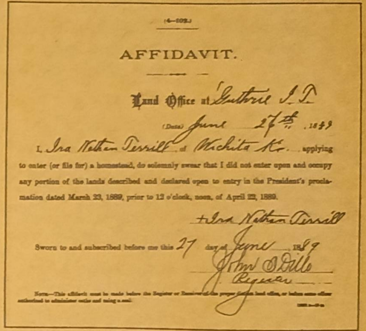
The basic legal question—did Terrill shoot Embrey in self-defense or murder him while his brother held him—got lost in other considerations at the trial. Even if Scothorn had told the truth, Terrill might still have gone free on a plea of self-defense. David Terrill was at that time in his late forties and weighed 150 pounds, and Embrey was a younger man and weighed over 200. But Terrill never should have fought in Guthrie.

IRA TERRILL was born April 17, 1853, in Clark County, Illinois, and received what was then a better-than-average education by finishing the ninth grade. In 1874 he married Eliza Jane Parsons of Decatur, Illinois, and in due time they had eight children. With his growing family and his older brother, Dave, who had fought in the Civil War for four years, Ira started moving west.

In December, 1884, in William Lewis Couch's company, Terrill and 164 comrades moved into the Oklahoma Indian Territory, making a settlement near what is now Stillwater, Oklahoma.

Colonel Edward Hatch moved his troops around their settlement and ordered the boomer colony to withdraw. According to Terrill, they were cut off from their supplies and enduring pangs of hunger, but they resisted Hatch's orders and stayed on for several days "that the attention of the nation might be called to this land of promise."

Courtesy Robert E. Cunningham Collection



(4—102.)

AFFIDAVIT.

Land Office at Guthrie I. T.

(Date) June 27th, 1889

I, Ira Nathan Terrill of Wichita Ks. applying to enter (or file for) a homestead, do solemnly swear that I did not enter upon and occupy any portion of the lands described and declared open to entry in the President's proclamation dated March 23, 1889, prior to 12 o'clock, noon, of April 22, 1889.

Ira Nathan Terrill

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27 day of June, 1889

John I Dille
Register

After their hunger-strike protest, however, the colony accepted Hatch's offer to allow them to return to Kansas. There, Terrill, his brother David, and another brother, John, formed a Wichita colony. But Ira seemingly was still interested in the unassigned lands of Oklahoma Territory. Three days before the Government was to open the Territory, Terrill, acting as guide, took five persons into the Oklahoma Panhandle. During this trip, the party entered the forbidden territory.

Charles Cole, one of the members of this party, was later charged with soonerism on the basis of this trip, but he was able to prove to the court's satisfaction that the crossing had been an accident.

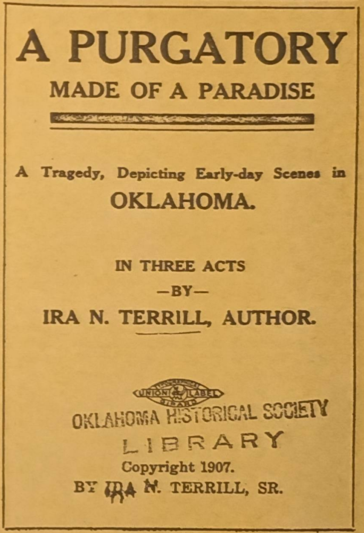
Professor Chapman, in his investigations, finds Terrill innocent of the charge of soonerism. He argues that if Terrill had been a sooner, he would have taken better land than that which he claimed in the land rush three days later.

Whatever the people of Guthrie thought about these charges, they had other reasons to hate Terrill. As a member of the Populist Party, Terrill had been elected a member of the First Territorial Legislature. Populists weren't popular with either Republicans or Democrats. One of his old political rivals, Dan W. Peery, for example, described Terrill in the strongest language, even after Terrill's death. "It is hard to understand the reason why seemingly intelligent people would elect such a wild-eyed, vicious, beastly anarchist as Ira N. Terrill to the Legislature."

It is true, too, that on at least one occasion, Terrill gave evidence that he intended to be a forceful (and violent) lawmaker. The speaker of the house refused to recognize him. Terrill left the chamber and returned armed.

With a flourish of his gun, he announced, "Mr. Speaker, I am an American citizen and have a right to be heard as a member of this House. I am now prepared to enforce my demand." After "some ducking behind convenient and welcome desks by the timid members," order was restored. Terrill was disarmed and he apologized for his behavior, but for his enemies, this one episode would be enough to prove his guilt in the later affair.

Perhaps the real basis of Guthrie's hatred of Terrill was nothing so casual as radicalism, land-grabbing, or pistol-flourishing. Guthrie wanted to be the state capital, and its legislators thought they had Terrill's support. When Terrill threw his support to Oklahoma City, he made life-long enemies of Guthrie citizens.



A PURGATORY
MADE OF A PARADISE

A Tragedy, Depicting Early-day Scenes in
OKLAHOMA.

IN THREE ACTS
—BY—
IRA N. TERRILL, AUTHOR.

OKLAHOMA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
LIBRARY

Copyright 1907.
BY IRA N. TERRILL, SR.

Courtesy Author

Photo at top shows Guthrie Land Office and "boomers." Center, the affidavit that became a death warrant. Title page of Terrill's play, above, the first printed in Oklahoma Territory. It did not win popularity with theatre-goers but it helped to change the prison laws of the new state.

THE TRIAL was held in Guthrie in October, 1891, and ended with a hung jury. For almost a year, Terrill was free on bond. When the second trial began September 26, 1892, the prosecution was better prepared.

On the testimony of Dr. Phillips, a physician in the United States Army, the jury was made to believe that Terrill's wounds which he claimed were inflicted by Embrey, were not caused by bullets at all. And the prosecuting attorney, Col. T. S. Jones, gave what the *Stillwater Gazette* (October 7, 1892) called "the most scathing denunciation of the crime that cost G. M. Embrey his life." There is no doubt about the sympathy of the town. The newspaper re-

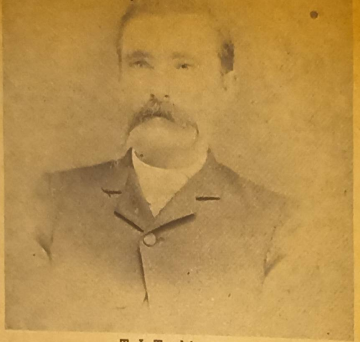
(Continued on page 58)

By MRS. CLYDE GEAR BEATY

Photos Courtesy Author

SAVAGE DAYS IN SPRINGTOWN

An isolated settlement lived in fear of a single family— one who rode by day and killed by day and whose women were more vicious than their men!



T. J. Tarkington

DESCENDANTS of settlers who lived in Wise, Jack, Montague and Parker Counties in Texas in the 1870s and 1880s have long kept a dreadful secret. From the time it happened nearly a hundred years ago up to this day, the affair has been hush, hush.

T. J. Tarkington was my foster father and blood uncle. He, and his wife, Bettie, raised me at Springtown. Uncle Tom was an honorable citizen and the junior partner of the Donathan, Culton and Tarkington General Merchandise Store located there. He was also one of the many innocent victims caught in the vortex of murders, call-out gun battles, vigilante hangings and out and out mob frenzy, which for two years held Springtown in mortal terror.

This was twelve years before my time. But having always been intrigued by the stories Uncle Tom told me, I knew, even as a child, this was history in the raw. There was never a legal account of this bloody episode—not even newspaper coverage at the time. Or if so, the records were lost when the Parker County courthouse burned in 1886. I suppose I am more familiar with the details than anyone else living today.

A year or so before Uncle Tom "went West" in 1912, I took notes, dates, names and all the data he could remember. Then in 1919, nearly fifty years after all of this happened (1872), it was legally recorded. G. W. Tacket and A. L. Thomas gave the names of the family of ten, eight of whom died violently, and made mention of the murder of Johnny Lard.

Springtown in the 1870s was a quiet farming community on the frontier. It boasted of three saloons, but neither the town nor the saloons ran true to form, as Western towns go. No dance halls, no girls, maybe now and then a "friendly" fist-fight or sometimes a "native" making a dude dance to the tune of his six-guns. The men were always ready to match a badger fight—the only trouble being there was seldom a stranger gullible enough to fool.

The land was fertile and productive—wooded rolling hills in the heart of the State where the climate varied just enough to be appreciated. There was just one thing I remember especially which wasn't nice—grass burs. I'd gamble there are more grass burs to the square inch, even today, than anywhere else in the whole wide world. The rich, sandy soil produced everything else as abundantly. And water! All one need do was to scratch out a hole a few feet deep and there was pure, sparkling, artesian water often spraying as high as a man's head. I recall twenty-five flowing wells.

This is what the war-weary people from Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia and Tennessee found when they went in search of a new land in which to begin life all over again. They were God-fearing farming people, all Protestants, and so pious some felt it a sin to grease one's surrey on a Sunday morning (as my own father, Jefferson Gear, learned when he was called on the church carpet for committing such blasphemy on the Sabbath).

THEN a new family moved into town, and somehow the serenity of the village became all muddled up. The new people were as foreign to the people they had chosen to live among, as if they had come from Timbuktu. Allen C. Hill, the father; Dusky, the mother; two sons, Jack and Allen C., Jr.; six daughters, Nancy, Martha, Katherine, Adeline, Eliza and Bell all camped for a couple of weeks down by the bridge before buying the place adjoining the Matlock farm and the Jim Dunn place a couple of miles southwest of Springtown and across the creek.

Children of the God-fearing community of Springtown, Texas, pose for the town photographer in this faded 1871 picture.

Dirty little stories began circulating about the Hills, such as, where was the papa of the baby Nancy was soon to bear? The better citizens ignored this, as it was none of their business, and tried earnestly to make friendly advances toward the family, only to be ignored or out-and-out insulted. Old man Hill especially was antisocial and cantankerous.

Jim Dunn—as was his nature—could not credit anyone with being all bad, and asked his wife to bake an extra "spider" of sourdough biscuits. He wanted to take these and a pound of fresh butter over to the Hills. Sophia, Jim's wife, wasn't for it, but Jim argued it was as little as one could do for a new neighbor.

Uncle Tom said this was the story Jim told the townfolks the next morning when he opened up his blacksmith shop. Jim said he rode up to the Hills' front door and hollered, "Hello. Anybody home?"

Old Allen C. came to the door and without even looking at Jim asked, "Whadda ya want, reb?"

Jim handed him the biscuits saying, "My wife baked some hot bread for you all."

Hill snatched the spider from Jim's hand, jerked off the lid and spit it full of raw tobacco juice, slung the bread over the ground, kicked it contemptuously and walked back into the house.

Dusky came running out on the porch with a teakettle of boiling water, shouting, "Let me scald the damn b—d, Pa! Let me scald him!"

Everybody in town gathered at the blacksmith shop to hear the story firsthand and to give Jim some good-natured kidding. Knowing Jim Dunn to be a truthful man, the citizens gave Allen C. and his clan a wide berth. No more neighborly gestures or attempts at fraternizing were made—except Earl Davis did invite Martha to go to the church box-supper. There was no answer to his note from Martha, but Allen C. went looking for young Davis, threatening to kill any townfolk who made advances to his girls.

Springtown was so remote from the world, its only outside contact was a mail hack to Weatherford. Naturally a stranger, where there were so few people, created some curiosity. It soon became evident that the Hills were harboring undesirables. The new men who appeared on the streets were hard lookers and tough hombres. A couple of horse thieves, whom some citizens recognized as being wanted by the law, were brazen and defiant so long as the Hills gave them not only board, room and horse feed, but defied anyone in town to do anything about it. Springtown had no lawmen.

The "star boarders" included Sam Bass, who was Nancy's lover, and Henry Chalk. They were "important"—each had a bounty on his head. And the more of this element Allen Hill gathered around him, the bolder he became with his insults.

ONE MORNING, cantankerous, mean and a little drunk, the elder Hill slouched into the Star Saloon, fairly bristling with defiance. The Star was across the street from Donathan, Culton and Tarkington's store. Business was slack that time of morning. Bob Peterson, who was carrying the raw stump of the leg he had left at Vicksburg, was enjoying a beer and chewing the fat with the barkeeper.

Uncle Tom didn't remember the latter's name, but here's what happened inside the saloon, according to what the barkeeper told the people. Hill edged up real close to Bob. Bob, sensing Hill was hostile, moved down the bar. Hill followed, knocking Bob's beer out of his hand.

Bob said, "Stop it, old man. The only way I can fight you is with my gun, if that is what you are looking for."

Hill kicked Bob's crutch clattering across the floor, saying, "Well, just look if we ain't got a one-legged hero right here! Come outside, you damned coward!"

Hill, taking his stand in the middle of the sandy road, motioned for Bob to do likewise. Bob turned away, saying, "Old man, I'm not going to kill you."

What Hill didn't know was that Bob wore the fastest gun west of Fort Worth. Hill's being ignored didn't help his hostility. He shot Bob in the left back shoulder. Straight from the hip, Bob put three bullets in Hill's heart. Uncle Tom said the wound could have been covered with a poker chip.

Some weeks previous—and probably the direct cause of Hill's hostility—men had begun complaining that they couldn't keep their wives in stove wood. Ben Morrel laughed and said, "I've got some firecrackers. I'll bet I can find who is stealing that wood."

A few mornings later, the Hills' cookstove blew sky high.

Allen C.'s death left Jack head of the clan. He buckled on a six-gun and defied God and man. It didn't take long—he was killed in a call-out gun fight by a Mr. Aaron Bloomer in Palo Pinto County. Springtown merchants were robbed, sacked, burned out and pistol whipped for two years. And not only Springtown was victimized by this gang of thugs but Jack, Wise and Montague Counties were often visited.

Then Springtown became excited about a happier event. The local doctor and his wife had sent out invitations announcing the coming marriage of their twin daughters to the McQuade brothers. This was to be a double ceremony in the new church. Every man in the community had given of his time and a few dollars and Springtown actually had a church. It was non-denominational—just an edifice wherein all could worship.

There was a bell—not a big bell with a silver tone—but a very special bell and doubly appreciated because Jim Dunn had forged it with his own two powerful hands and what meager tools he had. There was a steeple in which to hang this bell of many missions—for the dead it tolled slowly, for New Year's Eve, Christmas and Easter its tones were glad notes which plainly said, "Good will toward men." In case of fire or disaster its clanging alerted the village. But the best of all was when the bell in the steeple told the people, "Come to the wedding, come to the wedding."

Most everyone in town helped in one way or another to decorate the church. Children came with armfuls of pale purple and white iris and purple and white lilac.

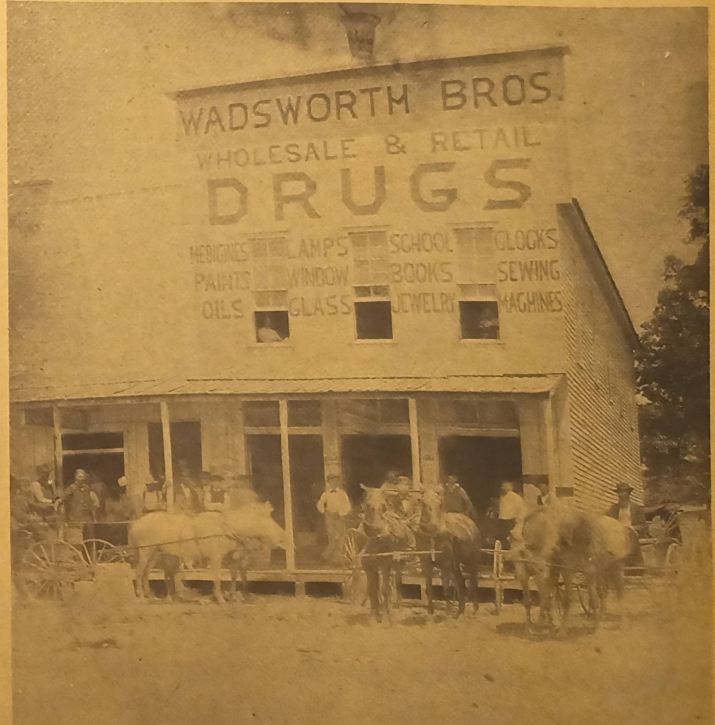
Aunt Bettie helped sew dresses for the trousseau. The wedding dress for each sister was white brocade, made with a tight basque, whale-boned in every seam to accentuate the bride's nineteen-inch waist, with long tight sleeves and a low square neck. The skirt was draped over a flounce of lace with tiers of bustles. The "second-day dress" was moss green velvet trimmed with gold buttons and braid. Aunt Bettie said Springtown people were hungry for a little glamour and formality. It was to be a lift in morale for all of them.

One bride and her maid of honor, the flower girl and the ring bearer marched down one side and the other bride and attendants down the other. But there was no wedding.

Pandemonium broke loose as the Hill gang took over, some twenty strong, racing their horses around and around the church and shooting out windows and screaming like banshees. No one was killed but one of the bridegrooms did panic and never came back.

Nancy was the chief offender. She and Old Dusky and the other five sisters were a blight on the face of Texas. What became of Nancy's baby? Uncle Tom said anyone's guess was as good as another. No one ever saw it.

Wadworth Brothers store, Springtown, at about the time of the tragic incidents related in this story. Donathan, Culton and Tarkington, merchants, were located on the corner of the block, several structures removed from the post office shown at left.



THE FOLLOWING story came from Jacksboro. Nancy, coming home late one night, thought she had caught her lover, Sam Bass, "bundling" with sister Martha. The lover made his escape with Nancy close on his tail. She got him in shooting range on the outskirts of Jacksboro and in the uncertain light of dawn, shot him in the back. Some surmised that the bounty on Sam Bass' head, dead or alive, had more to do with Nancy's shooting him than a "broken heart."

Anyway, the "lover boy" wasn't Bass at all, but a soldier from Fort Richardson. Nancy was immediately caught and sentenced to hang. She was not brought to justice by any Jack County or Parker County law, but was tried by the Fort Richardson tribunal. The story goes that as she was being led from the courtroom she swaggered up to the bench and said, "Ah shucks, Judge, there ain't no use in all this monkey business. I can break out of this old jail with a corset stay!"

Springtown knew Nancy had returned home, but hoped that with a noose virtually around her neck, it would sober her down a little. Not so.

When the people heard horses across the bridge, terror gripped the town. It was a finable offense (payable to whom?) to trot a horse across the new bridge. The Hills were coming and God pity the people. Some of the merchants locked up shop and went home. Uncle

Tom had told everyone he did not intend being robbed again and that he was armed "to kill." He never regularly carried a gun as most men of the time did, but that day he placed the deadliest gun he could find on the front counter—ready and waiting.

Mr. Brazell's saloon became the seat of operations. All six Hill sisters came in, each wearing a gun, and accompanied by a gang of renegades. They gave Mr. Brazell a twenty-dollar gold piece, tied his hands and feet, and placed him in the middle of his billiard table, while they roughhoused and took the saloon apart. As the day wore on, the gang became drunker, and more frequent gunfire came from the place. With each new blast, people's nerves stretched a little tighter. It was as though they were sitting on a fuse.

In the afternoon one of the young toughs named Porter, who was raised in the community and whom Uncle Tom knew, staggered into his store demanding a pair of boots. Uncle Tom, expecting a battle, told Porter he could have the boots when he could pay for them. Porter, being alone and a coward and seeing the gun on the counter ready for action, backed out of the store cursing Uncle Tom and saying, "I'll be back!"

Later, when the orgy broke up, the whole lot of them rode around and around the square screaming and shooting off their guns and then back across the bridge to their bastion—except for Nancy, Porter and a man whose name I do not know. (Uncle Tom said he had no knowledge of who he was.) They rode north and clear around in front of Donathan, Culton and Tarkington's store.

Johnnie Lard, a fine young man who worked in the store, and Uncle Tom were putting the merchandise displayed on the boardwalk back inside preparing to close for the night. Nancy and her two consorts all but rode their horses up onto the gallery, took dead aim and emptied their guns at anything moving. Uncle Tom jumped behind a cotton bale, but Johnnie Lard was shot down. Every man on the square was a witness. No one knew just whose bullet found its mark, but this was the end of submissive patience with the Hills.

In less than an hour every citizen in town who owned a gun and a horse was mounted and ready to follow the dust cloud that was plainly defining the course of the killers.

Uncle Tom was chosen captain of the vigilantes. About noon of the next day, and following a zigzag trail, the fugitives were run down in the dry bed of Denton Creek just inside Montague County. This is where Uncle Tom told me Nancy was hanged and this was verified by Judge B. B. Hood in a letter to me in 1936. Judge Hood lived at Weatherford but was raised at Springtown and when just a lad saw this whole sordid affair.

On the bank of Denton Creek was a huge elm which afforded a gallows for Nancy. Her horse was driven under the highest limb. Porter and the unknown outlaw were shot crouching on either side of her horse. All of the condemned were asked if they had a last word, prayer or request to make before they died. The stranger had none. Porter asked that someone sing *There's a Light in the Valley*.

The vigilantes felt no compassion, they knew it was only a bid for time—time for the Hills to save them. Yet Uncle Tom insisted a doomed man had a right to his dying request. What to do about it? One of the committee said, "We passed a country schoolhouse not far back. Maybe the professor will oblige."

The teacher demurred but said his pupil, Mollie Doran, had a sweet voice. Little Mollie, about ten, sang the requested hymn for Porter. As young as she was, she sensed tragedy and clasped her hands, closed her eyes and somewhat altered the only prayer she knew, "Now I lay you down to sleep and if you should die before you wake, I pray the Lord your soul to take."

This incident was confirmed by little Mollie who grew up to become Mollie Doran Beaty, mother of my husband. Incidentally, Mollie's father, Ector Doran, had the professor fired for involving his young pupil in anything so ghoulish.

After Mollie was carried back to school, Uncle Tom asked Nancy if she had a last word to say.

"Take my boots off."

"Well, Nancy, it's good to know there's that much decency left in you."

"Decency ain't got nothin' to do with it—my Ma always said I'd die with my boots on. I want to make a liar out of her!"

JOHNNIE LARD was not killed outright. It took three agonizing, screaming weeks for Johnnie to die. With that, and the fiddling and stomping of booted feet to the tune of the hoedown at the Hills', there was no sleep for the citizens of Springtown.

Men walked the streets in the night, meeting in small groups trying to fathom what they knew they had to face. The hanging of Nancy had brought defiance and threats of burning the town from the Hills.

For a year Springtown had hoped the rumors of a stagecoach line from Fort Worth to Jacksboro would materialize. If so, Springtown was to be a way station, which would necessitate big feed barns and teams of stagecoach horses. Passengers, if any, were to eat dinner (noon) at Aunt Mandy Hodges' boarding house. And, most important of all, the community would not be so isolated, so cut off from help from the outside world.

When plans were finally completed and the schedule of the first coach was announced, weeks in advance, Springtown had planned a gala celebration for the occasion. This was the biggest thing that had ever happened.

But when the long awaited day dawned, there was a restless wind and people were afraid. Johnnie Lard had just died and no one was sure he would be the last.

The road was on the other side of the creek and made a sharp curve around the cemetery. Some did go down to the bridge to welcome the new coach. They had been watching the cloud of dust a long while and here it was just out of sight around the bend in the road.

Then came loud voices and volleys of gunfire. The people thought at first some of the boys were escorting the stage into town, but no coach appeared. Racing hoofbeats were heard going south. This, to the people on the bridge, was a story without words. The Hills had murdered again.

A posse was quickly formed and overtook and hanged Martha and Katherine at what is still known as Hangman's Hollow. What became of the three men with them, I don't know.

Many times I've gathered black walnuts in the grove where the women were hanged. This was the nicest picnic place around, but I was always a little uneasy. If anyone had said "Boo," I would have stampeded like a branded calf.

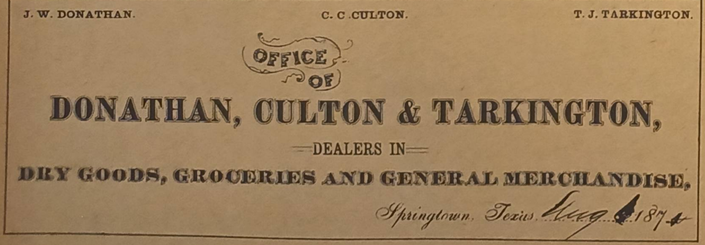
THE ORGANIZED citizens-vigilantes became an out-and-out mob after the murder of the stagecoach driver and his shotgun rider. The killings' horrible aftermath is not only as Uncle Tom told it, but Mrs. Walter Coleman, a long-time resident of Springtown, verified the fact in a letter to me in 1965. She remembered her father's account of what happened at the cemetery turn of the road.

This was it. The Hill place was burned. Old Dusky, Adeline and Eliza were run down near Agnes, a small village west of Springtown, and all three were shot. Two young children in the family were cared for by the Springtown people and eventually by Parker County.

Weeks after the hysteria subsided, an ex-Ranger came to pick up the dangling bones of Martha, Katherine, Dusky, Adeline and Eliza, and in a dry-goods box buried the remains in the Springtown cemetery. What happened to Nancy, I don't know.

The following is a quote from *A Tale of Two Schools* by John Nix, who also lived in Springtown. "While we cannot and do not condone mob violence in any way—nothing legal was ever done about those acts. There is ample evidence from many sources that Allen Hill and his family harbored horse thieves, criminals, disreputable characters of many kinds, connived with and protected them, housed and fed them. There is no doubt that they rode into Springtown and shot Johnny Lard. At these continued and repeated acts, the citizens became angered. Their patience with the law was exhausted and the people lost their tempers and their better judgment and took the matter into their own hands. It was a most horrible and reprehensible thing to do, to be sure, but one thing is absolutely sure, it was committed by men with no criminal record—just plain every-day citizens. It was the better element of the community, many of whom were and have always been considered our finest citizens. Not one of them did this act because they wanted to do it, but rather in the absence of enforceable law they had to do it."

T. J. Tarkington's Springtown business stationery



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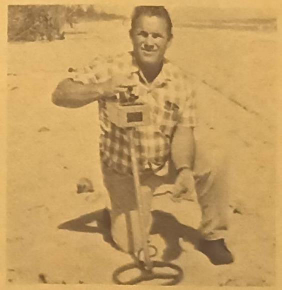

Left to Right: 1. Members of "TREASURE SALVORS, INC." comb the beaches with their D-TEX detectors searching for coins. 2. Walt Holzworth with Pieces of Eight and his D-TEX at treasure site. 3. Walt and Rupe carefully check coin area near Ft. Pierce. Hundreds of these valuable coins have been found in a two-mile-long beach area near the wreck site.

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Men Who Wore the Oregon Boot

(Continued from page 6)

cusers by securing a warrant for the arrest of auditor Patton, whom he recognized as having been indicted years before for impersonating an officer.

WHEN the permanent penitentiary at Salem was completed, it was thrown open to the public. This account is taken from an early edition of the Salem *Statesman:*

"The new penitentiary building was being readied for occupancy and was thrown open to the visitors yesterday for the double purpose of showing what had been accomplished in the last year. About 250 persons visited the place during the day.

"The new building is of solid brick masonry 212 feet by 45 feet in width. The inside is handsomely furnished. Each cell is supplied with two beds and a small table. Each is supplied with water.

"One of the conveniences of the prison is the novel way they have of locking the cell doors. By the movement of a lever an iron bar is thrown across the door of each cell on the entire row, which fastens it in such a manner that the warden can pass along and clasp the padlocks without any danger of the prisoner enclosed making an effort to escape. The entire building is heated with steam pipes and cold water is convenient at all times.

"Visitors were invited to watch the convicts work in the brick yard. About 32,000 bricks were turned out yesterday. The Salem brass band furnished music for the occasion which was a rich treat for the convicts.

"The engine room is supplied with a four-horsepower engine which pumps all the water used. The water is supplied by the stream which runs in the back of the prison.

"The dungeons, four in number, are in the basement and are dark and gloomy enough to answer the purpose."

Of the many industries that were initiated during the first half-century after the prison was removed to Salem, none is still in existence today. In 1877, the Pacific Threshing Machine company contracted with the prison for employment of convicts at a wage of fifty cents each per day, the fifty cents being paid to the prison maintenance fund, not to the prisoner. A furniture firm contracted in a similar manner to refit an existing bark shed into a chair factory.

The Threshing Machine company went out of business at the end of the year, and the chair factory barely got started before it too folded.

The brickyard was the chief industry for many years, the prisoners being leased to the brick contractors who paid the prison fifty cents per day per man.

Asahel Bush was a man of economy. When he took over the superintendency on September 31, 1878, he was so economy minded that he recommended the abolition of his own post stating that three inspectors should take over the job of operating the prison "for a couple of hundred dollars a year. I have long been of the opinion that the penitentiary was costing the state too much. Having ascertained the same, I am ready to yield office."

In his biennial report of 1880, Mr. Bush stated: "There are three contractors employing twenty-eight convicts, ten at chair-making, six in the tannery, and George Collins employs from nine to fourteen in making brick. Authority for leasing convicts at fifty cents a day is construed to mean ten-hour days."

The average cost of keeping a convict in the prison, including all the expense of officers and guards, food, clothing and medical expenses, was $4.31 per week for each of the 121 prisoners.

IN 1833, Superintendent J. A. Stratton entered into a contract with Goldsmith and Loewenberg of the Northwest Foundry Corporation to lease convict labor at fifty cents a day and establish a stove factory in the prison compound. Old-timers recall this factory as the shop which produced the Monarch stoves. This industry and the manufacture of bricks remained the chief prison industries for many years.

In May of 1909 a fire destroyed the machinery beyond repair, and the making of stoves ceased.

In 1915 the manufacture of brick tapered off, also. Until that time it had been one of the prison's most dependable and profitable industries. The manufacture of bricks was continued on a reduced scale until 1924, when the industry folded completely.

Many millions of bricks were turned out in the Oregon State Penitentiary from 1866 to 1924, used for the construction of state office buildings. The old prison wall, built in 1877, was four feet wide at its base and extended into the ground over eight feet, and was made of prison-made bricks. Two and one-half million bricks were used in the construction of B-Block alone.

Few relics of the original prison survive today. The old shopline, the railroad tracks, and the island yard remain to stir the memories of old-timers. When these too have disappeared, the entire prison will date from post-1932—well into a less tempestuous, more antiseptic and, presumably, a better era.

Administration of '88. Deputy Warden I. W. Berry, left. Standing beside him is Warden Jim McKennon.

Photo Courtesy Mrs. Carl Miller

Helena's Hidden Channel of Gold

(Continued from page 13)

he considered the rimrock of the channel. He chose the rimrock to avoid the water he expected to find. After going as deep as he figured he would find bedrock, he ran a drift (tunnel) into the channel. Here he found a nice prospect of heavy gold, of higher color and better quality than that found in the Last Chance diggings. But no sooner had the drift cut into the old channel than water began coming in so fast Keeler was drowned out. He was disappoined that all his work was wasted but more than ever convinced that his theory was sound.

Another site was chosen and another shaft sunk, but flooding again occurred. The water was said to be of superior quality and later the shaft was used as a well for many years by a family named Brooks. A third shaft went down with the same disappointing results. In the fall of 1868 and during the winter of 1869, Keeler put down a fourth shaft just east of what today is the corner of Hauser and Benton Avenues. He installed a steam engine to drive a pump in the shaft and hired three shifts of five men each. At a depth of ninety feet, work was stopped. It was the same old story —water poured in so fast the pump couldn't handle half the flow.

So it went from year to year, shaft after shaft. More than once Keeler ran out of money and was forced to suspend operations while he turned his attention to replenishing his pocketbook. This accomplished, work was resumed and more shafts put down. Because of water, all were failures.

Keeler revised his plans and decided to go lower down and put in a drain along the line of the channel to strike bedrock higher up. He ran the drain a distance of 1,800 feet before he was forced to abandon it because of a cement which refused to yield to powder. The head of the drain was sixty-five feet below the surface when he quit. (Part of this drain still exists in the Jewish cemetery near Helena's north boundary.)

Keeler believed that if he sank a shaft several hundred feet beyond the point where the drain stopped, he could bypass this cement barrier, but at a depth of seventy feet they ran into it again. Work stopped. Keeler was out of funds.

Two years later work was resumed under a contract with some miners. The contract provided if the miners did the work they were to be given 400 feet of bedrock gravel. Keeler had earlier become the owner of all the mineral rights on a 160-acre homestead which is now Helena's choice residential district.

The miners rustled a twenty-horsepower boiler and a pump, and started sinking. The shaft went through strata of gravel which carried gold enough to pay wages. But the miners were not interested in mere wages; this discovery merely whetted their desire to reach the bonanza below.

It was not to be. At a depth of ninety-five feet their equipment went to pieces, and again work was suspended. Keeler doggedly adopted another method. He had a special drill made, hand operated, with which the miners the following fall went down more than 100 feet before trouble started. They struck a boulder which Keeler was sure was granite because the rock formation through which they had drilled was limestone. The bit got stuck in the granite and all efforts to dislodge it failed.

Once more the quest for riches was sidetracked. Nothing more was done for two years until Keeler persuaded his brother to come from California and be a partner in the venture. With the brother putting up the money, Keeler bought the largest pump they could find on the market. Now they really were set to go.

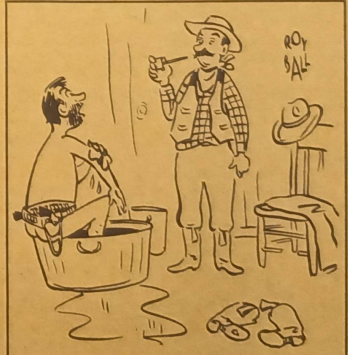
Seventy feet down in a new shaft they struck a mass of slide rock that in an earlier era had torn loose from Mount Helena. It was necessary to move farther out from the mountain and sink another shaft. There they encountered slide rock again. A third shaft was dug, this one to a depth of seventy-five feet—at which point slide rock kept tumbling in faster than it could be hoisted out. A fourth shaft produced the same disappointing result.

Keeler decided to go out beyond the slide rock and drift under it, instead of trying to go through it. Some years earlier he had prospected in the area where this new drift was to go and had gone through some gold bearing gravel layers but not in paying quantities. He expected to find, at about 100 feet, the same bed of gravel which had paid so well on the Taylor-Thompson claim. His plans called for an early start the following spring.

Spring came, and brought death after a short illness to Colonel Keeler on April 27, 1891. "Colonel Keeler was one of the oldest residents of Helena," said the Helena *Herald* in chronicling his death the next day. "He has been famous for the past twenty years as a believer in and prospector for the 'Lost Channel' on the west side of town. He leaves a wife and several children and a large circle of friends. Peace to his ashes!"

THERE still are people who believe in the existence of the Hidden Channel with its wealth of gold, and that sooner or later some enterprising firm or individual will find it and garner more than the ten million dollars which came out of Last Chance.

One of these men is C. W. Clements. Now with the Montana State Highway Department. Mr. Clements formerly was the dredgemaster on the Porter dredge which in the 1930s started scooping up gold at the northern boundary of Helena and continued working its way northward until shut down by World War II. There was scarcely enough water to float the dredge until a spot was reached a short distance directly east from the Lewis and Clark County Hospital.



"I'd feel plumb nekkid without my guns."

When the big scoop shovel reached a depth of thirty-five feet, water troubles were over. It came in rapidly and filled the pond. But the remarkable feature was that despite the hundreds of tons of clay, dirt and gravel the conveyor belt dumped night and day in the pond, the water remained blue and clear.

"You would only find this condition where there is a current with the water constantly changing," Mr. Clements recently told me. "I am sorry now I did not give more attention to this phenomenon at the time, but I had only recently come on the job and was interested only in dredging. I was convinced at the time we had struck an underground channel of running water and this conviction became stronger than ever when we crossed the road with the dredge. Our supply of water dropped to a trickle and we didn't have enough to float the dredge. To keep operating we had to buy well water from a nearby farmer."

This is the strongest testimony which supports the theory of the existence of an underground river, but there are some other unproven theories which indicate the same conclusion.

The late Dan Boyle, Northern Pacific division superintendent and later a member of the Montana Railroad Commission, said he was sure there was an underground channel between the Northern Pacific depot and the roundhouse. He said every time a locomotive passed between the two points there was a hollow rumbling.

"I was afraid some day a locomotive would simply be swallowed up and disappear," he laughed. This same hollow rumbling has been reported from another place, a spot two miles west of the N. P. station at the foot of the long grade to the Mullan Pass tunnel crossing of the Continental Divide.

Adjoining the County Hospital grounds on the west is a farm owned by George Mosher and the late John Flacker. They were not getting enough water for irrigating, so they decided to drill a well. The driller put one down sixty feet and struck some water but not enough. He insisted he was on bedrock but later was persuaded to try to drill deeper. It took him a whole day to drill the next thirteen inches of a cement-like rock, when he broke through into a clay formation and considerably more water. Hoping to increase the flow, the owners drilled to a depth of more than 400 feet, in dry clay all the way, then they quit.

This well produced about thirty miners' inches of water, which was inadequate, so more wells were drilled, eight in all. The second well struck rock only a few feet down and was abandoned in favor of another location 100 feet distant. Twenty feet down, enough water for a small household was found. The formation was a soft clay and the hole was bored to a depth of 600 feet without getting any more water. After spending nearly $10,000 on seven unsatisfactory holes, the owners were disgusted.

"We'll drill one more well," John Flacker told his half-brother George, "and if we don't hit it this time, we'll call it quits."

Drill sites had been chosen by water dowsers, better known as water witches. Flacker had never done any dowsing but decided to try. At a point a little south and 100 yards east of where the first well was drilled, his forked willow turned downward. There the last well

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Quantrill's Surgeon

(Continued from page 12)

son, there will be much blood. Do you want to go?"

The doctor stood beside the wagon and replied, "It looks like I'll be needed."

"All right, Anderson, Todd?"

"Yes, and let's kill everyone, and make it a graveyard."

All of the other captains shouted their approval, John Jarrett saying, "Let's get at it."

W. C. Quantrill wore his Confederate colonel's uniform only when encamped—to impress his men with the fact that he held a regular Confederate commission. When they got ready to ride he appeared in his guerilla outfit, and threw his bundle into the wagon reserved for that purpose. His black slouch hat held a large ostrich plume donated by his mistress, Kate Clarke, and he wore a brown and red plaid hunting shirt under his tartan jacket, and black jeans, also given by the woman, and saved religiously for this occasion.

The various captains distributed their men according to the chief's already drawn-up plans, and when all was in readiness what the late William E. Connelley called the greatest mounted military organization the world had ever seen got under way. There were about 350 of them, but this force would be augmented along the way until, when it reached Lawrence, the number would be nearly 500.

Until they got out of Missouri, farmers' wives along the way rode up alongside the men whom they knew to pass along tidbits such as cakes, pies, and bottles of whiskey. Many had pistols and ammunition, coats, vests and shirts. When they entered Kansas they picked up whom they could for guides, and when their usefulness was over they were shot.

There have been numerous versions of the sacking and burning of Lawrence, and some are very accurate and need no repeating. But we are following Dr. Benson. It was told by more than one guerilla that he pulled many women and children from cellars and wells where they had sought refuge when their houses were burned, and helped them escape through a cornfield—the same field in which scared Jim Lane had scurried to freedom with his nightshirt trailing in the cool of the morning when Quantrill came to town.

On one trip Benson found a wounded man who had crawled to the edge of the cornfield and could go no farther. He probed and removed the big copper-clad bullet from the refugee's thigh, and assisted him well away from town. He was kept busy, not only with his own comrades but with wounded citizens; if they needed a doctor he was on hand. Escaped guerillas later said that he seemed to want death, for he courted it amid the smoke and flame.

THERE WERE many blood-rioters among the bushwhackers, but all were agreed that a preacher named Skaggs was the greatest. He stayed too late; all of his comrades had departed when he essayed his escape, but he was shot from his horse, a rope noosed about his neck, and his killer pulled him about the streets until his head came off his body.

It was every man for himself on the way back to Missouri. While Quantrill kept a large body of men about himself, the others separated in small clutches of from two and three to a dozen, and many tried it alone. The Federals and militia harried them everywhere, and there were many savage hand-to-hand fights.

Dr. Benson found that a gigantic red-bearded bushwhacker had attached himself to his own flight. It was John Sims of Carroll County, whom he knew well. As the pair rode past a farmhouse near Paoli a woman ran out.

She was crying, and shouted to them, "Do either of you men know anything about fever? My child is sick."

It was such a tricky time that Sims said, "Be careful, Dr. Benson. Let me go into the house first."

He dismounted, and drawing two revolvers, went in. He reappeared almost immediately, saying, "It's all right. The child is the only one here. But we can't stay here long, woman. We're pretty hard pressed. We're Quantrill's men from Lawrence."

There was a small corncrib near the house, about half-filled, and nearby a horse-trough. Sims fed and watered their horses while Benson was inside. The sun was lowering in the sky when Dr. Benson came out and said, "You'd better go on alone, John. I'll have to sit with the child tonight."

"I thought so," Sims told him, "and I'll stay with ye, but the Feds will git both of us."

The Federals didn't get them, and an hour after daylight the fever broke, and Benson snapped his medicine case shut. The woman told him, "I haven't got much."

She handed him a $10 gold piece, and started to pull off her wedding ring, adding, "My husband is dead; the bushwhackers killed him."

"I want nothing," Benson told her. "Maybe this will help to pay the debt. But if you don't mind, I'll just take this."

He leaned over the bed, and with his keen bowie knife, cut off a blonde curl from the sleeping six-year-old girl. "I've seen so much blood that whenever I think of it I will look at this—as long as I live. That won't be long."

EVERYONE who has ever read the accounts of how tightly Quantrill was hedged in on his return from Lawrence will be aware of how much Dr. Benson and his companion laid on the line just to stop and help the widow with her sick child. They had come unannounced and in secret; those who had seen them were either killed or were not in a position to do anything about it. While they were at Lawrence the whole country had been alerted. Federal cavalry and state militia, every farmer and man who could carry and shoot a gun, their old enemies, the Red Legs and Jennison's and Montgomery's houseburners, the Jayhawkers and even roving bands of Delawares and Cherokees had taken the blood trail on the promise of reward and pelf.

Many of these were now victims, strewn about the landscape, but others magically took their places. Benson said afterward that he hardly knew how he ever got out of Kansas, but he and his companion parted at Sibley, on the Missouri, where he crossed over, and Sims went on to his home in Carroll County.

When Benson got home to Miami, he found a couple of his townsmen already there. A friend of his in the Union cause had made a plea for him once at Lexington, and a general there had said that if he would go to Marshall and surrender that he would be treated as any other prisoner.

Benson was determined that he had seen enough of war and blood, and within two days after his arrival home, set out for the county seat. Just before he got to Blackwater, men in blue materialized right out of the bushes at the side of the road, and made him a prisoner. Despite his protests, they took his pistols from him and tied his hands behind his back.

They put Benson in jail and doubled the guard because he was a Quantrill man, but one of the soldiers who knew him said, "That's Dr. Benson. He never took any lives; he saves them. He saved my brother when other doctors failed."

Dr. Benson asked him, "Who is the commandant here?" and he replied, "Major Kelly."

The doctor knew of Kelly, and told him, "You can't help me." Major Kelly was a martinet who hanged a man on a whisper or a whim—and Benson was too proud to let word get out of what the general had said at Lexington.

The surgeon was court-martialed in September, but all records of the trial were destroyed, and none ever got to Washington. He made no defense, and the prosecutor clinched the case on Quantrill's reputation of "giving no quarter to an enemy."

This was the only time that Benson spoke. He asked, "Is Quantrill on trial here?"

No one answered, and the sentence was that Benson would be shot on October 15.

THAT DATE, as it turned out, was too far away. On October 6, a messenger on horseback rode up to Major Kelly's headquarters and knocked on the door. The black servant he spoke to turned about so quickly that he knocked over a hall cuspidor, and ten seconds later the messenger was ushered inside.

Within minutes the Major was at the jail, ordering the sergeant at arms to get up a firing squad to execute Dr. Benson. A shiny walnut coffin was quickly carried into the courtyard, and Benson was ordered to sit upon it and face the men.

But here an unheard of impasse occurred. The squad was supposed to be of volunteers, but no one would volunteer. Finally, after twenty-five minutes of haggling, with the Mayor getting angrier by the second, a squad was made up on the condition that the doctor have his face covered with a white cloth.

"I couldn't look at him and shoot him," one said. "It would haunt me tonight."

Finally this was done, and the doctor called out, "Shoot me below the face, boys."

"Ready! Aim! Fire!" said the sergeant at arms, and all the shots entered the doomed man's chest.

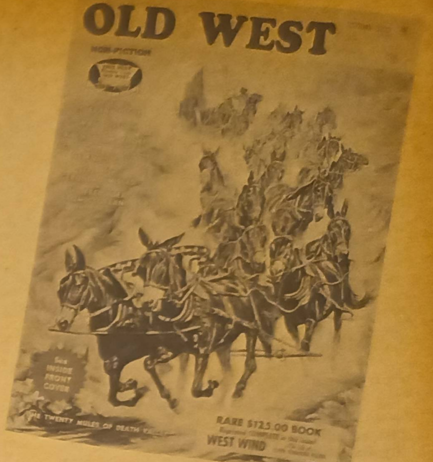
"Why the sudden hurry?" one soldier asked another.

"Why, my eye!" replied the other. "Shelby's Iron Brigade is coming up from Jeff City. If we're here then we'll all dangle from these trees. I'll bet the Major would beg then."

"You bet. No quarter for us, if he ever finds out about Benson."

They buried him in a shallow grave north of town. A lady who saw the burial was certain that Benson was not dead, and left her house and went out and with her hands tried to uncover the coffin, but after tearing her nails, quit the job. A little boy named Rube Davis,

(Continued on page 65)



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Prairie Fire

(Continued from page 7)

fire-fighting.

Horsebackers rode up out of the smoke from all directions. There were halfbreeds from the Larb Hills to the southeast, cowpunchers from the Long X and Milliron outfit, fifteen miles away. Fullbloods and halfbreeds from the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation, besides the crew from the Phillips sheep ranch and the Mexican sheep shearers, and the Circle C cowpunchers.

To every rider Brewster gave the same warning: "Don't tie your horse to the brush. Arrange for somebody to hold your horse. If you get caught by the fire, holler help, or shoot off a gun. Watch out on all sides. Stay out of the coulees."

NOBODY seemed to know for certain how the fire got started. Somebody said it started at the shearing pens. A sleepy cook had poured too much kerosene on his before-daylight breakfast fire and the old frame cook shack had caught fire. Another rumor said a drunken Mexican sheep shearer had gone to sleep with a lighted cigarette in his mouth, burning the bunkhouse to the ground.

We knew by now that the last band of sheep had been sheared the day before and that Rattlesnake Jack, the herder, had moved the band well beyond range of the fire. Two-Dog Moore and Eat 'Em Up Johnson, two other herders, were ten or more miles gone with their sheared bands, on their way to summer range across the Canadian line. Three other bands had left a week before.

B. D. Phillips' only loss would be the stored wool clip of six bands, ten thousand sheep, that was going up in smoke.

A couple of 'breed boys rode up to the wagon for shovels. "Brewster wants the bullchips buried," one of them said. "He says they burn for a week and they're thicker than fleas on a hound pup where it's been burned over."

They rode away with three shovels apiece over their shoulders.

The crack of a .45 sounded. Then a second shot and a third. I counted up to five shots that were evenly paced, about ten seconds between each shot.

"Somebody's fire trapped," said Humpy Jack.

Frank Howe and another rider called Ringbone Sam, who was B. D.'s strawboss, came up for the green beef hide which I had soaking in one of the water barrels.

Howe jabbed a couple of knife holes in it and ran the hondo end of his ketchrope through a hole and tied it hard and fast. A second rope was knotted to the hide on the opposite side. Each man had borrowed a second saddle rope and they spliced them to their own to make a sixty-five-foot rope for each man. They dallied the ropes to the saddle horns and loped off, dragging the hide.

We could make out a pair of huddled figures in the long brushy coulee, hunkered on the ground with what looked like a dirty torn blanket over their heads. We could see the ring of fire that enclosed them.

Then we saw Howe and Ringbone Sam as far apart as their taut ropes would permit, each jump his horse into the ring of fire. Once inside they rode in a circle dragging the hide, blanketing out the flames and leaving a black smoking wake behind. In less than a few minutes what had been a flaming circle of death was now a ring of harmless smoke.

Howe and Ringbone Sam rode back still dragging the hide. The two Mexican sheep shearers who had been caught in the fire were riding behind the two cowpunchers. They were father and son, and Howe and Ringbone Sam were embarrassed by the warmth of their gratitude.

The red sun ball was lowering in the sky by the time the last of the prairie fire had been blotted out. Weary men, with blackened faces and sweaty horses, stopped at the wagon for a drink of water, then rode off to wherever they had come from.

That was my first prairie fire. I hoped it would be my last.

The Freighter From Scotland

(Continued from page 17)

of evidence was ever uncovered as to what happened to the drive or the outfit. They just simply disappeared into thin air.

I laid up my outfit and gave the search my undivided attention for over a month with nothing to show for my efforts. Our loss was $3,000, plus the team and outfit.

IN THE SPRING of '82 I had been up in the Cortez district on Mt. Tenabo freighting to the old Garrison Mill. Just before my return, Whiteside left for Pioche with a load of general merchandise. Le Beau was right behind him with machinery for the Hillside Mining Company at Bristol.

Among the various things on Whiteside's wagon were six barrels, the waybill of which read 'whiskey." These were consigned to a merchant who was named Caraval, a partner of the well-known merchant, John Shier.

Whiteside delivered the barrels, collected the money and departed. Then about two hours later, Caraval came raging down to the Morrison Corrals and the quarrel began. Caraval howled for Whiteside to come back and take a look.

"I paid you for six barrels of San Francisco whiskey but they are all pickles."

Whiteside, whose temper had a low boiling point, exploded. "I don't give a damn what's in them barrels. I didn't sell them to you, I only deliver them."

Caraval, suspecting a switch had been made, told Whiteside as much. Whiteside wheeled around and started pawing through his personal belongings looking for the waybill. When he turned around, Caraval, figuring he had gone for his gun, shot Whiteside three times.

Shooting an unarmed man in Pioche was tantamount to attending a necktie party as the central figure, so Caraval ran to his store and closed it. That night he sold out to John Shier for $140, plus a horse and saddle.

Le Beau, according to Whiteside, prowled Pioche day and night looking for Caraval without finding a trace of him. Leaving Whiteside's outfit in the corral, Le Beau loaded his partner in his wagon and headed back for Alpha.

The remaining part I relate is hearsay, as they were both deathly quiet about the affair. About ten miles out they came across Caraval's body, lying in the road on top of his saddle horses' reins. Caraval had been shot in the back. Le Beau planted him there without a marker and tied the saddle horse behind the wagon.

Quite a fuss was raised about it and Sheriff Kyle of Eureka paid both men a visit. Kyle also looked at the horse and left without making any comment. Le Beau's rifle, which was a Sharps, was found shortly afterward near the site where Caraval was buried.

Le Beau and Whiteside sold out to me in the latter part of August that year for $12,500. This was the size of the company's operating funds—nothing of my own capital.

Six months later Whiteside's wife (I didn't know he was married) sent me a letter from Los Angeles, telling me that he had died as a result of gunshot wounds and was buried in San Bernardino.

THE following year, 1883, the bottom fell out of the price of silver and many of the mines and mills shut down. By September, '83, my feed bill on 184 mules was equal their entire price. I managed to rescue forty head of stock and six wagons.

Manuel Escobar, who had freighted for Colonel Butch Sturgis in Montana, gave me a glowing account of free feed at Butte and Deer Lodge in Montana.

So with Manuel and forty-two mules, six wagons and two saddle horses (undoubtedly one was Caraval's) I lit out for the north, first going to old Fort Hall, thence east across the Big Sandy and on east to the old Bozeman Trail, through the Yellowstone, up the Madison Valley, over into and down the Bitterroot, crossing the Hellgate and on up the Blackfoot to Fort Deer Lodge. The trip was made in thirty-three days of cold, freezing, rainy weather. On January 23, 1884, twenty miles west of Deer Lodge, the weather set a record low of fifty-two degrees below zero.

However, on account of the green feed, my stock was in fine condition. At the bank in Elko I had $45,000 on deposit, and the prospects ahead looked bright. Upon my arrival at Butte, I went to work for the Marcus Daly interests, hauling from Philipsburg to Butte. Later I hauled huge forty-foot timbers to the Granite Mine near Philipsburg for Mr. McClure.

In January 1886, I preached my last sermon to those long-eared heathens, selling out to Mr. McClure for $8,500.

At Drummond, Montana, I bought a railroad ticket to San Francisco, while a blinding snowstorm heralded my departure from the Continental Divide. I arrived in San Jose, California, February 10, 1886, and my freighting days were at an end. In fifteen years I had parlayed my $3.75 into $65,000 and a myriad of friends.

MEL MILLAR NAC

"Would you mind striking a BONANZA so I can get a picture of it?"

The Boy Geronimo Missed

(Continued from page 31)

50c a ride. Now I rarely go to town because I cannot see very well and perhaps the next time you come, I may not be able to see you." That was the last time I saw him.

As I bade farewell to his gravesite, the sun was setting over the Huachuca Mountains, casting a shadow across Tank Hill from the top of which a flock of goats, silhouetted against the crimson sky, slowly wended their way homeward for the night. To the North, Cochise Stronghold was momentarily emblazoned in bronze, mighty like the great Apache Chief who once maintained his citadel there. Gradually twilight descended gently over all, as in benediction upon a man who had asked nothing more of life than peace and quiet.

Steamboats 'Round the Bend

(Continued from page 45)

was against the law to sell liquor to them, still they managed to get drunk when they came to town. We used to take them to Chatcolet and let them off at the drawbridge. If a buck was too drunk to walk, one crewman would take him by the head, another by the feet and they would carry him and drop him under a tree to sleep it off. Sometimes a proud old Indian would try to walk the plank unaided but usually fell off. Then someone would take a pike pole and pull him out. It was like watching a circus!"

AFTER the timber barons had logged Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, they began to move farther west, and the white pine of Coeur d'Alene attracted them. Saw mills sprouted everywhere and boat shipments from the city increased. The boats transported hay, grain, teams, saws, and everything needed in logging camps and brought back berries, vegetables, cordwood and shakes.

In 1909, when the United States threw open 7,000 acres of land in the Coeur d'Alene, Flathead and Spokane Reservations for white settlement, Coeur d'Alene was selected as the site of the drawings. Many of the 264,883 people who registered remained in Coeur d'Alene, increasing the general prosperity.

The great forest fires of 1910 ended the logging boom in the St. Joe River Valley. After a dry summer several small fires broke out in the Coeur d'Alene, Clearwater and Cabinet National Forests. Then a terrific wind swept the fires into an inferno which destroyed one hundred million dollars' worth of timber and killed many people.

St. Joe and St. Maries sent emergency calls to Coeur d'Alene for boats. The *Colfax* was sent to St. Joe and for three days stood by with steam up. The *Idaho* and three barges went to St. Maries. Fortunately, St. Joe was saved by backfiring and the fire jumped over St. Maries.

Smoke from these blazes, the worst the Northwest has ever known, became so thick it was necessary for people in the surrounding country to keep lamps burning all day. Ashes were carried on the wind to southern South Dakota. My family lived on a farm south of Spokane, Washington, and I remember that we did not see the sun for several days.

"I recall that terrible fire," Claude R. Barnes relates. "I began work that summer as a deckhand on the steamer, *Flyer*. I was seventeen years old and dreaded stopping at docks to pick up the caskets.

"We had some tough customers on the lake. I remember one man named Bill (Yellow Dog) Sutton. He was part Indian and a mean fellow. He was a poacher and bootlegger and would shoot at anyone he thought might be looking for him. One day Captain Laird's tug, the *Montana*, was tied to a barge of wood below the drawbridge at Chatcolet and Sutton came along, drunk and sick.

"A man standing on the shear boom remarked, 'Old Bill can't take the stuff he makes, can he?'

"'Looks like it,' replied Laird. This made Sutton mad. He got into a rowboat with his gun, paddled across the river and tried to climb onto the tug. Laird shot him in the arm and Sutton collapsed and had to be brought aboard. The men started for Harrison with Sutton but it took so long to haul him to the hospital in a dray, he died soon after they arrived. No one did anything to Captain Laird. I guess they thought it was good riddance."

The steamboats now are gone from Lake Coeur d'Alene. Some burned accidentally, some were worn out and were set afire or sunk. The *Georgie Oakes* was burned on the Coeur d'Alene waterfront as part of the 1927 Fourth of July celebration. Many old timers watched sadly, realizing that the era she represented was gone forever. But on moonlight nights, if they listen closely, they can almost believe they hear her mellow whistle as she rounds Tubb's Hill Point on the last lap of her run.

Trapped on Vick's Peak

(Continued from page 43)

But I was not to sleep, although the sleet flurries had diminished—somewhat like the thrashing of a dying snake. The wind changed direction and set my bed of leaves on fire. For the rest of the night I was busy trying to outguess the wind, but I never succeeded.

AS THE sky began to redden in the east, the storm waned and left me with a cold, bright morning. It was possible to look right down into the canyon up which I had traveled to get to Vick's Peak. I headed for camp.

Soon I reached the place where the trail forked. One trail detoured via Springtime Morgan's cabin, the other (the one over which I had traveled) went directly toward the pass to Vick's Peak. I knew Old Mack would be out bright and early to look for me and when I came to the intersection of the two trails, I felt that regardless of which trail I took Old Mack would be traveling the other. I still had the envelope of my brother's letter in my pocket, and laid it in the trail with a rock on one corner, hoping he'd find it sooner or later.

On arriving in camp, I went over to the tent of two men I knew to learn what the reaction had been over my not having come in.

They said that when dusk came on, Mack came to their tent and wanted to organize a posse to go hunt for me. Since the peak had been capped with a cloud all day, they concluded I was lost but told Mack that I had lived in mountainous regions in New Mexico for more than ten years so I should know enough to start a fire. The men said it would be impossible to scale the cliffs on such a foggy night and find me. If I didn't come in by noon the next day, a search party would be organized.

Mack left their tent in a fuming rage talking to himself, and had struck out for Vick's Peak via Springtime's cabin at daybreak.

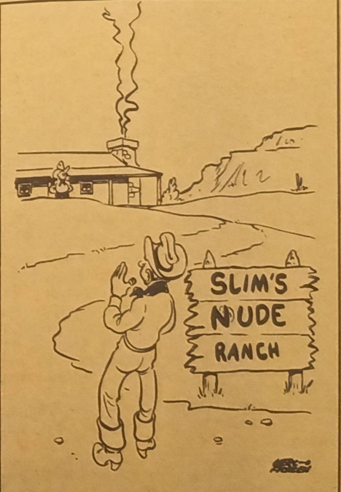
Having neither eaten nor slept I was so fagged I did not know whether I wanted to go to bed first or eat first. At our tent a fire was still burning in the stove and a pan of biscuits, a pot of coffee, and a kettle of beans were waiting for me. I promptly ate the three meals I'd missed, then went to bed and slept ten hours.

The "big strike" was a fizzle, but as I had struck 75c per ton ore on a claim I'd taken (and even that pinched out), Tim Good was so sure it would increase with depth that he begged me to stay with it. After six months of hand drilling hard rhyolite and quartz, and sick from a steady salt pork and potato diet, I walked away from the strike with poor old Tim Good almost in tears. He was sure it would eventually be a bonanza.

The stampede of hungry, desperate men was commonly known as the "Pankey strike." It was promoted by a Chicago man, and some well known financiers dropped tidy sums of money for shares of the stock. One, rating high in an oil company, financed explorations and hired mining engineers. The promoter built executives' and foremen's cottages and a few excellent roads before mining started. Several different crafts of labor were employed, supplies purchased, a tunnel driven, etc. All it did was circulate some money and give a little relief to unemployed men.

Some people called it a fake and denounced the promoter, but I see a halo around the head of a man who could induce hoarded fortunes to circulate in the years 1931 and 1932.

Old Mack finally became almost wholly insane, failing physically as fast as mentally, and died in 1934. Tim Good died too, still believing he had a fortune there. As for me, I really never expected more than a way to keep my stomach filled until times got better, and if old Vick's Peak didn't give me anything, at least it didn't take my life.



"Hey, Boss, remember that practical joker that checked out last night?"

Ira Terrill—Lawbreaker, Madman, or Political Scapegoat?

(Continued from page 47)

ported that Col. Jones, for his attack, "stands today immeasurably higher in the estimation of the citizens. . . ."

In spite of the odds against him and Guthrie's obvious intention to turn him over to the hangmen, Terrill survived. On the first ballot, there were ten votes for conviction and two for acquittal. Three hours later, his two supporters compromised upon a verdict of imprisonment for life in the penitentiary.

Two versions of his commitment are recorded. In the first, the document reads that Terrill shall be "imprisoned in the Penitentiary at Lansing, Kansas, and confined therein at hard labor for the term of his natural life, and pay a fine of one dollar and costs of this prosecution, amounting to the sum of $2,000.00, and to stand committed until the amount of said costs shall have been fully paid." In the second commitment, signed February 2, 1893, the sum was raised to $3.000.00.

Terrill, in receiving his sentence, protested, "I am to suffer an ignominious death, civil death—physical death would be preferable. I am to be banished from the Territory for which I have worked so hard. I am to bid farewell to a loving wife and five dear children.

"But I have one consoling thought. I am not the first person who has been put to death by corrupt methods and for political ends. Nor is the fact obscured from me, that all such wrongs have been and will be avenged. I am but human, and as such I am liable to err. But I feel that in this case I have done no more than any man would have done if placed in similar circumstances."

The *Perkins Bee*, not altogether impartial in the case, reported: "Had Terrill been a leading Republican or Democrat, they would have handled his case with gloves, and gross misconduct in the jury room while his case was being considered would have been ample grounds for a new trial. But Terrill was a Populist, and it makes all the difference in the world."

The *Stillwater Gazette* (Aug. 25, 1893) commented with pleasure on one added irony of the case. Terrill as a legislator was responsible for the very laws that were now sending him to prison; "his hand helped to write, his voice advocated, his vote helped to enact many of the laws of our statute books. And he was especially active in the enactment of a proper murder law, looking over it with a critical eye, urging more stringent measures, yet finally being the first one to break the law he helped to enact."

Terrill appealed the verdict, acting as his own attorney; but even when he was able to demonstrate that his trial had not been properly conducted. public opinion was against him. The *Stillwater Gazette* (December 1, 1893) had little patience with his claims. He had, it was argued, forfeited all rights to liberty; and "justice must prevail," regardless of "slight technicalities in the law or court."

Terrill continued fighting in the courts, and on March 30, 1894, the *Gazette* reported that, "It is said that all the authorities ask of Terrill is that he will leave the Territory."

Terrill did not leave, however, and in the retrial in the fall of 1894, he succeeded in getting the verdict changed from murder to "manslaughter in the first degree." On December 14, 1894, he was sentenced "for the period of twelve years from the date of delivery to the Warden" in Lansing Penitentiary. It was not until March 23, 1896, however, that Terrill finally arrived at Lansing and was given the number 7718. Whether this delay was caused by the authorities' confining him in the Noble (Oklahoma) County jail in order to extend his sentence or by Terrill's own efforts is not known.

FOR THE next dozen years, Terrill fought from inside his cell with grim determination. He argued that being sent from Oklahoma to Kansas to work in the mines as a prisoner was slavery, and he refused to work. Two judges of the Kansas Supreme Court agreed with him, but he was not only retained, but also put in solitary. Even in the "black hole," however, Terrill was, as Thomas Allen McNeal called it, in "a state of chronic insurrection."

Terrill used his confinement in the hole as part of a new appeal. The *Wichita Daily Eagle* (May 26, 1901) commenting that a few days in the hole "usually breaks down the ordinary man," called attention to Terrill's endurance. He "was sent to the dark cell on bread and water for thirty days, and reduced . . . almost to a skeleton. He was shaved and put in stripes. . . ." So altered was Terrill by his experience that there were rumors that he had died, had gone insane.

On September 26, 1905, Terrill was released from the penitentiary as mentally ill. J. W. Dobson, deputy warden, testified that Terrill was "insane and unfit for prison discipline. That in the face of kindness, fairness, and reasoning he persisted in most unreasonable demands. That he has been vicious, and has been confined (in solitary) a large portion of the time."

Released from Lansing, Terrill was sent to the common jail in Noble County which had been designated a territorial prison for his confinement until his sentence was completed. He appealed this decision, and on January 11, 1906. the Supreme Court of the Territory of Oklahoma denied his writ. The prison board then took from Terrill 590 days for good time because of his behavior at Lansing, but Terrill argued that if he were insane, he could not be held accountable. Nevertheless, the Court of Appeals supported the prison board.

In June, 1906, Governor Frank Frantz paroled Terrill and announced that the parole would become absolute on January 3, 1907.

If Terrill's enemies thought that they had silenced the man, they made a serious mistake. During the summer and fall of 1906. he started working tirelessly as a public speaker and reformer. In both Kansas and Oklahoma he spoke on street corners and in small halls, urging a reform of prisons. In one speech, he also claimed "that he will collect pay for the work which he did while incarcerated in the prison on the ground that he refused to work, and that under the Kansas law he will collect money for his services."

While confined, he had written and had copyrighted several plays—*Paradise Made a Purgatory, A Play in 21 Scenes; The Airship: A Drama in 8 Scenes; Ignis Fatuus: A Drama in 9 Scenes; Oro Dios: A Drama in 18 Scenes; and Science vs. Cupid: A Comedy in 3 Scenes.* All of these were written in 1897 and 1898 when Terrill was spending a great deal of his time in solitary. (Author's Note: The most detailed coverage of Terrill's career as a playwright is the edition of *A Purgatory Made of a Paradise*, edited under the supervision of Prof. B. B. Chapman of Oklahoma State University).

With the current interest in the drama of the absurd, all of these plays—written by a man who was "legally mad" while in solitary confinement—should now be of special interest. Seemingly, however, none of these plays was ever published, and Terrill's handwritten manuscripts have been lost.

In 1907, however, he wrote, copyrighted, and published *A Purgatory Made of a Paradise: A Tragedy, Depicting Early-Day Scenes in Oklahoma*, the first play printed in the new state. Professor Chapman in writing about the play says it is "more than a tragedy. It is a reflection of conditions that confronted homesteaders after the first great land run into present Oklahoma."

The play was not popular in Terrill's own time, but his complaints—in literature and in speech—gained him supporters, among these Miss Kate Barnard, Commissioner of Charities and Corrections. She visited the prison at Lansing, and upon her recommendation, the Oklahoma legislature changed its rules concerning Oklahoma prisoners sent there. In 1909, a little tribute to her work also mentioned Terrill's part in the reform:

> Whose sane report corroborates
> What Terrill said about the fate
> Of convicts in a sister State?
> —It's Kate.

TERRILL outlived the animosity of most of his enemies and—what is more remarkable—his own desires for revenge. After his release from prison, he fought for several years to bring about prison reforms; but. seemingly, he was more interested in the opportunities for a future than the mistakes already made.

When he was past fifty, with a dozen years in prison behind him, he started a new career as a geologist, with special interest in oil. And for the next fifteen years, he was a familiar figure in the oil-rich lands of Texas and Oklahoma, surveying, buying, and selling.

In his final years, he became an inventor, too, and during his last days, "he perfected a machine." according to the *Blackwell* (Oklahoma) *Times Record* (November 3. 1921), "which he fully expected was able to produce rain." Shortly before his death, "He had begun the organization of a company . . . to erect a mammoth machine and give his idea a practical tryout. His miniature machine was able to produce drops of moisture in a room, it was said."

He had earlier patented "Miner's Well and the Terrill Triangular Tiling; Finds Water, Gets Water, and Irrigates Land."

On October 14, 1921. at the age of sixty-nine and in the midst of promotion for his rain-making machine, Ira Nathan Terrill died in Wichita Falls, Texas. His body was taken for burial to Columbus, Kansas.

Perhaps Terrill really was a madman—mad with an obsession for social betterment. Convicted justly or unjustly. he helped change the prison laws of Oklahoma—and he did it from the black hole of solitary confinement.

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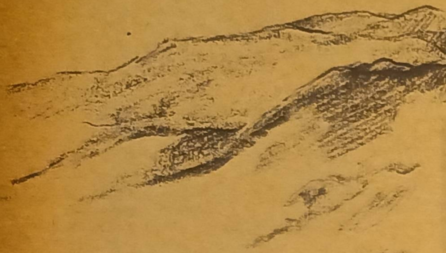
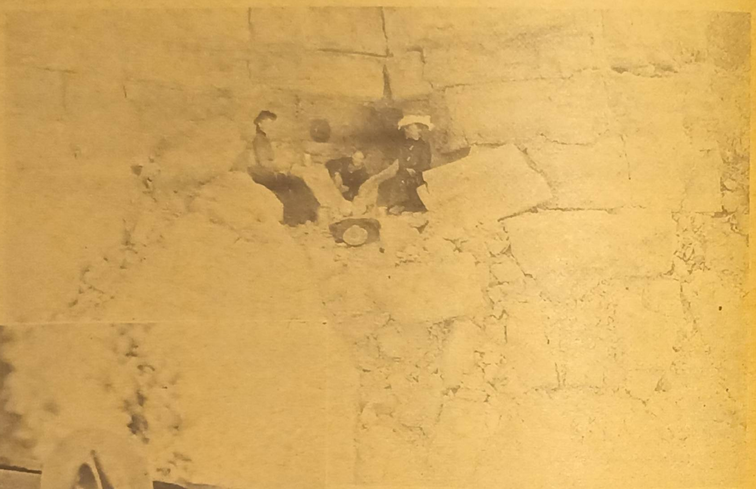
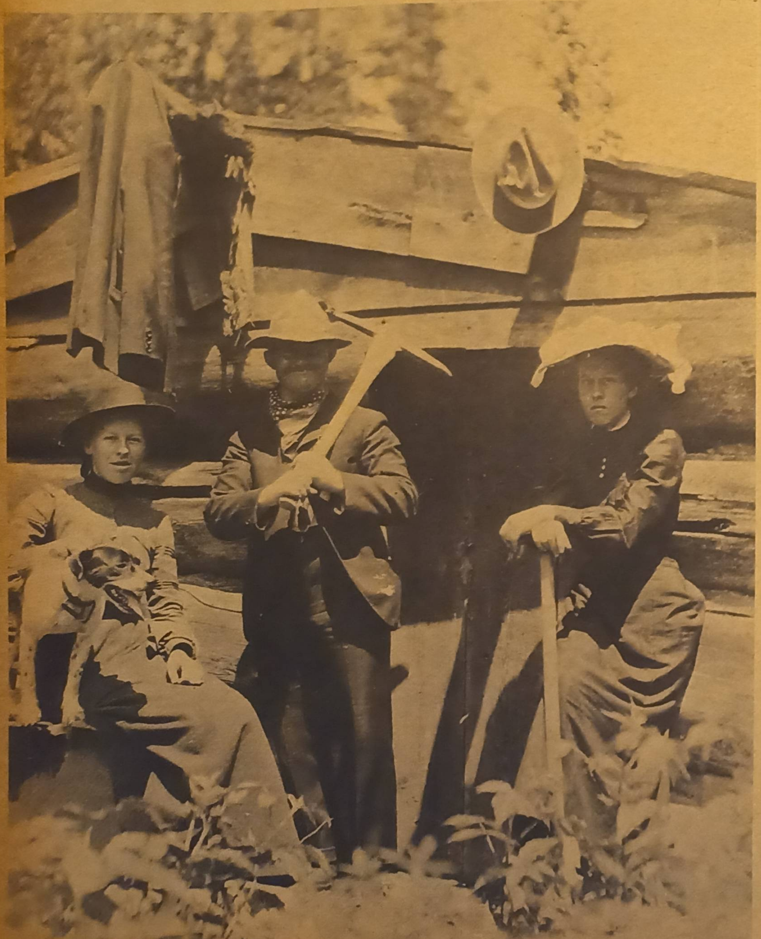
BLACK HILLS ALBUM

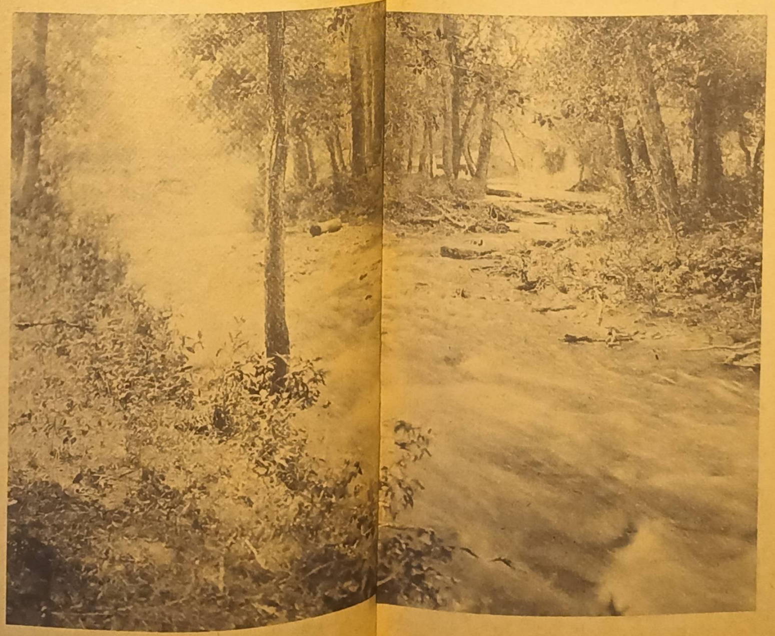


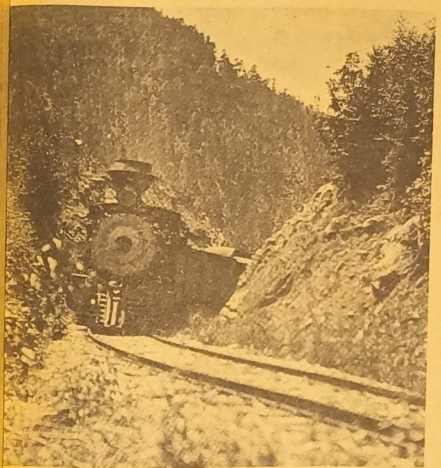
. . . SOME VIEWS AT HOME AND AFIELD SOUTH DAKOTA, NEAR SPEARFISH, IN DAYS GONE BY . . .



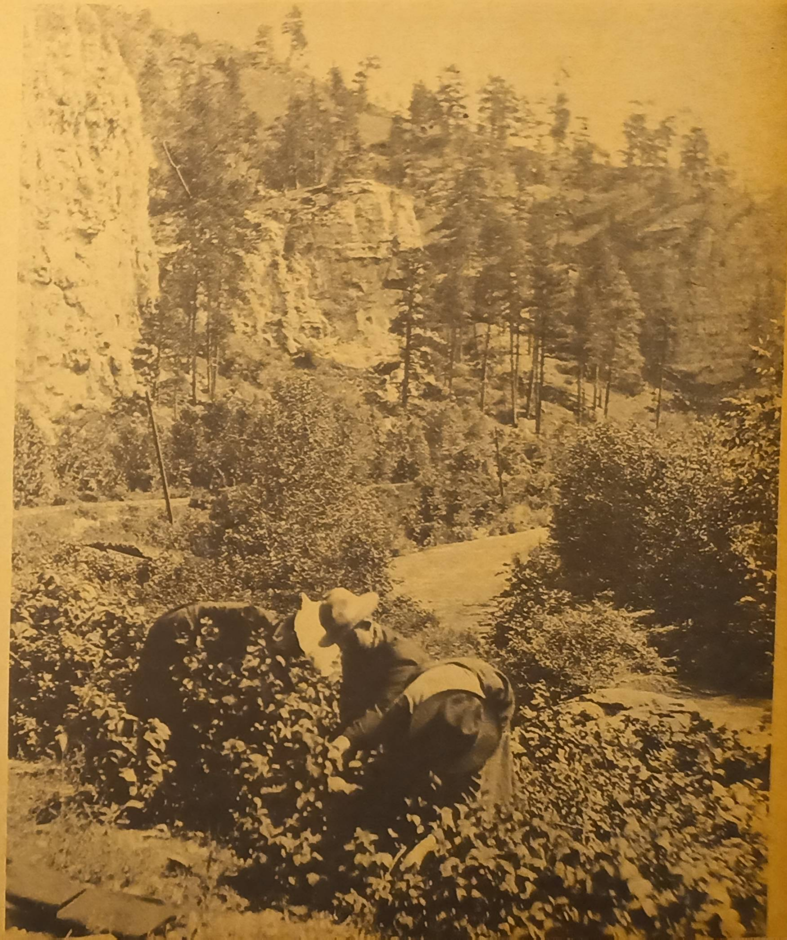


Left: at home, five and one-half miles from Spearfish. Above: a break in the rocks. Below: Spearfish River.





Above: coming into Spearfish. Top, right: Sunday afternoon. Lower right: berry pickers in Spearfish Canyon.



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By The Old Bookaroos

Citizen of the Southwest

His large and small privately printed booklets covering a wide variety of subjects relating to the Southwest, its people, wild life and legends have been eagerly sought by collectors for years. Now the literary labors of Judge O. W. Williams of Fort Stockton have been gathered into a fine book—*Pioneer Surveyor—Frontier Lawyer* (Texas Western Press, $10.00). It was edited by S. D. Myres, designed by Carl Hertzog, illustrated with maps and sketches by Jose Cisneros and with photos, and there is an introduction by C. L. Sonnichsen. This reviewer's old friend, Clayton Williams, conservation rancher and son of the Judge, lent a hand on the research. Not all of the Judge's writings are reprinted but Dr. Myres has filled in the gaps in admirable fashion—a combination of biography and autobiography emerges that is delightful reading. Dr. Myres has added numerous notes about the people and places mentioned by the Judge. In addition to the trade edition at $10.00 there is a Fort Stockton Edition of 150 numbered signed copies in a fine binding in a sturdy slip case priced at $25.00—less than has been asked in recent years for a single copy of several of the Judge's booklets. The Fort Stockton Edition copies will bring premium prices within weeks—a collector's dream all the way and the trade edition is almost as attractive.

Outlaw And Peace Officer

Leon Claire Metz's *John Selman, Texas Gunfighter* (Hastings House, $6.95) should do much to appropriately fit "Uncle John" into his niche in the Triggernometry Hall of Infamy. To this casual follower of the ways of the gun he has been known as the man who killed (some say murdered) John Wesley Hardin—and was in turn shot down by George Scarborough. That wraps it up neatly as a climax but there had to be more to the Selman story, and the frontier history buffs are indebted to the author for his efforts to get the facts about John's early life. He uncovered many unknown to your reviewer—and he added many details that help round out the Selman saga.

John deserted the Confederate Army and shortly thereafter joined the Texas Militia for defense of the western frontier. He married and moved to New Mexico but raiding Indians took his horses and cattle and around 1871-72 he settled in the Clear Fork country about eight miles from Fort Griffin. He was a close friend of John Larn and probably served as a deputy sheriff under him, and he was an acknowledged member of the Vigilantes. However, Larn, seconded by Selman, was more outlaw and gunman than peace officer and soon they were in trouble with the Rangers and with the big ranchers. Larn was captured and killed but Selman escaped to New Mexico.

Selman's Scouts took advantage of the Lincoln War to raid and kill until General Lew Wallace was named Governor. He moved his gang to the Texas Panhandle but it soon broke up and, after an attack of smallpox. John opened a butcher shop in Fort Davis. The gang that he gathered there tangled with the Rangers and Selman was captured and returned to Shackelford County to face the old rustling charge. The people there helped him "escape." He spent some time in New Mexico and did not return to Texas until he learned that the charges against him had been dismissed by the 34th District Court at Albany in 1888. John and his two sons settled in El Paso and in 1892 he was elected Constable of Precinct 1. The killing of Bass Outlaw and the rest of the El Paso story is well known. There are numerous notes, a bibliography, an index and some good photos plus a pictorial map by Jose Cisneros. Entertaining.

Remington—Historian In Bronze

The Bronze World of Frederic Remington (Gaylord, Ltd., Art Americana, $12.50) is by Bruce Wear, Art Curator of the Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art at Tulsa. It is filled with fine photos of the bronzes in the great collection formed by the late Tommy Gilcrease. Of particular interest are the enlarged reproductions of the details of a number of the bronzes. The text is most informative and includes considerable material on the technical problems of casting the normal mixture of 90% copper and 10% tin. The differences in the French Sand and Cire Perdue (Lost Wax) methods of casting are described. There is a chapter on Remington fakes that should serve as a warning to the unwary art collectors. Something is said about the value of the various Remington bronzes, and the number of castings made of each is recorded. This is a valuable addition to the Remington story. He was truly a historian and his bronzes. while constituting only a small part of his tremendous output of original western art, are among his most valuable contributions to the record. Many of the great museums that thought Remington's paintings were too realistic or the colors too harsh during his lifetime eagerly sought his bronzes from the date of the casting of The Bronco Buster in 1895. A must for the Western Art buffs.

Beaver Men Trails

The late Mari Sandoz's *Area of the Richer Beaver Harvest of North America* (James F. Carr. $8.50) consists of two parts: a 30 x 39-inch folded map and a clothbound sixteen-page key to that map. This material was developed as a personal guide in the writing of *The Beaver Men* and it will be helpful to not only the readers of that fine summary but to all fur trade buffs. students and historians. The map makes it easy to follow the pioneering fur trails of the French, English and Spanish and, later. the American groups. A nice historical contribution.

Early Texas News

Gaceta to Gazette: A Check List of Texas Newspapers, 1813-1846 by John Melton Wallace was published by the Department of Journalism Development Program, The University of Texas. *Gaceta de Texas* was prepared at Nacogdoches in May, 1813 but was probably printed at Natchitoches, Louisiana and it was the first newspaper written on Texas soil. This is more than a check list—it is loaded with tidbits of newspaper history and with comments on the colorful publishers responsible for them. A lot of reason went into this big booklet and it is a worthwhile contribution to the record of the Spanish-Mexican period as well as to that of the Days of the Lone Star.

Classic Reprint

The War of the Copper Kings (Grosset & Dunlap, $3.95) is a reprint of C. B. Glasscock's modern classic first released in 1935. This is the story of William Andrews Clark and Marcus Daly, a couple of battling Irishmen and of F. Augustus Heinze, Brooklyn-born German. These were the stars but as they say in the movies "'with a cast of thousands." The founding of Butte, the fight for the capital and the Wall Street struggle make fascinating reading. It is good to have this basic account of the fighting Kings in print again.

Great Reading

A Nation Moving West (University of Nebraska Press, $4.50 in cloth and $1.95 as Bison Book 336) was edited by Robert A. Richmond and Robert W. Mardock. It is a book of carefully selected readings in the history of the American frontier beginning with the crossing of the Appalachians and the Old Northwest Territory. Practically every phase of western expansion is covered and nearly every writer who visited the West is quoted. Some of the extracts are brief—some lengthy, but the editors chose well. Many of the briefer extracts are from newspapers but when the subject required it, they dipped into the great books with telling effect. A skillfully contrived whole—the best on the West!

Company Town

The Company Town in the American West (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) is by James B. Allen of the History faculty of Brigham Young University. The company town in our West has been most significant in three industries—lumber, copper and coal. Dr. Allen devotes a chapter to towns of each of these industries with appropriate comments on the ways in which they were similar and how they differed. Other chapters deal with town management, welfare, housing, and economics. Certainly the most interesting chapter in this book to this reviewer is on "The Company Store" since he was an humble clerk in just such a store during a summer vacation half a century ago. It was certainly typical—community center and bank as well as supplier of the necessities and a few luxuries. It was a credit business and most of the customers were Spanish speaking. Now it is gone along with most of company towns described by Dr. Allen. The appendix calls the roll of 191 company towns in ten of the Western States—only Colorado is missing. There are some good photos, bibliographical notes and an index. Different and worthwhile.

Indian Fighting Army

J. W. Vaughn's *Indian Fights, New Facts on Seven Encounters* (University of Oklahoma Press, $4.95) is based on a sifting of the contemporary accounts and official records plus detailed personal studies of the sites. Cheyenne Fork; the Fetterman Massacre; the Hayfield Fight; the Rosebud Campaign; Major Reno's troops at the Little Big Horn; the burning of Heck Reel's wagon train and Slim Buttes make up the list of Indian fights receiving the attention of attorney-historian Vaughn. The appendices reprint several of the reports used in reaching conclusions concerning the fights. There are photos, maps, a bibliography and an index. A good job that increases our knowledge of the officers and men in the Indian Fighting Army.

Westerners Remember

Forrest Crossen's *Western Yesterdays* (Boulder Publishing Co., $1.95) is Volume III in his series of interviews with old-time Westerners. There are some dandies in this one—your reviewer particularly liked "No Night in Creede" and "Mountain Trail Herd" but some of the shorter items were gems. There are stories of mining, railroading, hunting—some heroic, all good. There is a double-page map of Western Yesterdays Land inside the back cover and some good photos—worth the money.

Builder Of The U. P.

Sage Books, published by Allan Swallow of Denver, has recently issued first reprint editions of Major-General Grenville M. Dodge's memoirs. Priced at $5.00 each, the three volumes are: *How We Built the Union Pacific Railway; The Battle of Atlanta and Other Campaigns;* and *Personal Recollections of President Abraham Lincoln, General Ulysses S. Grant* and *General William T. Sherman.* A book of interest to railroad overland readers, the one about the Union Pacific reveals the political strategy employed to initiate the surveying, financing and constructing of the first great western railroad. Dodge was once the commanding officer of the Department of Missouri, and chapters in each of the other two books deal with Indian wars and military personnel involved in disquieting adventures on the unstable frontier. An introduction by Umatilla Gregory gives a brief eulogy of the General's interesting life. We wonder why the same introduction was used for all three of the books—they constitute a set. The large number of illustrations in the original memoirs are included. Unfortunately some of them didn't reproduce clearly. We wish these books had an index.

A Conservation Message

Richard J. Dorer presents the philosophy of conservation through his beautiful poem, *The Ghost Tree Speaks* (Ross and Haines, $2.50). The beneficence of nature and the heedless destruction of natural resources by man are clearly projected through the experiences of an ancient tree that finally was sacrificed because a careless camper failed to put out his fire. Without the tincture of preachy evangelism, the poem stimulates reasoning and encourages sensible regard for what generous Nature has given us. The forceful lines engender greater understanding of our disregarded natural resources which should help multiply our respect for them. Highly recommended.

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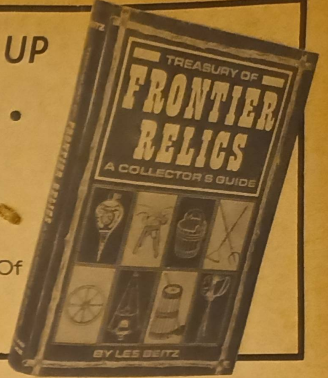

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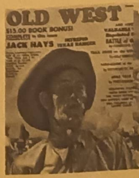

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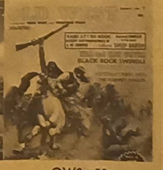

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Helena's Hidden Channel of Gold

(Continued from page 53)

was drilled, ten feet, twenty feet, forty feet, fifty feet, seventy feet, all in a dry clay without a sign of water.

"Another dry hole!" exclaimed George. "We're through." But when they returned in the morning to what had been a dry hole the afternoon before, they were amazed to find water forty feet deep. Where it came from they had no idea, but from the well's location it could well be on the same channel as the one the Porter dredge found so productive. No attempt was made to drill deeper and this well, with the first one put down, yields enough water to irrigate the 180-acre farm.

ABOUT three miles northwest of this well, on the southern slope of the Scratch Gravel Hills, John A. Rowand a number of years ago started sinking a shaft on a quartz vein. At forty feet he struck water and installed a pump. It couldn't handle the flow, so he installed a larger one, and still a larger one, all in vain. The volume of water exceeded the pump's capacity. It was replaced by a really big one, a whopper large enough to supply the requirements of a small city. This pump was adequate to hold the water at a certain level, but could not drop it an inch lower. In disgust, Rowand threw up his lease, filled in the shaft, and went mining elsewhere.

The story of the Hidden Channel with its legend of gold will not die. Skeptics deride the story that a prospector found it by descending a fissure in the earth. Believers, however, point out there were lots of fissures in the area surrounding Helena after its violent series of earthquakes in the fall of 1935. Some of these fissures were deep and wide enough to accommodate an automobile yet twelve hours later some had closed so tightly not a crack was to be seen.

Finding a fortune rarely comes easy but I hope—someday—someone will prove that George Keeler was right.

He Killed a Heap of Men

(Continued from page 27)

into sneaking him a healthy nip from the bottle in the cupboard.

In addition to these small deceptions, he quietly palmed cigarette butts from the ashtrays. My three sisters and I were dismayed by his valiant efforts to suck a satisfactory smoke from those snubbed but salvaged remnants. We predicted that he would one day underestimate the length of the growth covering his upper lip and catch his moustache afire. Naturally, he astutely and bravely courted such danger whenever we were about and, naturally, we took overt steps to avoid catastrophe. It is a credit to the sterner members of the family that they carefully ignored the aromatic clouds billowing from the hidden corners where we contrived to indulge the old man's tobacco habit.

And so, happily secluded with the windfall of a virgin tailor-made, Gramps would strike a big kitchen match with his horny thumbnail, gleefully torch the forbidden cigarette, and settle back for a long talk with his conspirator. It was on such an occasion that he first asked me if I thought it wrong to kill a man.

"I don't know—it would depend," I answered.

"Well," he confided, regretfully, "I killed a heap of men in my time." Gramps' face grew cloudy, and he looked far out over the mesa. Then the brooding expression disappeared and his eyes flashed fiercely. "And I'da killed a heap more if I'da had the chancst," he stated.

This was my introduction to the violent past of the man whom I had never seen display the barest show of anger. And this is the story he wove as he told me about the tragedies in his life.

HE WAS BORN in the mid-1800s in Missouri, the son of Dr. Williamson Marlow and Martha Keton Marlow. Martha was reputed to be a direct descendant of Daniel Boone and, like that famous forebear, she led a nomadic life with her husband, her five sons, and the rest of her large brood of children. They roamed restlessly over Mexico, Texas, and the Indian Territory, and up into Colorado, never settling for very long in any one place. They put no roots into the land, but bound them around one another, forming an intra-dependent family tribe. When George and Charlie and Alf married, their wives and children were absorbed into and became part of the clan. They lived largely off the land, wild and free as the Southwest they traveled.

This did not change when Dr. Marlow died, and it was the same abiding loyalty to each other which resulted in the deaths of three of the five sons. Although Gramps did not offer any criticism of his youngest brother, Boone, it was nevertheless Boone who started it. He was quick to act and slow to consider the consequences, and it might be fairly construed that he was not possessed of the most stalwart character. It began when Boone killed a man and left the body in a Texas gulch.

Boone insisted that he did not know the dead man, but had ridden up on him as the stranger left the Marlow farm where he had asked for and obtained food. The man shot at Boone and missed. Boone shot back and did not miss. It was a good case but, for some unexplained reason, Boone chose not to offer it to the authorities. He fled. Shortly thereafter, the rest of the family drifted away into Colorado. There, whether by design or accident, Boone met with them and they resumed their habitual wandering.

They meandered into No Man's Land on the border of Texas, eating wild game, trapping for fur, breaking wild horses, and engaging in sketchy ranching and farming. About a year later, they trailed into Indian Territory and arranged to settle on lands held by the Kiowas. Here they lived close to the tribes, hunted with them, played games with them, traded with them. Then occurred a strange incident which marred the firm friendships they had established.

One day, George, to tease his wife, jokingly agreed to trade her for the wife of one of the Kiowas. He found himself in difficulty when the Indian returned, leading a squaw by a rope which had been knotted around her waist. George's young wife screamed and cried and the brothers threatened to whip George for frightening her. The bargain immediately fell through, much to the anger of the Indian who felt that he had acted with honor and honesty, for he had not sought to cheat his friend but had brought along five mustangs as a bonus. The Marlows prudently pulled up stakes and removed to a safer spot.

Fall came, and they gathered fruits and berries for drying. Fish and game were salted or smoked. They were preparing for the winter months in the manner of their Indian friends. It was in this busy time that the Sheriff of Trinidad, Colorado, mailed a letter in which he accused the brothers of having stolen forty head of horses.

DEPUTY JOHNSON received the letter in Graham, Texas. Johnson was employed by a Texas cattlemen's association to combat rustling in the vast cattle empires, and he took a posse and struck out for the Territory. While en route, he was advised that the horses had only been astray and had been recovered. However, the fact that the Marlows had been the object of such suspicion was cause for distrust by the wary deputy. He arrested Charlie, Alf, Eph, and Boone, and returned them to the jail in Graham. When George arrived to secure their bail, he was locked up with the others. He believed, said Johnson, that the Marlows were the ones who had stolen 130 head of horses from the Indians.

In the face of this accusation, the Indian Agent ordered the Marlow women and children out of the Territory in disgrace, and the indomitable Widow Marlow gathered them together and took them all to Graham. Then she set about raising bond.

The men were finally released and the family moved out to a farm while disposition of the case dragged on. Johnson was having trouble in proving his allegations, for the Indians refused to cooperate, insisting that it was not the Marlows who had stolen their horses.

However, Johnson had five birds in hand and he was a stubborn man. He found the Marlows to be singular people, wild, close-knit, unrooted rovers akin to their particular friends, the Comanches. Moreover, said Johnson, they were undoubtedly renegades, rustlers, badmen, and fugitives. From these widely-circulated opinions and from Boone's affinity for trouble emerged the fearsome reputation of the "Marlow Brothers."

Johnson asked for a continuance of the case and widened his investigations. He nosed around the country and inevitably uncovered the fact of the body left in the gulch by Boone. Immediately he sought and secured a warrant for Boone's arrest and forwarded it to Sheriff Wallace of Young County.

Wallace took the warrant and with his deputy, Tom Collier, rode out to the Marlow farm. As the story goes, it was again a defensive act on Boone's part and entirely accidental but, when the smoke cleared, he had shot Sheriff Wallace.

The consequences of this imprudence were all too clear. Boone again went into hiding, with a $1,500 reward posted on his head, dead or alive. It was his brothers who were taken into custody.

AT FIRST opportunity, Boone left the haystack into which he had burrowed and rode off through the night on his black horse, abandoning the Marlow women and children to intrusion and abuse. He skirted the armed men who had searched the premises, scattering the household goods and pawing through trunks and boxes. Eluding the posse that camped at his mother's doorstep, he managed a secret meeting with his sweetheart and then lost himself in Indian Territory.

Constantly goaded, cold, hungry, worried about their families, the other Marlow brothers became desperate. They dug

(Continued on page 66)

"Tramp General"

(Continued from page 22)

preter. "Beware of the Sabinas." Then he turned his horse and fled back toward Piedras Negras.

Shelby told Captain Ben Elliott, a veteran of First Newtonia, another of General Jo's great Civil War victories, to ride point and keep a sharp eye open for everything and anything. The country was flat and desolate with nothing visible except a distant village, still hours away. When Elliott and the advance guard reached it, they found the collection of mud huts a place of horror. Guerillas—no one could tell from which side—had slaughtered everything which lived or moved.

"Men hung suspended from door facings," reported Major Edwards in his chronicle, "literally flayed alive. Huge strips of skin dangled from them, as tattered garments might hang. Under some a slow fire had been kindled until strangulation came as tardy mercy for relief."

The brigade moved silently through town, scaring off snarling wild dogs and hovering vultures. Shelby ordered the men not to stop and bury the victims lest the command be surprised by an attack.

Major John Edwards, riding with General Jo, pointed out what that sacked and ruined village implied. There was no law or order in Mexico. The country was ripe for the plucking. Even the Missouri Regiment was force enough to seize an empire. Edwards went on and on probing for a reaction from his taciturn commander who listened but kept his own counsel. Let the Yankees have their Union, Edwards repeated. Here was a nation for the taking. The stars and bars of the Confederacy could rise on these very plains. The Major's enthusiasm had no bounds, but still Shelby was tight-lipped and silent. Let others do the talking; there was still the Sabinas to cross.

Early in the evening just before the column halted for bivouac, two Austrians, members of the French Foreign Legion who had deserted General Jeanningros' forces in Monterrey, encountered Shelby's regiment. Questioned, they recounted that they had forded the Sabinas without seeing a soul. In fact, the road ahead was deserted for at least two days of riding. General Jo called his principal officers together to discuss the crossing. Battle, if it was to come, Shelby reasoned, would be on the farther side of the river. The ambush would be at the very stream ford, an easy one to cross as the two Austrians had recounted. Lt. D. A. Williams, another of Shelby's trusted aides and a personal friend from Missouri days, would lead ten men up to the ford and draw fire, while Shelby's men, lined up by fours, would cross at a seemingly impassable place and strike the unseen enemy on the flank.

On the afternoon of the Fourth of July Williams reached the obvious and easy ford and immediately drew fire. Williams, a veteran of hundreds of skirmishes and battles, immediately reported what he knew to be a fact based on long experience under fire: the enemy consisted of 800 men armed with muskets.

The battle lasted but minutes. Elliott led the ten men across the ford, drawing most of the fire while General Jo crossed farther upstream at what might have seemed to be an impassable place, and rode south to encircle the ambushers. Two hundred guerillas fell from sabre thrusts and pistol fire with a loss of nineteen dead and thirty-seven wounded on Shelby's side. General Jo halted long enough for the dead to be buried and the wounded strapped to litters before continuing his march to Monterrey.

General Juan Nepocumeno Cortinas, whatever his plan may have been, had failed in slaughtering Shelby and the Missouri Regiment. The dream of the Republic of Sierra Madre and the presidency for Joseph Orville Shelby perished—indeed, if it had ever been anything more than a dream—in the shallow waters of the Sabinas crossing.

Shelby marched into Monterrey where he was warmly greeted by General Jeanningros, who obviously could not wait for the American to get out of town. He sent General Jo on his way south to Mexico City.

After waiting a period of time, rigidly held to proper protocol, General Jo Shelby was ushered into Emperor Maximilian's presence. It was clear at once that the haughty, impractical superimposed monarch of Mexico would listen only to the counsel of Marshal Bazaine. Shelby's men might stay on as farmers or merchants; as soldiers—never!

JO SHELBY stayed on in Mexico for almost two years as a merchant-trader, running supply wagons between Vera Cruz and Mexico City. Elizabeth Nancy Shelby, his wife, and their children joined him in the Carlota settlement, romantically named in honor of the Empress. Two days before Emperor Maximilian went north with his "Imperial Mexican Army" (Marshal Bazaine and his French Legionnaires had long since departed for France) to meet Benito Juarez and his liberating army at Queretaro for a final showdown battle, Joseph Shelby, merchant, left Mexico with his family for his own native Kentucky. During the second week in June, 1867 his old friends and neighbors in Lexington treated his homecoming as a hero's return.

What were General Jo Shelby's motives that day of decision a few miles east of Eagle Pass, Texas, on July 1, 1865?

No man knew them except General Jo himself—not even Major Edwards, that indefatigible chronicler of everything that was done and said during the Civil War and during the nearly two years of Shelby's stay in Mexico.

Years later General Joseph Orville Shelby told the true story to George Creel, a celebrated newsman and chief American propagandist in World War I, who then reported the incident.

"I had ideas, or dreams, or ambitions. I saw, or imagined I saw, a great empire beyond the Rio."

If the Republic of Sierra Madre had ever come into being, it was Shelby's secret intention to hold it free until the French and Maximilian had left Mexico and the Monroe Doctrine had been upheld. Then he would have turned it back to Benito Juarez and Mexico.

NOTICE

A picture of the Alpine Tunnel near Pitkin, Colorado, which appeared on page 28 in the Summer, 1966 issue of *Old West* was used from the book, *Historic Alpine Tunnel*, by Dow Helmers by permission of the publisher, Sage Books, Copyright 1963 by Dow Helmers.

American Indian Gallery

(Continued from inside back cover)

gives rise to visions of more or less coherence.

Great confidence is placed in these dreams, and this circumstance affords a sufficient temptation to cunning men to feign them, while it points out to sagacious chiefs an efficient mode through which a secret and powerful influence may be exerted over the people.

Tshizunhaukau was not a regular medicine man, but he practiced the art when it suited his convenience, and had the reputation of possessing the gift. He was a sagacious man who knew and thought more than those around him. He noticed the seasons and changes of the atmosphere, and had a strong memory for dates and events. The portrait represents him holding in his hand a rod, which was an invention of his own. It was covered with marks and figures representing the divisions of time and certain changes of the seasons, to which were added signs, indicating the results of certain calculations he had made respecting the weather.

It was a curious and original invention, the fruit of an inquisitive and active mind and the indication of a spirit that rose above the sluggish incuriousness of his race. He had noticed the phenomena which took place around him, with deep attention, and had recorded upon the tablet of a retentive memory all that seemed worthy of remark. He had endeavored, to the extent of his limited knowledge and means of information, to trace effects to their causes, and to find out the reasons of uncommon events.

The results of these inquiries were carved upon his wand, which became thus an almanac, and doubtless as complete a one, in reference to his wants, as our common almanacs are to the enlightened astronomer. He maintained a high character as a warrior, and was one of the deputation who accompanied Nawkaw, the principal chief of the Winnebagos, to Washington, in 1828.

Quantrill's Surgeon

(Continued from page 54)

whose brother was later a famous judge, had hidden himself in a tree and watched the whole action.

When Shelby and his men came to Marshall the bluecoats were gone. Many people visited Jo Shelby to tell him of the fate of Dr. Benson. He told the lady who tried to uncover the grave with only her fingers, "The outlaw who murdered this man is a thousand times worse than Quantrill. My men all came from the same homes as those who follow the guerilla chief. In fact, some of them have brothers and sons with him. If I get this man, he will have the same sort of trial that he gave the doctor, who I understand did not kill anyone."

Drs. John and Andrew Benson had been orphaned at an early age, and I. S. Parsons of Miami had been their guardian. The Parsons took John from his shallow grave and brought him to town, where he had a real funeral among his erstwhile friends.

It was then that they discovered, inside his hunting shirt and next to his heart, a little yellow curl of hair. A bullet had centered the ringlet he had taken from the head of the little Kansas girl whose life he had saved at the veritable risk of his own.

In shooting matches Benson had been known as a dead shot, but he had never fired a pistol while with Quantrill.

He Killed a Heap of Men

(Continued from page 64)

their way through the adobe wall of the old jail and headed for home. They didn't make it. Recaptured, they were placed in leg-irons, shackled together in twos, and thrust back into the cell.

A few days passed and then Sheriff Wallace died of his wounds. Boone had not been apprehended and the sheriff's death inflamed the countryside. That night, a lynch mob gathered and made an abortive attempt to take the Marlows from the jail. However, Johnson's often-repeated stories had borne such anxious fruit that the crowd lost its nerve.

Only Robert Hill was young and brash enough to push into the cell in an effort to force the prisoners out. Charlie Marlow cracked his skull with a blow from his powerful fist.

Now the little city of Graham boiled with outrage, and the United States Marshal at Dallas had to take a hand. He ordered the removal of the Marlows to Weatherford for security reasons. At 8:30 on the moonlit night of January 19, 1889, the four brothers and two other shackled prisoners were placed in a wagon, several guards climbed into another, and together left the seething town.

Charlie Marlow was disquieted. An intuitive man, he was long accustomed to reading sign. He thoughtfully noted an unwarranted stop at Dry Creek, two miles from town, and he appraised the fact that the guards were inadequately dressed for a sixty-mile ride on a winter's night. He murmured to the others to expect another lynching attempt.

Aware of their perilous circumstance, the men shifted to more advantageous positions as the wagons creaked on down the rutted road. They were ready for it when aimless firing broke over their heads and a bunch of men rose from the bushes and ordered the guards to relinquish the prisoners and weapons.

Even as the drivers pulled the wagons up with a jolt, the enshackled Charlie and Alf went over the side together. They rolled, gained their feet, and made a hobbled run forward to wrest firearms from the guards. George and Eph leaped from the wagon and bore down on the back of a heavily-armed man and took his rifle and pistol. When the fellow scrambled up to run, George shot him.

The mob charged, firing, and the guards and the other two prisoners took cover. The Marlows huddled together and fired back. Volley after volley split the air. Alf fell. Eph fell. Charlie fell. The attackers retreated and George, wounded in the hand, was left standing alone.

He bellowed across the silence, challenging the mob to come back. One man turned. George shot him in the head. Charlie shot another from where he lay at George's feet. The rest of the attacking force rode off, the guard-wagon rumbling after them. George knelt in the bloodsoaked and moan-broken moonlight and examined his brothers.

Alf had caught fifteen bullets and Eph was practically riddled. Both were dead. Charlie burbled red froth from neck and chest wounds.

George rose and hobbled across the ground, dragging Eph's shattered body with him. Searching one of the men they had killed, he found a knife. He went back to Charlie, who had the use of both hands, and Charlie whetted the blade on a stone. Then he gritted his teeth and slashed through and disjointed the ankles of his dead brothers, freeing the irons. George lifted Charlie and they made their way to the remaining wagon and turned the horses towards home.

ACTING-SHERIFF Tom Collier had escaped injury at the Dry Creek battle. He swung the guard-wagon back into Graham and formed a posse, yelling at the townsmen that a gang headed by Boone Marlow had attacked the wagons, killed some of the guards, and freed the prisoners. Organizing a small army of his own, he dispatched a messenger to Sheriff Moore of Jack County, asking for reinforcements. Before daybreak, Sheriff Moore added his thirty men to the hundred-odd deputies who surrounded the flimsy Marlow farmhouse.

Inside, Charlie was bleeding to death and one of George's hands dangled, mangled to uselessness. The frightened children crouched on the floor and whimpered as they listened to Collier's loud debate whether to burn them out or to pour a bombardment into the house.

George had refused to surrender, and it was characteristic that even now the family maintained a solid front. They stayed forted inside while the Marlow women took up rifles and thrust the muzzles through chinks in the sides of the old building to hold them trained on the deputies.

Collier continued to shout. Surrender, he ordered, and finally, surrender or be exterminated—men, women, and children!

This was too much for one member of the posse. Marion Lasater suddenly stood forth and took open issue with Collier. Things had gone beyond reason, he said, and he would die with the Marlows rather than allow such a massacre. He walked to the house and asked to be admitted. Bill Gillmore followed him. The door opened to and closed behind the two men and a note of surprised uncertainty echoed through the ranks of the possemen.

Sheriff Moore, too, had had enough. He called to the Marlows to surrender to him and his men. He would personally insure their protection.

Again George refused. They would surrender only, he said, to U. S. Marshal Cabell or to his aide, Captain Morton And he added this warning: the entire family would fight to the death if rushed.

Moore looked at Collier and at the muzzles protruding from the farmhouse. He mounted his Jack County posse and they galloped away.

With Moore's withdrawal, differences sprang up in Collier's army. Some of the men began to ask embarrassing questions about the Dry Creek fight. Collier could not supply the proper answers.

Hour upon hour passed in indecision and the prolonged arguments eroded Collier's control over his forces. It was into a milling disunification that Captain Morton rode.

THOUGH unidentified, it was possibly Sheriff Moore who finally telegraphed to Marshal Cabell, urging that he dispatch his own deputies to the siege. In any event, the situation fell apart as Morton and his men took over. The local posse stood back when the wounded were carried out of the house, and the federal deputies placed the two brothers on a mattress in the back of a buckboard and drove quickly to the railhead. In the long interim, Charlie Marlow had coughed up two bullets. It was this natural expulsion of some of the lead which undoubtedly saved his life, although he was to carry some of the bullets for the remainder of his days.

Shame and chagrin swept the county as the facts of the fight sifted into light. Eph's bullet-torn body and that of Alf were released to the Marlow women for burial.

Scarcely were the two in their graves when the brother of Boone's sweetheart rode into Graham and claimed $1,500. He had brought Boone with him—a dead Boone, with two bullet-holes between his eyes. The bounty-hunter related a swaggering account of how he had cornered and killed Boone, but he failed to reckon with the possibility of an autopsy. Medical examination determined that the wounds had been inflicted after death and gave credence to a gruesome conclusion.

The killer had apparently poisoned the food which his sister arranged to smuggle to Boone's hiding-place in the Territory. He then retrieved the body and put a couple of bullets into it to cover an act which would be considered downright cowardly. Oddly enough, he was paid the reward and then imprisoned for Boone's murder.

With proper medical care, George and Charlie Marlow regained their health to a degree sufficient to stand trial in Dallas. Acquitted of the charges against them, but bewildered and disillusioned, they moved the broken family into western Colorado and settled there. It was while serving as Deputy United States Marshals in Ouray, Colorado, that they were at last legally relieved of complicity in the death of Sheriff Wallace. That matter was finally dropped by Texas authorities when Colorado's Governor Routt refused to extradite them to Texas for indictment.

Gramps died in the middle of World War II. During his last years he spoke often of the killings at Dry Creek, for the war reminded him of the ever-recurrent madness of men. He struggled, it seemed, to reconcile his doctor-father's teaching of veneration for life with the violence in which he, a devoted son, had participated.

In those moments of reverie, he'd come out of his thoughts to sigh, without preface or qualification, "I love everybody in the whole world. I ain't got a enemy in the whole world."

But sometimes, when the memories flamed too hotly, his tear-filmed eyes glowed with anger. It was then that he said, massaging the back of his hand, "I'd go a hundred miles to shoot at a mob!"

"She's Taken Bad, Doc . . ."

(Continued from page 34)

we had plain old sore throat. The doctor had us gargle gallons of hot salt water until eventually the tonsils got disgusted and recovered of their own accord.

Doctors had to meet many emergencies out here that they are not faced with usually now. There was quite a lot of attendance on people who had got in front of a bullet or a knife and had got shot up or carved up. The Doc would probe for the bullet, put applications on the wound and keep the patient quiet if he could, though this was a hard thing to do. Anybody that got in trouble with a knife would have his wounds washed and bound up with salve and if "inflamation" didn't set in, he got well with no trouble. If it did, he sometimes lost an arm or leg.

Prior to 1900 the reading of a doctor's prescription was an art in itself. I remember one man bringing a prescription to be filled and he happened to have a laundry list from the Chinaman down the street and he handed me the wrong one. I was trying to fill the laundry list before I discovered my mistake. It didn't look much different either. Our Chinaman came from someplace over in Louisiana and, of course, had chills and fever. The Doc gave him 100 five-grain capsules and told him to take one four times a day until they were all gone and then come back and get another hundred. At the end of the allotted time, the Chinaman brought back the capsules and asked for a refill. The doctor had failed to tell him to swallow the capsule.

YEP, the old doctors in Big Spring wore out many horses and rode several to death before they gave up the ghost themselves. They were hard-working, hard-driving men who had to go out to the cowlot to get a good laugh. They had a sense of humor (if they hadn't they wouldn't have been able to live through it), but they, like the preacher, weren't supposed to laugh. They were in a serious business. They rode horses everywhere except for calls up and down the railroad track when they hopped a freight or a handcar and sent the prescription back by the next train. People got as crazy scared about their home folks or themselves as they do now, and sometimes the doctor killed a good horse in a hard ride for a case that didn't have much wrong, but he never could tell until he got there.

Not much stood between the people and death but those doughty, bewhiskered old doctors and the contents of their saddlebags. They had all the nerve they needed and they knew when to use it. I am reliably advised that one of the first appendectomies ever performed in this country was undertaken by an old-time county physician, Dr. Hollis of Abilene, twenty miles north of that city. That was the first of many and it was surprising how adept at surgery these men could be. They performed operations which were real emergencies; washed off the kitchen table, put a sheet over it; transported the patient to the improvised operating table, put the anaesthetic in the shaking hands of some member of his family and cut out the offending appendix by the light of a kerosene lamp. Either the doctor's skill or the robust constitution of the patient must have accounted for the remarkable recoveries.

Our doctors were tired men with haggard faces, stiff joints from perpetual horseback riding and driving in a buggy over unbelievable trails, worn from long vigils and wonder and worry and despair at their final inability, their shoulders stooping, but about their bearing there was the quiet dignity of men who have met and conquered life and death. Most of them died broke—both in body and finances—but they carried on as long as they could get around. Like most of the old-timers out here, they didn't really know why they carried on. It just seemed to be the thing to do. Their work was important and their work was all that mattered. It matters still, for the fruit of it is built into our modern town, and good men they brought into the world are raising sons to carry on. Those doctors gave hostages to the future.

One Step at a Time

(Continued from page 41)

among the more fortunate. And he still had visions of striking oil. So he secured land in Wyoming's Big Horn Basin where the town of Byron was being established.

After his railroad contract was completed, with logs hauled from the top of Pryor Mountain east of Bowler, Montana, he built a house. All the houses in those days were log cabins with dirt roofs, and the cracks between the logs were filled with mud. He also helped his friend Edward build a cabin.

One day Dan heard a terrible explosion. Looking out, he saw that the heavy dirt roof of Edward's house was raised enough to let smoke puff out all around. Its two windows were blown out. The ends of the logs adjacent to the north window and those near the door on the south were forced out from one to two feet from the original position. They stuck out in the air like a man's outstretched fingers. The southeast corner of the house was protruding nearly a foot. The daubing and most of the chinking was gone.

Dan ran at top speed to the scene and saw that Mark and his friend, Elroy, were on fire. With his pocketknife Dan cut the burning clothes off Elroy. Mark's clothing was on fire in one place only, but his face was badly burned. Within a few minutes more than a hundred men, women and children arrived, nearly all of them on foot. Three or four came galloping on horseback. No doctors were available. Raw potatoes were applied to the burns to relieve the pain, but this was merely a temporary measure.

Edward arrived from his canal work without having been notified of the accident. The first thing he noticed as he approached from the east was a pattern of sun shining right through his log house. Applying the whip to the team, the remaining distance was covered in a hurry.

As he passed Dan, he remarked, "Those boys have been playing with powder!" And how right he was.

Edward's gunpowder was always available to reload rifle shells. Mark had been standing about three feet from an almost full gallon-can of powder. He had sprinkled a few grains in a cardboard cylinder and placed it on the hot stove. Evidently a spark flew into the powder can opening and caused the explosion.

By the time Edward arrived, Mark was unable to see. Dan and the others thought he was blind. Dora cared for him, and for three weeks he never saw the light of day.

Thereafter, however, his eyes seemed as good as new, although his forehead was permanently scarred.

"Lost again today, eh Fred?"

AS FOR Dan Davis, it seemed that at long last his dream might be realized. An oil company was surveying in the Basin. Negotiating with the company, he leased part of his land, and operations were begun.

A short time later, Dan was visiting the construction site. Suddenly a cable broke on the derrick being erected. Dan was struck and killed instantly.

His wife collapsed from the shock. A long period of grieving followed for Dora. In addition to the problem of caring for her children without Dan, there was her concern for the Partridge boys.

A solution presented itself in Edward's proposal of marriage. In Mark's biography he wrote, "There were a great many changes in our lives when Aunt Dora came to live with us. She was industrious, always busy, and was a good cook as well as a good homemaker. Everyone liked her.

"Aunt Dora was an affectionate wife and mother. She was all that could be hoped for in her role of stepmother. But not too many years after she married Edward, she died. Some claimed she never fully recovered from the shock of Dan's death. For the second time Edward was left with young children to care for."

Dora's daughter later described days remembered from her girlhood. "I vowed I hated Uncle Ed when he married my mother. I wouldn't live with him; he had hair on his face (he wore a mustache). Not remembering my own father, I heard stories of him, of his love and great plans for me, and I was very much in love with him. Also, I was a brat—a spoiled brat. Did this big, rugged man who had taken on the added responsibility of such a difficult child, point out that fact? No. he was gentle and kind.

"My first glimpse of scenic grandeur came when I accompanied Uncle Ed and the boys to the Big Horn Mountains where his sawmill was located. Never was I made to feel like an outsider. Looking back, I'm sure that the boys wished, at times, that I was on the outside. The fact that I failed to think of that at the time speaks for itself.

"When I was threatened with becoming a confirmed tomboy, Uncle Ed reminded me of my father, Dan, and his great plans for me—but not as a boy. Then I heard about my father's dream of striking oil.

"And now I recall that just before my mother's death, she received word that there was an oil strike on the land Father had acquired. She was convinced that dreams do come true."

Perhaps they do. But some dreams demand too much in fullfilment, and others come true too late.

LETTER RIP!

Dear Mr. Small:

Having taken your two fine magazines from the first issues and having once had a short story in your *Western Sportsman* of 1950, we aren't total strangers. I grew up in a small but lively farming town of central Nebraska. Each fall the city leaders put on a harvest festival—quite an affair with, among other attractions, a race meet which brought the best horses in the state to Shelton.

I grew up on a horse and at the age of fourteen was riding at these meets and in this particular year, 1907, another attraction was added by having a famous character as the starter for the horse races.

In those days there were no starting gates so the starter and judges sat or stood in a small stand or tower above the starting line with a large bell suspended from an overhead beam. If the riders brought their mounts up to the starting line fairly even, the starter would shout, "Go!" but if one or more jockeys who were having a bad time with their horses, or trying to get the jump on the others, made a ragged line, he would call us back by striking the bell with the clapper.

I was riding a very high-strung black mare and having trouble keeping her under control. After being called back three times, this starter yelled, "You on the black, keep that mare back in line or I will disqualify you and run you off the tracks!"

I got a rather poor start but did finish in second place, thus earning my dollar. That's what I got for each race I rode!

The starter was a reformed outlaw, Frank James, who had been recently released from the penitentiary and was showing the public what a real killer looked like.—H. V. Murphy, 8 East 3rd South Street, Green River, Wyoming 82935.

Dear Sir:

If I had nine lives to live, I would spend two of them in Nevada. This sparsely settled State offers mysteries in lost treasure, lost people, lost towns, and civilizations.

Thirty years ago while prospecting in Arizona, I met two professional prospectors who related their experiences while combing the southwestern mountains of Nevada for minerals. They came upon some deep caves, one opening into another, in the far reaches of which they found furniture of large size as if built for giants; also dishes of gold and some other shiny metal, which they surmised to be of imperishable alloy; a large table which seemed to have been set for dining, and the caves evidenced they had been undisturbed for centuries. However, the men did not divulge the exact location for reasons not hard to guess.

Some months later I visited the prehistoric village, Pueblo Grande in Arizona, which the city of Phoenix maintains as a municipal archeological project. While there I fell into conversation with a lady tourist from Nevada, and to my amazement she told the same story, with much the same detail (the cave within a cave, the outsized furniture, the gold dishes, large table), but was reluctant to divulge the location.

The bones of a giant race of men, from seven to nine feet tall, have been found in California, Colorado, Arizona, Nevada, Sonora and Chihuahua, Mexico. So many skeletons were found in Chihuahua, south of the Big Bend in Texas, that a plain in northern Chihuahua is known as *Llano de los Gigantes*—Plain of the Giants.

There is no legend telling who the vanished ones were; where they came from; or why they disappeared. No one knows, and shall we ever know? Whoever they were, if they left gold behind, there is always the possibility of finding it with the aid of modern sensitive mineral locators.

In 1933 I found a giant skeleton in a cave in a high mountain in Mexico across from the Mariscal Canyon of the Rio Grande River, but it was badly decomposed and of no value archeologically.—John S. Eross, 764 Avondale Avenue, San Antonio, Texas 78223.

Editor:

The boys like to talk of the things that once happened near Douglas, Wyoming—I know one of the most interesting sites in the state is Pep Saul's Free Museum in Douglas. I never saw such a collection of early day firearms anywhere—and these were guns "that spoke their piece" in the hectic days when the War Between the States moved west to Wyoming and beyond. He showed me a rifle, inscribed "Sam Ketchum" on top of the barrel. His father was riding along the North Platte River one spring day back in 1901, when he noted this rifle protruding from a collapsed chunk of overhanging bank. It was an old octogon-sided barrel, percussion cap muzzle loader, similar to many of the blacksmith-constructed early weapons of the pre-Civil War era.

The most beautiful of all handguns in his collection was a polished brass Volcanic Pistol, as pretty as the day it left the factory. Hundreds of visitors have been treated to a top display of "workin' tools" of the Old West, thanks to the generosity of Mr. Saul and son.—J. J. Brinda, 1222 Place, Baker, Oregon.

Dear Sir:

I doubt if many readers have heard of Three Cabins. It was situated just off the Hart Highway in central British Columbia at the foot of Horse Lake. A rancher, a miner, and a trader lived in the three cabins. Each had a half-breed wife and lots of kids.

Jim Corbin became the fourth man to live there. He fell in love with Neetah MacCaskill, the trader's daughter. She had long sleek black hair that brushed back from her face, and gray eyes whose expression was so steady it made everyone else's glance seem shifty by comparison.

Immediately Jim liked life in Three Cabins. He found that there the gold a man mined was his own, the fur he caught his to do with as he wanted, but the meat he shot was for all.

Like his companions, Corbin dressed in Indian-made moccasins from Canoe River, larrigans from New Brunswick, snowshoe packs from Maine, Chippewa boots from Wisconsin, Saginaw pants from Michigan, Mackinaw coats from Ontario, and Stetson hats from Philadelphia.

The children were schooled at home and some later went to college but most of them became cowboys, lumberjacks, prospectors or trappers. Sometimes the boys worked out on the big ranches to the south during haying season and sometimes hired out to logging companies or got jobs working on the highway.

By working for wages and exchanging work Jim Corbin obtained a motorboat, two canoes, four sled dogs, three packhorses, a cow, a small tractor, and seven guns, as well as traps, fish nets, and so forth.

During the spring they went to the creeks with the Canoe River Indians and threw salmon on the bank with pitchforks. These they smoked for future use. They picked a lot of berries too, and at times went in to Vancouver to see the big town or even as far as Seattle to see what the U.S. looked like.

Life was easy and a man who could earn $300 a year lived well. But few people around now want to try.—George Jennings Gale, Box 2041, Fairbanks, Alaska.

Dear Sir:

I knew a man in Las Vegas in 1923 referred to as Death Valley Scottie. He invited me to stay with him in his shack of two rooms on the outskirts of town. Scottie, on waking up each morning, would make a bee line for a saloon and I would join in. Believe it or not, we left there twice a day to cross the street to a wagon diner that was run by a woman. From there we would return to Bill's saloon. We would leave when closing time arrived. Scottie was also known as Shorty, Smithy—some called him the beer barrel. Although Scottie drank only beer, and drank all day, he could walk a straight line as if cold sober. At the time I knew him he owned a Model T with double tires for desert work and an old Dodge. About once a week he would say to me that he was broke and would have to make another trip in the desert. On returning he would have enough money to pay his way and return to the saloon.

Where he got the money was always a mystery to me but I was too discreet to ask him. He was not very talkative, always very quiet. Someone told me that he made his money by being a professional claim jumper. If you went off the trail through the mountains to the Colorado River through the passes you would see many small mountains with a bottle or can inside describing the claim, possibly one that Scottie worked on. If he was not the Death Valley Scottie referred to as the castle builder then there must have been two Death Valley Scotties.

When I retire I intend to make this trip again to see if any of the old town has been saved, I remember when Las Vegas had dirt streets, boards for sidewalks, and an adobe jail.—H. A. Corbett, 850 John Munro, Boucherville, Quebec, Canada.

Dear Sir:

In your Spring, 1966, OLD WEST, you had a rare book reprint, *Three Months with the Wild Indians* by Ole T. Nystel.

Ole T. Nystel was my grandfather. I am the third son born to Mrs. Ruth Magdaleen (nee Nystel) Watson. I have often heard this story and have also read the story. I have been to the spot where Grandfather and his neighbor went to cut the cedar posts and the Indians caught them. There was a lot that happened to my Grandfather which he didn't put in the little book. There are quite a few of my people still in Texas. I am interested in hearing from some of them so I can find out more about my "kinfolks" and some of my grandfather's friends or some of their family who may still be alive. I am now forty-three years old and have six children of my own.

Maybe I should tell you how I came across this magazine of yours. I was working in the control room (Hanford Atomic Works) when one of my working buddies walked by me. I was sitting down and I saw this magazine sticking out of his hip pocket. As he came by, I jerked it out to see what it was and, lo and behold, there was the name of my grandpa on the cover! I was really surprised. I had already told some of the guys that I work with about my grandpa getting captured by the Comanches, so when I told them that here was the story I had been telling them about, they sure didn't doubt my word then.

Any information you can get for me as to the whereabouts of some of the other people involved in this story would certainly be appreciated.—Wendell E. Watson, 615 South Dawes, Kennewick, Washington.

Editor:

The story, "Hell and High Water," is an excellent description of the old-time lumber industry. Having been born in the Minnesota timber I have experienced what Kinnon writes about. First time out I shipped out of Minneapolis and unloaded at Park Rapids, then went by sleigh to Ponsford. That first night we had to sleep on the floor of a bunkhouse and the chap that slept next to me removed his shoes and someone just naturally walked off with them. The next day we made the Nichols-Chisholm camp twenty miles out of Ponsford.

Seeing I was an uneducated brush-ape I was sent out as a swamper and had put in about a month when one day two Finn sawyers dropped the wrong way a tree alongside of me, which could have killed me easily. They were so scared they did not even holler "Timber!" I had my axe in hand and started for the Finns, but they outran me, and I kept on going for camp.

I rode out of camp with an Indian and his family to Ponsford and left Ponsford that same evening and walked to Park Rapids with the temperature 18 degrees below zero.

I'll have to take issue with the author as regards Foxboro Slim. Slim was shot in Craig which is about twelve miles north of Bigfork. Craig was the north terminus for what they called the Gut and Liver Line. This logging railroad came out of Deer River and was discontinued in the early Thirties. Craig was renowned as being as tough as any so-called Western tough man.

In the early Twenties a lumberjack fell alseep on a table in one of the twenty-seven saloons and never woke up —just another timberbeast gone up to Bigger Timber. The next morning the bartender asked several men to take the corpse over to the depot and offered a free drink for their service. They took the body outside, but finding the weather extremely cold, forty below zero, they decided on another drink before hauling the body over. The net results were naturally quite a few more drinks. In the meantime the corpse on the sidewalk had frozen stiff as a board.

When the boys started out again, in their stupor they tied a rope on the frozen body and hauled the dead man through the snow to the depot, there they leaned him up against the wall, and he stood there for half a day until the train arrived.

Numerous lumberjacks disappeared from Craig in those days who were never heard of again. Quite a few bodies were found downriver after spring breakup. Craig is located just north of the south county line and all the law officers were living on the north county line with almost one hundred miles of wilderness between. No one bothered to report unnecessary goings-on.

Am sending a picture of the largest load of logs ever hauled by horses in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. I was hunting deer one fall twenty miles from nowhere when I came across a number of the old-time logging sleighs the same as used in the picture. There were trees eight to ten inches in diameter which had grown up amongst them.

What they are logging now is mostly pulp. Roads and the towns are all modern. The old-timers are for remembrance only. —L. E. Hast, Box 44, Leucadia, California 92046.

Dear Pat:

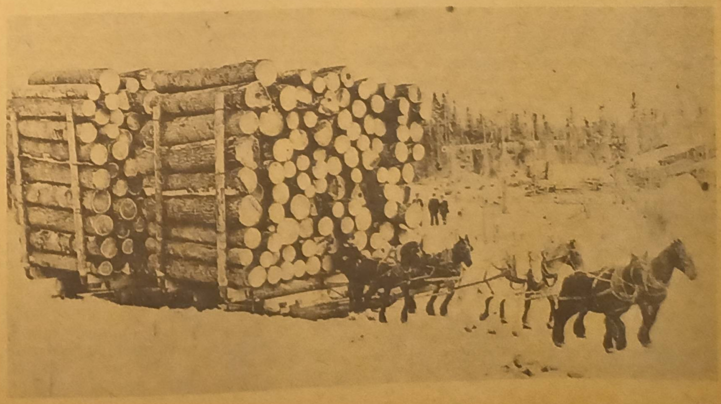
Number 208 in the log book of the Dr. F. G. Hearn collection (which I bought from the estate in Yreka, California in 1946) may be of interest and perhaps one of your readers may know were this book is located. The entry reads: "This book Milton's *Paradise Lost* is two hundred and thirteen years old 1878. It was presented to me by John McCartey, a young man who died in Yreka in 1867. He stated that the book had never been out of his family since its publication. At the time he presented it, he said it was two hundred and two years old."

There is no record as to what became of this rare book. It is interesting to note that here was a young miner (?) working in the Siskiyou gold fields, possibly with little worldly possessions but carrying a treasured family heirloom. I wonder who has this valuable book now?—Burton J. Westman, 3496 East Pueblo Way, Las Vegas, Nevada.

Dear Sir:

In OLD WEST, issue Summer '66, I read the story by E. Smokey Kinnon, "Hell and High Water." On page nine is a photograph of a donkey skid and four men and a boy with the caption: "Early-day Logging Operation in Washington State." I believe the picture to be of Race Neff, John Rhodes, Frank Hinkle and myself on the log, and my father at the end. If this picture is of these men, it was taken above McMan's Mill, about a mile up the Seacore Hills from the Klickitat Valley, about seven miles northeast of Goldendale, Washington in 1908 or '09. Father and I had gone to the mill for a load of 1x6 fence lumber (cost $2.50 a load). We went on a log wagon to the donkey skid to watch it pull logs. It also pulled itself from place to

Banner load at Pine Island, Minnesota, 1909. Said to be the largest load of logs ever hauled on sleighs by horses, a fifteen-mile haul by six horses at J. A. Irvine & Co., camp for Thief River Falls Lumber Co.



place by its own cables.

An old-timer was with us, but not in the picture - Uncle Tommy Jenkins, an old Indian scout, who lived in a cabin close to Three Creeks where Brooks Park now stands.

Our family lived about a mile from Hanging Rock, and just across the road from the old Woodland schoolhouse, where the Yakima Indians camped at that time when they went to the Columbia River to fish, or to and from Mount Adams to hunt and pick huckleberries.

At that time the Seacore Hills were covered with dense heavy timber. Yet I returned to the Klickitat Valley in 1959 to find the hills bare, and the beautiful valley grown up in willows. A sorry sight to what it was when I left fifty years before.—Earl C. Stoughton, Riversbanks, Route 3, Hutchinson, Kansas 67501.

Dear Sir:

I am writing in regard to an article in your magazine about Henry Starr. The Starrs and the Kuykendalls are related to me. My mother was named for Belle Starr. My daughter has that wild Indian streak in her like my mother and myself—not criminal, just love the outdoors. My mother would go coon hunting with us up into her sixties and is eighty-five now.

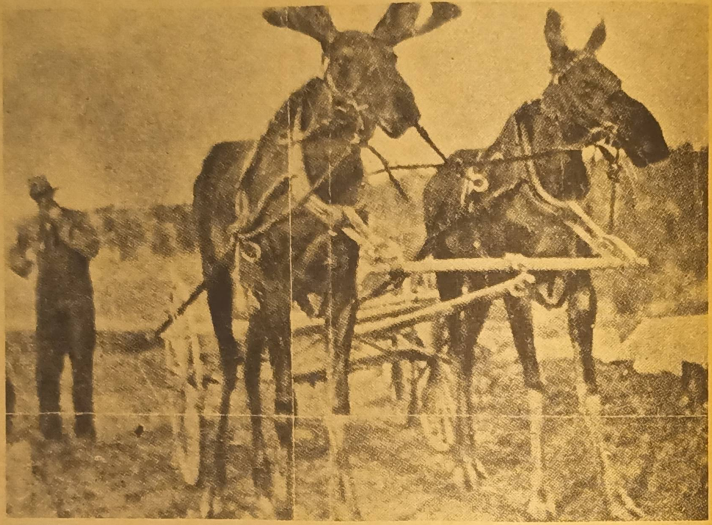
Her father came from Arkansas, but Grandfather did not speak of the days of his youth much. His name was Thomas Yandell and his cousin was John Brower. Their young days were pretty wild. Brower died in his nineties with a .44 slug in him. If anybody knows anything about them, I wish they would write me. —Lloy Justus, Veterans Administration Hospital, Tucson, Arizona.

Dear Sir:

Have been reading your magazines and passing them on to my daughters ever since they've been on the market, I reckon, and then some, since my first subscription was to the old FRONTIER TIMES. When my old friend, Marvin Hunter, and his daughter ran the museum at Bandera, several moons ago, I spent quite a bit of time in New Mexico and Arizona. As a young man I also went to California, Oregon, Washington and on into Alaska. I always liked the Indians that I knew, Apaches and Navajos mostly.

Billy the Kid has always been one of my favorite characters. I gathered a lot of information during those days on Billy, and knew his old pal personally—Tom Pickett, or "Uncle Tom" as we who were well acquainted with him called him. He was a kind old man and well liked. At the time I knew Uncle Tom, he was an officer of the law on the Apache Reservation in Arizona, way back in '25 and '26. I don't care what the critics and skeptics say, I know Pat murdered Billy. He dared not face him, because Billy was the better man and Pat knew it. Time proved this out, for later Pat got a dose of the same medicine he dished out to Billy. I have quite a bit of mileage racked up, and have learned many things as time went by.

Now what I would like to do is find some one interested in traveling and maybe doing a little prospecting, etc., and just tour the old ghost towns, missions and points of interest that I know of, and maybe places that I don't know of. I am a good driver and boatman, and still a fair shot. I am crowding sixty, but feel fit as a fiddle. One more thing I can do is whip up a batch of flapjacks, pronto. If any other readers of your fine magazine are interested in such doings tell 'em to speak up. We can at least powwow.—M. F. Sproule, 1120 Highway 96 South, Silsbee, Texas 77656.



WANTED!—Information pertaining to the photo above. *Alaska Sportsman* referred to by reader W. S. Jones cited the source as a negative found in an abandoned cabin at Winthrop, Washington. The cabin had belonged to one Frank Arnold, an early-day prospector. Anyone know more of this unique transportation affair or its owner?

Dear Joe:

About five or six years ago I found this picture in an old copy of *Alaska Sportsman.* I never learned if the man beside the buckboard was ever identified are not. I am curious about the picture, and perhaps some of your readers will have the answer.

I live here among the moose and know them. I have no doubt but what the man who broke this team to work had one of the best modes of transportation in the country.—W. S. Jones, St. Rt. A, Homer, Alaska 99603.

Dear Sir:

I have no proof of what I am writing as no doubt the people in this story have passed away. Some of this happened before me and was told to me by people alive at this time.

As a boy I moved with my parents to a homestead on the Rosebud Reservation in 1912. According to the date on the surveyors' stakes, this part of the reservation was perhaps surveyed about 1880. It seems by this time the wild game was about gone and nothing was left for the Indians to hunt. The Government put large herds of cattle on the reservation, stationed an agent (most commonly known as the boss farmer), and had Indian police under the gent's supervision. The boss farmer was to look after the Indians' interest. The job of the Indian police was to cut holes in the ice during the winter so the cattle could drink, plow snow off the grass so the cattle could graze, brand these cattle with the Indian Department's brand, butcher once a month and give the Indians their meat ration. Along with the meat ration, the Government gave each Indian and each child born a quarter-section of land, a team, harness, wagon, and their clothes.

About 1910 the land that was left (rough river breaks) was opened up to the white men to homestead. Most of the homesteaders were from the East and knew little about the Indians. They were called greenhorns, meaning they could be taken for a sucker.

I will mention here that we read a great deal about how the Indian was taken advantage of by the white man. I will show where this is not always true. Since the Indian was a ward of the Government, it was illegal for a white man to trade with an Indian without going through the boss farmer but it was not illegal for an Indian to deal directly with a white man. An Indian could sell his wagon to a white man for a fraction of its value, if the white man didn't know better or was willing to take a chance to buy it. The Indian would then go to the boss farmer for help to get his wagon back. The Indian police would go get the wagon and the white man was out his money. This may seem odd but I will explain. The Indian could be prosecuted for theft or disorderly conduct in a local court but to bring civil action for damage or collection, he was a ward of the Government and you had to take it up with the Indian Department, with which you would get nowhere.

An Indian seldom lived on his land. He lived for the day he could sell it, spend the money and get his land back. An Indian could not sell his land without the Government's permission and that took time to get. I remember my brother-in-law had a quarter of a section of Indian land joining his farm. The Indian owner told my brother-in-law he was getting a permit to sell his land and if he would advance him one hundred dollars he would see that my brother-in-law got the land when the permit came in. Later on my brother-in-law found out that the Indian made the same kind of a deal with another neighbor.

About 1915, my father was butchering a hog when an Indian said he was short of lard and would trade a quarter of beef for half a hog. My father traded with him, and several days later the Indian came back with a note from the boss farmer advising my father to give the Indian back his meat and avoid trouble with the Indian Department. My father asked him about getting his pork back and the Indian said he could not give it back as many friends came by and ate it. Since my father had many hogs, the Indian offered to take another and butcher it and bring the other half to my father!

The herd law went into effect in 1910. The last roundup was in 1911. After that no white man could run his cattle on the range and pay the Indian Department so much per head. He had to rent the land adjoining and fence it. If the land joining you belonged to a white man you could compel him by law to build half a line fence, but if it was an Indian's land you could no nothing. If you wanted a fence, you could build it yourself and if you put it on the line you left it. As far as the boss farmer was concerned a post in the ground stayed in the ground.

If a white man's cattle got on an Indian's land the Indian police would take them and you paid a flat rate of one dollar per head to get them back, but if an Indian's cattle came on your land and you tried to hold them for damages the Indian police would get them and tell you to file a claim with the Indian Department. If you filed a claim you would have to get a form from the boss farmer, hire a lawyer to fill it out, have it notorized, and spend money for postage writing back and forth trying to prove your claim and if you were lucky, about a year later the Indian Department would send you a check for $1.39, a fraction of what it cost you trying to collect the damage.

When Indians traveled they had a team, wagon and a saddle horse. There were always dogs. If there were small pups they rode in the wagon; the older dogs had to run with the wagon—usually ahead of the team or under the wagon or behind the wagon. The dog ran under the wagon for protection, no doubt. Indian dogs were no different when they met strange dogs because they would fight.

I remember an Indian who raised horses and sold them to the Government. He sold several loads to the War Department before World War I. These horses had to be so many hands high to pass inspection. The horse would be put in a chute with a plank floor. The gauge would be placed alongside the horse's front legs. If it lacked a fraction of an inch, the horse would not pass. The Indian said he just shod some of the horses and used corks one inch high to make them tall enough. I told him that this could hardly be honest. He said, "It may not be honest but it is legal."

I don't know about the Indians now, for I haven't seen one in thirty years but before that he held his own.—Emil Leusman, Sr., Solon Springs, Wisconsin 54873.

John Wesley Hardin was a guest in this New Orleans house on a number of occasions. Neighborhood folk knew him as "Mr. Swain."

Dear Joe:

Enclosed herewith is a photo of my grandfather's house. It was built in 1870 at Phillip and Howard Streets in the city of New Orleans by my grandfather, the late James D. Oakes, 1820—1896. My grandfather was an engineer who operated out of the Brownsville-Indianola area on a blockade runner during the Civil War. After the war he was engineer at a number of cotton gins in the vicinity of Ennis, Texas. He maintained his home, however, in New Orleans.

During the time he worked in Texas he became very friendly with John Wesley Hardin and on a number of occasions when Hardin was traveling under the name of Swain he was a guest at this house. He was there shortly before his capture in Pensacola, Florida. Another fact that has not been brought out to date was that Hardin was an accomplished organ player and also played the piano. My father, as a young boy, played a duet with Hardin in this house. The lumber for the framing was what was called flatboat lumber. It was taken from barges that were floated down the Ohio to N. O. After the freight was sold, the barges were dismantled and the lumber sold. In those days it was cheaper to build new barges than to tow them back from N. O. Total cost of this house at that time was: for framing, weather boards and sash, $178.00; slates, $50.00; one square of ground 400' x 275', $400.

By accident I have acquired quite a collector's item. Lately I made a one half size muzzle-loading cannon. I had a piece of steel shafting 11" in diameter by 42" long. I turned it in a lathe to make an exact duplicate of the 1812-model cannon used in the war with Mexico. I am a machinist and I made a nice job of it.

I had been looking all over to get two pieces of oak timber 3' long, 18" wide and 2" thick to make a carriage for it. No lumber yard here has any oak that size. One day I was riding through the old red light district and noticed that housewreckers were taking down a famous old bordello. For "sentimental reasons" I stopped and gave a look. The front door of this establishment was lying on the ground covered with wall plaster and mud. I examined this door and found that it was solid oak, 38" wide, 2" thick and 6' 9" high. I asked the housewrecker how much he wanted for it and he said $10.00. I bought it right away and was going to cut it up for the wood.

When I brought it home and cut and scraped the wall plaster and paint off the door I found a brass plaque with the street number on it—#919½ Julia St. Below this was another plaque, "Madam Josephine," and under that a third brass plaque with the following names: Big May, Little May, Anna, Peggy, Fay, Babe and Evelyn. There were six buckshot and two .38 slugs in the wood.

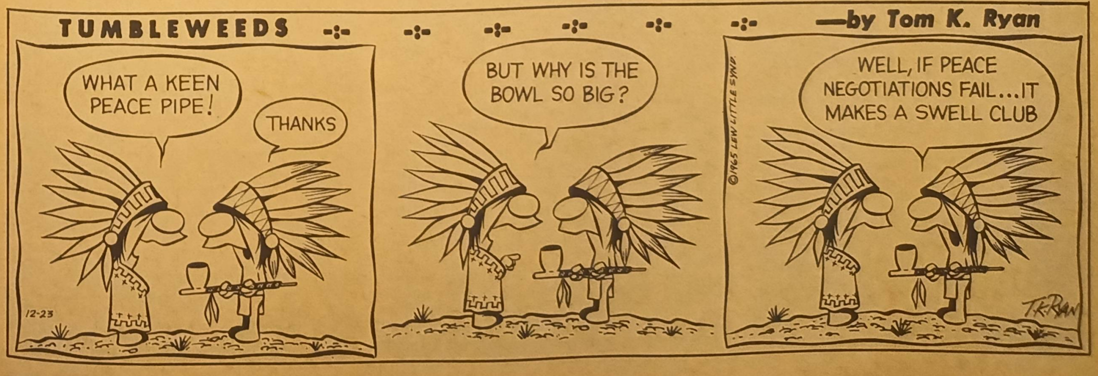
Just about this time the housewrecker called me at my home and wanted to buy the door back. When I declined, he told me that we could get $100.00 for it from a private, paid-admission museum. I told him I did not want to sell it.

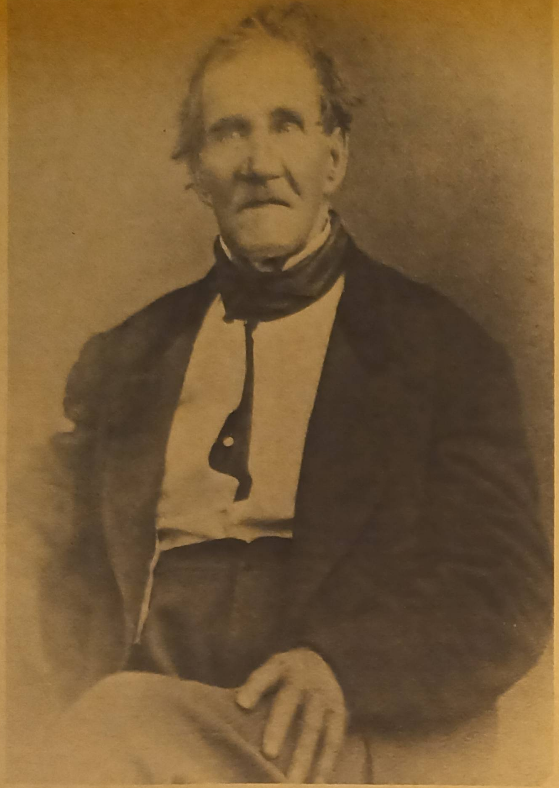
I have cleaned all the paint off this door and shined up the brass plaques. There is also a brass hook to hang the red lantern on.

I have shown the door to about fifteen men I know and they were all able to identify it, even a preacher. The latter told me that he recognized the door as having come from a house of sin, that it was awful.

One advantage of being a widower like myself is that I can keep such souvenirs. One married man told me he would like to have that door, but that if he brought it home he would have it hung over his head making a picture frame of it.—Edward J. Oakes, 1202 Short Street, New Orleans, Louisiana 70118.

On page 28 of Fall, 1966 OLD WEST, our caption beneath the picture of a calf roper should have identified the performer as "Vick Blackton" rather than the author, Milt Hinkle.


TUMBLEWEEDS
—by Tom K. Ryan
WHAT A KEEN PEACE PIPE!
THANKS
BUT WHY IS THE BOWL SO BIG?
WELL, IF PEACE NEGOTIATIONS FAIL...IT MAKES A SWELL CLUB
12-23
T.K. RYAN



This fine photo of Joseph Reddeford Walker, taken in his later years, was provided by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Fuller of Cooper Landing, Alaska. The old frontiersman was the great-great-grandfather of Mrs. Fuller, and this photograph, reproduced here for the first time, is the only one, to the family's knowledge, which exists.

OLD WEST Special! BOOK BONUS!

WEST WIND

The Life of JOSEPH REDDEFORD WALKER

Knight of the Golden Horseshoe

Reprinted from the book WEST WIND, the life story of Joseph Reddeford Walker, privately printed for his friends in an edition of 100 copies by PERCY H. BOOTH, Los Angeles, California, Copyright 1934. It is the earliest book on this most eminent early fur-trade figure.

PREFACE

At a meeting of the Los Angeles Electric Club some ten years ago (1924) there was a speaker on the program whose subject was the history of Southern California. In the course of his remarks he referred to Joseph Reddeford Walker as one of the early frontiersmen who made his way from the Rocky Mountain area to Southern California.

My business interests later often took me to Owens Valley and on my way both going and returning I passed and repassed the highway leading to Walker's Pass. I began to wonder what manner of man this mountaineer and trapper could have been who gave his name to a mountain pass, a river, and a lake, and after vainly searching for books to satisfy my curiosity, I resolved that some day the story of Walker's journeyings should be written.

To honor this neglected pioneer traveler and explorer, whose first visit to California, which occurred a full century ago, had an important bearing upon this state's destiny, I requested Mr. Douglas S. Watson, editor of the California Historical Society's Quarterly, to gather and examine all the evidence obtainable concerning the exploits of Joseph Reddeford Walker and arrange it for publication.

WEST WIND is the result of his efforts and my tribute to a great pathfinder.—Percy H. Booth

$125.00 RARE BOOK

Reprinted COMPLETE in this Issue!

SOLID MERCHANTS, governors of the London Company, were gathered round the council board in smug comfort and security.

Jamestown in Virginia had just been settled. To Captain Smith and his fellow colonists the Board of the London Company was about to send a supply ship under the command of Captain Newport. It was September, 1608, and these worthy gentlemen, who had embarked their capital in the enterprise, were engaged in drawing up instructions to serve Captain Newport as a guide in his conduct of the voyage.

"And we must know what lies beyond our settlement in Virginia," urged one.

"Write that into Captain Newport's instructions," decided the chairman, and forthwith it was made plain that London had felt the mysterious influence of the West Wind and that Captain Newport, once his cargo was safely landed, should undertake an exploration into that vast unknown land beyond the hazy Blue Ridge from whence the breezes blew down the James River.

The voyage was successful. Captain Newport brought his vessel to anchor before the infant colony, and stepping ashore, conferred with Captain John Smith. To him he showed his instructions; they were definite and admitted of no delay.

"Of course you will have to do as you are bidden," observed Captain Smith, "but none-the-less the Governors of the London Company are fools. They should busy themselves with the support of Jamestown. There will be time enough, later on, for exploration. This colony needs their earnest efforts now, all their attention."

But Captain Newport sallied forth only to return without having attained his object. The hazy Blue Ridge remained untrodden ground. The obstacles in his path were then insurmountable, and so they remained during long years.

None ventured from Virginia into the mountains that marked the western horizon, no one tracked the West Wind to its lair. Mystery hid the great beyond like a curtain, yet there was constant talk of expeditions to lay bare its secrets.

And then in 1653 in response to many applications, the governing body of the Colony passed an enactment. "Whereas," it ran, "divers gentlemen have a voluntarie desire to discover the Mountains and have supplicated for lycence to this Assembly . . . that order be granted unto any for so doing. Provided they go with a considerable strength and ammunition."

Yet even with this encouragement nothing was done. And time ran on until energetic Alexander Spotswood landed in Virginia as Lieutenant Governor of the province.

Spotswood found that the West began but a few miles back from tidewater. From that frontier lay vast stretches of country extending no one knew how far. Somewhere in that distant West, Drake had landed, calling his discovery New Albion, LaSalle had led his French down the Mississippi; the trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company had ventured into the great Northwest; the French had made settlements at Kaskasia in 1700; in Detroit in 1701; in Mobile in 1702; and they had established Vincennes in 1705. But no Englishman had yet braved the dangers of the wilderness. Governor Spotswood was to make the first attempt.

TWO YEARS BEFORE the French under Bienville founded New Orleans, Spotswood set out. This was in 1716. On a bright August day he gathered his party about him. The venturesome among the gentlemen of Virginia flocked to the governor's aid once the decision to make the journey was made known. Some fifty Virginians with their black servants made up the personnel. There were Indian guides to show the way, and a complete complement of pack animals to carry the necessary comforts and provisions. Never did explorers set forth with greater attention to personal comfort. Nothing was lacking to make this attempt to penetrate the wilderness of the West as near a pleasure jaunt as possible. From the vineyards along the Rapidan, planted by German colonists from the Rhineland, came wine in abundance. Nor were cherry brandy and cognac forgotten; it is even recorded that champagne "popped merrily in the wilderness."

Song and laughter made light of the obstacles encountered. The Shenandoah Valley was reached, and there the governor bestowed the name of "Euphrates" upon the river, a lack of appropriateness since remedied. Then followed the climbing of the rocky, mountainous country that lay beyond. Horseshoes in quantity had been provided against just such a contingency and they were necessary, for, while in the Virginia lowlands animals went unshod, here protection against the rough terrain was essential.

The highest peak was scaled, and there, after cutting the name of George I into the face of a cliff, His Majesty's health was pledged in champagne, and after naming a lower and adjoining summit in the governor's honor, the party began the return journey.

The West had been penetrated by English-speaking men for the first time, and as they had stood with their backs to the east they had looked forth into the great wilderness that lay between them and that New Albion Drake had discovered in 1579.

Accomplishment and a safe return warranted a feast. To his board Governor Spotswood gathered his adventurous companions and after the bounteous repast, revealed the great surprise he had in store.

The Reverend Hugh Jones, preaching to his congregation at Bruton later, told them that "The governor presented each of his companions with a golden horseshoe, some of which I have seen, studded with valuable stones, resembling the heads of nails, with the inscription 'Sic juvat transcendere montes.'" Thus it is a pleasure to cross the mountains.

In such fashion it was that the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe sprang into being. "This," explained the Reverend Hugh, "he instituted to encourage gentlemen to venture and make discoveries and new settlements, any gentlemen being entitled to wear this golden shoe that can prove his having drunk His Majesty's health upon Mount George."

The West was now officially open to exploration. How English-speaking men took up the task, how they tracked the West Wind to the shores of the Pacific, where Drake had landed and which he had named New Albion centuries before, is the history of the occupation of this continent, and the life story of Joseph Reddeford Walker.

THE WALKER FAMILY were transcontinentalists. They moved across what is now the United States far in advance of the common herd. They were pioneers to the pioneers—pathfinders—who blazed the trail civilization was to follow, and as such, save for the fact that they had not drunk George the First's health, being good Americans, they were entitled to wear the decoration Governor Spotswood had founded after his jaunt into the then Farthest West.

The spirit of adventure flamed in the breast of the elder Walker, head of the family. Traces of his movements may be gathered from two of Virginia's counties before we find him breasting the mountains, where Governor Spotswood carved his sovereign's name, to establish his home in the wilds of Tennessee. One son, Joel P. Walker, was born in Goochland County, Virginia. Later we find the Walkers in Rockbridge County in the some state, but in 1798 they had settled in Roane County in Tennessee, some few miles westward of Knoxville, then little more than a blockhouse or place of refuge whither the venturesome pioneers might gather in case of need.

Indian warfare and the growing of crops filled the days of those early settlers. A trusty long rifle, muzzle-loading of course, was their constant companion whether at home in their rude cabins, or in the field plowing behind slow-paced oxen.

In a clearing overlooking the Tennessee River Father Walker had built a fortress-like home. An acre or two of Indian corn had been grown nearby and harvested, as the scattered stubble showed. And surrounding all was a forest, now bare of leaves, for it was winter.

During the night of December 13, 1798 a male child was born in that stronghold farmstead on the bank of the Tennessee, and the West Wind soughing through naked forest trees and moaning round the mud and stone chimney all but drowned his first feeble cries—the West Wind he was destined to face all the days of his life. Mother and father agreed upon a name for the child; Joseph Reddeford Walker, much too long by far for the rough frontiersmen and mountaineers he was later to make his companions. They were content to call him Joe Walker, and Joe Walker he became.

Like all frontier boys Joe grew up to know that his long rifle was to be his best friend and inseparable companion. Indians and their ways were an open book to him. He rode, shot, trapped, hunted, plowed and harvested as befitted a pioneer, a worthy son of a worthy father.

The elder Walker died when Joe was quite young, but he left five sons to bear his name and to spread their fame throughout the West: Joel, Joe, Sam, Ike, and John.

Family tradition has it that John perished in the immortal defense of the Alamo with Davy Crockett; that Isaac lost his life in battle with the Mormons in Arizona; and that Samuel died while crossing the plains in '49. Joel lived to a ripe old age in California, for he, like a true Knight of the Golden Horseshoe, reached the Farthest West.

Joel had volunteered for the Florida War under General Andrew Jackson in 1818, and upon his return to Tennessee he found that Joe Walker had trekked with the rest of the family to Missouri, to the very frontier. Tennessee was becoming much too thickly settled, there were too many neighbors. The Walkers needed more elbow room. Out of the extreme western boundary of Missouri, a few miles south of Fort Osage, now the town of Sibley on the bank of the Big Muddy and near the site of today's Kansas City, Joe Walker found what he wanted. What was later to become Jackson County welcomed the Walkers with open arms; it had need of just such folk.

This move was made in 1818, and when Joel returned from the Florida War in October of the following year he joined forces with Abraham McClelland, later his brother-in-law, and set out from

Columbia, Maury County, Tennessee by ox-team to make the six-weeks-long journey to the new Walker home.

There he did what all pioneers did. He put in a crop, renting government land surrounding Fort Osage for that purpose. Once again the five Walker brothers were reunited with their mother and sisters. All accounts agree that all were six feet or over in height, and of powerful frame. These stalwart sons were the mother's pride. They launched into trade with the Indians when they were not busy with the crops. The vast unknown West now lay at their very door and the setting sun seemed to beckon them on and on. All five were soon to win their spurs as true Knights of the Golden Horseshoe.

SEÑOR Facundo Melgares was the last of Spain's Royal Governors in New Mexico. His Excellency ruled that far-away province from 1818 until Mexican Independence was acknowledged in 1822. Vast prairies crowded with unnumbered buffalo and roving bands of Indians—Pawnees, Sioux, Comanches, Arapahoes—and forbidding, snow-capped mountains separated the American frontier settlements from Santa Fe, the sleepy capital where Señor Melgares guided the destinies of Spanish sovereignty.

Trade with New Mexico was prohibited by the law of Spain, jealous of the ever-nearing approach of the westward-moving Americans. But to Joe Walker such a condition seemed an opportunity; if he could successfully placate the Spanish officials, the results would be lucrative. He took the chance.

In the spring of 1820 Walker joined a party of trappers bound for the Rockies, then just beginning to rouse the interest of the seeker after peltries. With him he carried goods for trade. The party started off toward the Platte, turned south through the parks of Colorado, hunting and trapping as they went. Beaver were plentiful. The streams were virgin, but as they neared the New Mexican frontier fear that their goods would be confiscated led Joe Walker and his companions to cache their belongings on the banks of the Upper Arkansas before venturing into New Mexico and Santa Fe. It was well that they did.

When the band approached the New Mexican capital, they were met by the military, arrested and promptly thrown into jail. It began to look as though Joe Walker's essay as a Santa Fe trader would cease even before it began; but for a fortuitous circumstance, such might have been the case. Day after day passed in the durance of the New Mexican *calabozo*. The situation seemed hopeless, but from what Joe Walker could gather from his guards' conversation there was something on foot, something Señor Melgares hoped to accomplish but feared to attempt.

Marauding Pawnees thumbed their noses at the Spanish and their attempts to prevent the Indians' raiding expeditions. The might and power of Spain were set at naught by the savages. Accustomed to the docility of the Pueblo Indians of the Rio Grande Valley, the armed force under His Excellency did not know how to circumvent the ever-present danger of raids by the Indians from the north.

Joe Walker thought out a plan of action. By signs and in halting and broken Spanish he had picked up during his incarceration, he made known to his jailers that he wished to speak to the governor in person. It took much explaining to make his guards understand what he wanted, but at length word was carried to His Excellency that one of the American prisoners had something to divulge, and Señor Melgares graciously consented to interview him.

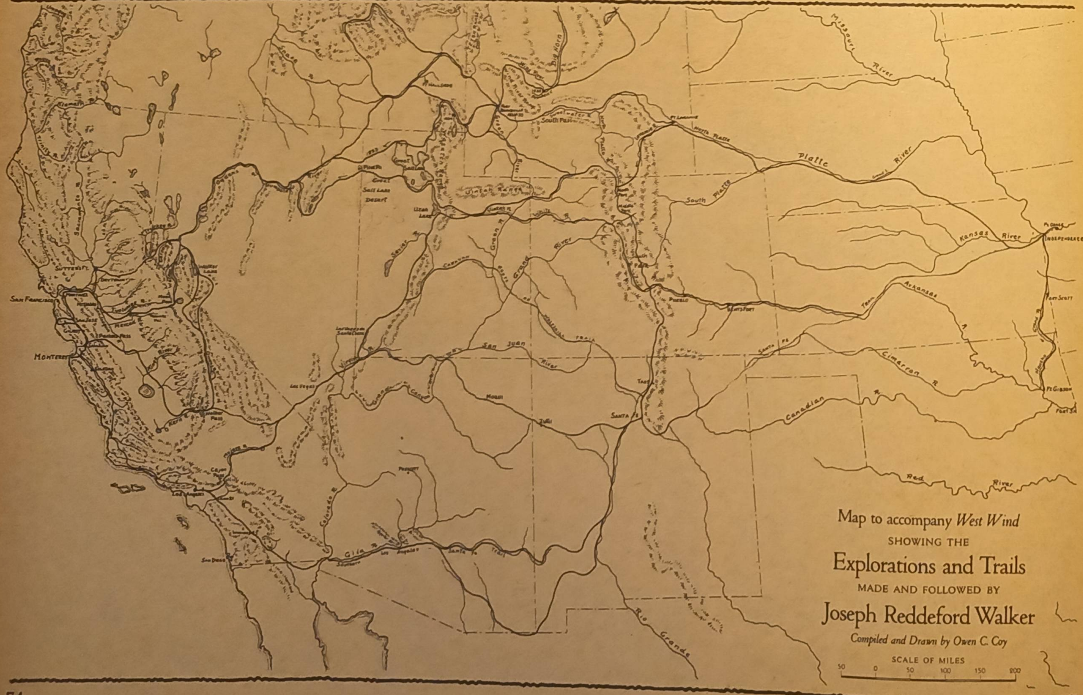
Walker offered to undertake the taming of the offending Pawnees, provided he and his straight-shooting companions were freed, given such military support as the governor could provide, but leaving the conduct of the affair in Walker's hands.

There were many conferences. Some wiseacres shook their heads. Others reminded the governor that the law was inflexible, and that since he had the offending Americans in jail, he should keep them there. In the end, Walker prevailed.

With the assistance of some friendly Sioux he encountered on the march, but lacking the active cooperation of the lazy Spanish soldiery, Walker and his companions surprised the enemy. Straight-shooting Americans, fearless and crafty in Indian warfare, won the day, much to the surprise and delight of their Spanish-speaking companions who rushed in valiantly when victory seemed certain.

A part of Walker's bargain was freedom to trade, if successful. The battle over, he reminded the Spanish of their promise and set off to dig up his caches on the Arkansas. Here we must leave him, and return to Missouri to pick up the movements of his brother Joel.

STEPHEN COOPER in the spring of 1822 evolved the same idea that had occurred to Joe Walker two years previously. He believed that trade with the Spanish in Santa Fe would be highly profitable. At Franklin on the Missouri he gathered a party of thirty frontiersmen about him, among them Joel Walker, Joe's older brother.



Map to accompany *West Wind*
SHOWING THE
Explorations and Trails
MADE AND FOLLOWED BY
Joseph Reddeford Walker
Compiled and Drawn by Owen C. Coy

Toward the end of May the expedition started. All went well until they reached the upper Arkansas. There they ran into countless buffalo and Indians. In the early hours of June 1, just at dawn, a shot resounded, waking the careless camp.

"Indians!" cried the surprised traders.

"They've stampeded the horses!" warned one of the men, and naked as he was, Joel Walker took up the pursuit on foot, running a mile to no purpose. Fifty horses constituted the booty. But nine animals remained. To go forward without adequate pack trains and mounts was inviting failure, so it was decided that Cooper, Bird, McKenney and Joel Walker should return to the settlements for horses, while the rest of the party should continue on toward Santa Fe; the four who went back for animals to overtake the others en route.

Disaster overtook the marchers. They cut across country in an endeavor to shorten distance. Their troubles began. For a day and a half they were without water, and in this condition Joel Walker and his companions found them on their return. The party had scattered. One group of eighteen men had clung together. Joel guided these to a pond in the prairie where for two days he tended them, keeping the thirsty buffalo away from the precious water.

From the skin of a buffalo's thigh he fashioned a water sack, filled it, and went in search of the missing men. It began to hail. A storm of great violence swept the prairie. After a night of terrific discomfort, Joel Walker encountered two of the men, then a band of seven. The precious water saved their lives.

All were now accounted for save Will Huddard. He was finally found, a pitiable and awful sight. Even after the lapse of half a century Joel Walker, steeled as he was to hardship and bloodshed, shuddered as he told the tale.

Crazy with thirst, Huddard wandered from his fellows. His strength was waning. His tongue was purple. His eyes filmed. His legs almost refused to hold him. Thus he staggered along. A lone buffalo bull strayed over a rise. Huddard summoned all his force; raised his rifle; fired. The lucky shot brought the beast to his knees and Huddard crawled savagely toward him. His knife dispatched the animal, and ripping open the carcass, Huddard, bearded and with long unkempt, flowing hair, plunged forward to slake his dire thirst with blood. Thus Joel Walker found him; a horrid sight, dripping with gore from head to foot.

After Huddard's rescue, the party moved on to a camp beside the Arkansas where the invalids were restored to strength. While there a lone horseman was descried.

"An Indian!" cried the man on watch.

Joel Walker came to his side. The horseman was approaching at an easy lope, his long hair rising and falling with the horse's every movement.

"A lone Indian!" cried Walker in wonderment, but as the on-comer neared he gave a shout.

It was Joe Walker returning from Santa Fe, after his brush with the Pawnees, to dig up his caches.

There on the prairies, the two brothers met after a separation of two years. "I took you for an Injun!" was Joel's greeting.

Joe Walker un-cached his trade goods and joined the Cooper band, and the united party set their faces toward the Mexican settlements.

In recounting his experiences in after years Joel said: "This was the first trip ever made from Missouri to Santa Fe." In this he was quite correct, for Joe Walker had gone to the same destination in a roundabout way.

At Santa Fe they found that Joe Walker had opened the way; the Mexicans begrudgingly made good their promise of non-interference. Trade was good. "Two bales of bleached domestic cotton sold for $45.00 a bale. A little looking glass worth ten cents was easily sold for one dollar."

While at Santa Fe an old woman came to their camp to caution them. "You are among bad, bad people," she warned. "But if they start to imprison you, you with your men and your rifles could easily take the town." As all the goods had been disposed of, they look leave of their hosts, keeping in mind the old woman's timely advice, and started back for Missouri which they reached without further adventure.

ALONG THE paved highways of today's Kansas are red granite milestones marking the site of the Old Santa Fe Trail. These are reminiscent of the task which Joe Walker undertook after his return to Missouri from his first journey into New Mexico. The yoke of Spain had been thrown off. Mexico no longer acknowledged a trans-Atlantic sovereign, and the distant province of New Mexico with its scattered white population, its Indian pueblos dotting the course of the Rio Grande, and its ruling *ricos* huddled for safety and comfort in the capital town of Santa Fe fell under the rule of Francisco Xavier Chavez who styled himself *jefe politico*. In fact he was governor, but under the new regime with its more democratic ideas, the former designation smacked too much of royalty.

The possibilities of trade between the United States and the now independent nation to the southwest took the fancy of those who directed the affairs of our government in Washington. The first caravan to Santa Fe under Stephen Cooper had shown what might be expected of a commerce intrepid men could conduct if some slight assistance were given by the federal government. Money was appropriated for the survey and marking of the route to the new Mexican towns from the Missouri River, and Joe Walker was engaged to guide the engineers who had the job in hand.

His recommendations for the position were many; he knew the route, he understood the Indians and Indian warfare, and he knew how to subsist, how to obtain food both for himself and those dependent upon him, thanks to his long rifle.

The year 1824 saw the survey party leave the settlements and strike out into the trackless prairies. Indians and herds of buffalo roamed across their path, the only living things that occupied Joe Walker's thoughts. Indians meant danger; buffalo, food. It was Joe Walker's task to look after both while his companions went on with their work.

The occasional bands of savages they met marveled at the mounds of earth the survey crews threw up from time to time; these were but markers to designate the trail. Each high point on the route was the site of one of these piles, and they were so situated that from one the next was visible. In a country where stone was obtainable, cairns of rock would have been used, but the Kansas prairie was devoid of such material, forcing the surveyors to resort to a temporary expedient which winter rains soon leveled. The absence of trees, save along the few rivers and their tributaries, prevented the erection of wooden guides to mark the way.

From all accounts the expedition was not crowned with the success anticipated. The elements were unkind to the party's efforts. One good storm destroyed what hours of toil had accomplished. The earth mounds soon were obliterated, but Joe Walker always maintained that the effort made to lay out the route should be considered as an advance in the right direction, for in his own words, "It served to break the crust."

Years later caravan after caravan, following the same trail, made a visible road over which the growing trade with Santa Fe and the towns on the Rio Grande was carried, first by pack trains, and then by long lines of covered wagons.

The vicinity of Fort Osage where the Walker family had made their home was filling up with adventurous spirits, men driven to the frontier by many causes; some seeking freedom from inquiring peace officers in their former haunts. Here, they felt, they would be undisturbed. There were others who were drawn by tales of profitable trade both with the Indians and the Spanish-speaking people of New Mexico, while still others came seeking the possibilities of the newly opened fur trade in the Rockies.

WITH THE advent of the white man, the Indians became less troublesome. Finally the government decided to give up its military establishment at Fort Osage, and to permit the settlers to organize themselves into a civil community. This was the state of affairs when Joe Walker returned from helping mark the Santa Fe Trail. The legislature of Missouri passed an act in 1827 creating Jackson County, and the inhabitants looked about for suitable men to establish the new government. Foremost in their minds was the necessity of having a sheriff who not only possessed integrity and the respect of his fellow citizens, but who was known to be possessed of outstanding courage. It required a brave and fearless man to keep the lawless and restless frontiersmen in order. The choice fell upon Joe Walker. He was elected the first sheriff of Jackson County by acclamation, a difficult post he held with outstanding success for two successive terms of two years each.

In the organization of the county Joe Walker's advice was often sought by the steering committee having the matter in hand. A site for the county seat was to be decided upon, likewise a name for the new town. Joe Walker selected both, and his choice was Independence, long famous as the point of departure for Santa Fe and later for Oregon and California. Independence was the boundary between civilization and the great beyond—there the West began.

Sheriff Joe Walker had his hands full. Keeping order among the rough element who frequented Jackson County was no easy job. Bad men had to be cowed, and they were. Joe's fame as a shot spread rapidly. His total absence of fear was known to every wrongdoer. The saloons and gambling houses that had sprung up about the square in the new town of Independence were breeding places for trouble, but Sheriff Walker's quietly spoken admonition was usually sufficient to quell matters before they became serious.

Joe Walker's keen appraisal of men

dates from this time. He was a man of few words, and these were always said in low tones and without bravado. But there was a sharp glance of his blue eyes that told his listener more than the words themselves. He always had complete command of himself; the law was on his side and he personified its dignity. His reserve did not leave him cold, however. He was as human as a man could be, enjoying a hearty laugh whenever occasion arose, kindly to a fault, and in the administration of justice he tempered inflexibility with horse sense. The fact that his fellow-citizens honored him with a second term as sheriff is proof that he handled his difficult office with success.

The Santa Fe trade was growing. Franklin down the Missouri River soon lost its hold, and it was to Independence that the aspiring merchants flocked to organize their caravans. Horses, mules and oxen were necessary to outfit these trading trains, and Joe Walker saw in this an opportunity. Likewise, the newly organized fur companies needed animals, for they, too, made Independence their starting point. Goods came up the Missouri from St. Louis on wheezy sternwheelers. These river boats discharged their cargoes at Sibley where Fort Osage formerly frowned upon the muddy stream. From there to Independence was but a few miles. Trains of ox-drawn wagons, three, four, even six yoke to a wagon, creaked through the summer dust and the spring mud to carry the cargoes to the great square in Independence where the traders made up their caravans.

When the coming election of 1831 was spoken of and Joe Walker was urged to run a third time for sheriff, he shook his head. The pay of a sheriff in Jackson County, Missouri, in those days was a pittance. Many a man of less resource was making ten times what Joe was getting. He was adamant in his refusal. Honor was a fine thing, but he was satisfied with the honor he had received. He was thirty-three, and it was high time that he make a start on his own account. What he had done so far was only in the nature of preparation for tasks to come. It behooved him to make a change. Joe wound up his affairs as sheriff, told his family goodbye, and launched into a trade which was to determine the course of his after life, only he did not then know it.

From Texas, cattle and horses drifted into the Cherokee Nation in what is now Oklahoma. There was the opportunity Joe was looking for, there he could gather together bands of horses, mules and cattle so greatly needed by the traders who made up their caravans at Independence., Joe headed southward with goods to trade for livestock.

Joseph Reddeford Walker, at the age of sixty years

WHEN JOE WALKER mounted his rawboned roan horse, Tennessee, early in February, 1831, the rigors of winter had passed; the first signs of coming spring were in the air; a flight of swallows flew over the great square in Independence as he led his small pack-train past the groups of loungers gathered before the saloons and trading houses. They shouted a farewell at him, and added a friendly wave of godspeed. A mixed lot were these onlookers—Osage Indians, a few Pawnees, mixed-breeds, French Creoles from St. Louis and Louisiana, and rough Tennesseans and Kentuckians dressed in deerskin, befringed and soiled from wear. These latter were bearded; their long hair rubbing over their shoulders had left black greasy smears. All wore caps of fur and clung to their long rifles as if expecting instant trouble.

Two of Walker's companions rode in the rear, herding the laden animals forward. Each of these beasts of burden carried three well-wrapped bundles; two slung so as to rest in thongs and straps on either side, the third lashed upon the top of the other two. These packages each weighed about sixty pounds, the three making the usual load for pack-train animals.

Joe Walker had provided sufficient trade goods to give him the number of fur-footed beasts he hoped to drive back to Independence in the month of May. In those days one did not go buying with coin. Every transaction was swap, and he who understood human nature, especially Indian human nature, might be expected to achieve success.

The road, or rather trail, Joe Walker took led southward, roughly following the western boundary of Missouri. At times it swerved to the right, and the travelers found themselves on the Kansas prairie. They passed Fort Scott and the Osage villages, and drifted southward until they crossed into the watershed of the Grand or Neosho River, down which they made their way to Fort Gibson.

Joe Walker was not in the heart of the Cherokee Nation, for Fort Gibson had long been the headquarters of that region. There the government maintained several companies of the 7th United States Infantry. In 1831 it was a place of consequence. Even Sam Houston had found it a refuge after his departure from Tennessee, and it was there he had spent many a pleasant evening discussing his plans for Texas with the genial commander of B Company, who in his turn had expounded to the man, who was to take such a prominent part in the affairs of the Lone Star Republic, his plans for exploring the unknown West.

Walker made camp under the shelter of the cantonment, then mounted again to pay his respects to its officers. His fame as a pioneer traveler into the Rockies and to Santa Fe had preceded him. He was just the man the Captain of B Company wanted to converse with. When the official visits were over, it was to that officer's quarters that Joe Walker was led.

A bottle was produced. The guest was seated in a comfortable chair, and his host proposed his health.

"You're mighty kind, Captain Bonneville. It sure is fine to sit in a chair again, to be in a house, and to have a gentleman to talk to."

The Captain smiled, and passed his hand over his bald head. "I have often heard of you, Joe Walker, and the more I have heard, the more I wanted to see and talk with you. You are the very man I need to make a success of the plan I have had in mind for a long, long time." And the rather foreign-looking officer drew up a chair.

They talked until it was time to dine, and after dinner the talk went on. It was late that night when Joe Walker returned to his camp, escorted thither by his host, who on leaving him exacted a promise of more talk the next day. That night Joe Walker fell asleep dreaming of Indian encounters in the Rockies, of trapping for beaver, of exploring the wilds that lay in the great beyond.

Captain Bonneville had told him sketchily of his life, how as a boy he had come from France with his mother and under the guidance of Thomas Paine, the author of *Common Sense*, the little pamphlet that had so roused the colonies just before the Revolutionary War; how he had been appointed as aide to Lafayette during that great Frenchman's visit to the United States in 1825 as guest of the nation, and how later in his desire for adventure he had applied again for frontier service and that he had been stationed at Fort Gibson ever since.

"And now I want to go exploring, and I want you to serve as my lieutenant and guide. I have talked with my good friend Michel Cerré of St. Louis about the expedition into the Rockies for furs. He agrees with me that it would be profitable. Do you think so?"

"Yes, Captain, I do," answered Joe Walker.

"Will you be at leisure to go next year?"

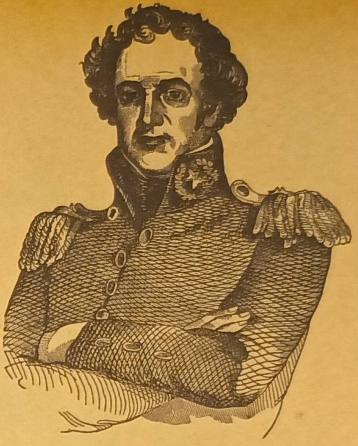
"Yes, I think so, Captain," said Joe cautiously.

"Well, tomorrow we will go more definitely into our plans."

IT IS small wonder then that Joe Walker dreamed of the wide-open spaces and Indians that night. His imagination was fired. Bonneville was a type man he had not come in contact with before; a polished and educated gentleman who had traveled in Europe, for when Lafayette returned to France after his epochal visit in 1825, Bonneville had accompanied him and remained months as the great Frenchman's guest. Joe Walker was drawn to his host. Here was a man, he felt, who, while he admitted that he knew the fur trade only by hearsay and casual contact with the rough trappers and traders who drifted from time to time into Fort Gibson. nevertheless had set his heart upon adventure and who was willing to gather about him those best qualified to guide him.

Captain Bonneville had confided to Joe Walker that the government had acceded to his request to be placed on detached service beginning February 25 and that the scene of his labors for the next few months would be in the Osage Nation where he expected to gather information which would forward his future plans.

Before Joe Walker left Fort Gibson he and Captain Bonneville had discussed the intended venture from all angles. and Joe had agreed to join up. provided the Captain could obtain the financial support that would be necessary. Again Bonneville wrote to the War Department. This time it was a furlough for six months that he wanted. If this should



General Alexander Macomb

be granted, he would go to New York where his friend, Alfred Seton, resided. Bonneville felt that Seton, an old Astor man, who had made his way back from Astoria overland after the British had taken possession of that post during the War of 1812, would not only join in backing the enterprise but would be instrumental in inducing others to do so. With Michel Sylvestre Cerré of St. Louis ready to take charge of the business end of the fur venture, with Joe Walker as guide and counsellor, and with funds from his eastern friends, the Bonneville plan should leave nothing wanting to make it a success.

When it came time for Joe Walker to take his departure, Captain Bonneville's cup of happiness was brimming. His imagination had obliterated all obstacles. He felt certain that his request for a furlough would be granted, which it was on April 3, 1831. Bonneville made all haste to reach St. Louis, where he spent days arranging with Cerré for his participation in the great enterprise, then hurried on to New York. Joe Walker had given his promise to cooperate with Cerré in the make-up of the expedition's personnel, and had taken upon himself the transport arrangements, which were to be of a new order, for Joe had assured the Captain that it would be possible to take wagons into the heart of the Rockies, wagons drawn by mules and horses, and thus carry larger stocks of trade goods to barter for beaver pelts than if the usual pack trains were used.

Joe Walker went back to Independence with the cattle, mules and horses he had been able to pick up in trade, arriving in time to sell his animals successfully to the trappers and traders who left for the West early in the summer of 1831. He had the fall and winter before him in which to carry out the plans for the expedition Captain Bonneville was to lead the next year. There was much to do; and he went at his task with a will when he received the letter from New York telling him to go ahead.

Bonneville wrote that he had seen his friend, Alfred Seton, that the money for the enterprise had been obtained, and that he had journeyed to Washington where he had laid his plans before Major General Alexander Macomb, commanding officer of the Army, and that that gentleman was in hearty agreement with it, especially as Bonneville had offered to make it his business to note the numbers of the various Indian tribes, their fighting qualities, their disposition toward the American Government, and in addition to map as much of those little known regions of the Rockies as he would visit in his trading and trapping operations. The upshot of the interview with General Macomb was a two-year leave, dated August 3, 1831, which was sent to Captain Bonneville at his New York address.

All was settled. Joe Walker got busy, and while the Captain hastened back to St. Louis to confer with Michel Cerré, he began to pick and choose from among the frontiersmen and mountaineers who were available. What remained of the year 1831 and the spring of 1832 was devoted to the business at hand. There was much to be done, for Captain Bonneville wished to lead the best equipped party to the mountains that ever set out from Independence. Everything was to be of the best, and the number of men who were to make up the complement of the party was to be anything but niggardly. One hundred and ten men—trappers, hunters, guides, servants, were to be enlisted—a small army, and food and trade goods sufficient for two years had to be bought, packed and shipped from far away St. Louis to the landing on the Missouri River where Fort Osage had once stood.

By the middle of April, 1832, Joe Walker had things in shape for the departure which Captain Bonneville had scheduled for the first of May.

MAY FIRST, 1832, came at last, and everything was ready. Twenty stout wagons, laden with food and trade goods, drawn by sturdy horses and splendid Missouri mules, were lined up at the Missouri River landing, recently christened Sibley, where the government outpost had been maintained until 1827. All waited for the word to start.

Seldom had the Sibley landing seen such bustle. Men on horseback galloped here and there taking note of last moment preparations. Captain Bonneville, mounted. and togged out in deerskin, surveyed the caravan with an appraising eye. Evidently he was satisfied, for he raised his arm in signal to Joe Walker who had taken station at the head of the line.

"Catch up!" he ordered. and amid a cracking of whips and volleys of rough language, the wheels began to move. It had rained the night before. Mud was thick on the dirt road. The mules and horses slid and slipped. Progress was slow, but at length the file of wagons passed Captain Bonneville who watched them with pride and, as the last of the line came abreast. he spurred his horse and joined Joe Walker at the head of the column.

Late spring rains had swept the country, transforming the usually dusty tracks that went by the name of roads, mere clearings through the forest-covered rolling land, into quagmires. It took the caravan five days to reach Independence, only fifteen miles from the river landing, and a week more to march to the banks of the Kansas River which lay on the western boundary of Missouri. Often deep cuts had to be made down the steep banks of small streams so that the heavy wagons and their loads could be brought to the farther side.

The Kansas River was crossed and the party moved forward in marching order. Two lines of wagons were formed. The loose animals were driven between, and thus the long journey across the prairie to the Platte, or Nebraska River as it was sometimes called in those days, began. The train made slow progress. Twenty days were required to reach the river goal but there was no murmuring for it was more like a pleasure excursion than business, this march of theirs. The old trappers of the party took life easy while they could, knowing that it would be far different once they reached the mountains. The greenhorns listened open-mouthed to the tales of Indians and narrow escapes which the veterans amused themselves by telling. Even Joe Walker as he rode ahead with Captain Bonneville was induced to talk of his experiences and those of men like Jedediah Smith, for news that Smith had lost his life the previous summer at the hands of Comanche Indians on the Cimarron had drifted into Independence during the spring and was still the topic of conversation.

Joe Walker told the Captain that he knew Smith intimately, that he had often talked with him about his long journey into California in the fall of 1826, and of how Smith and his men had arrived at the Mission of San Gabriel to the great surprise of the padres. Smith's difficulties with the Mexican officials interested Bonneville greatly, and as Walker briefly recounted how Smith had overcome them and had led his men into the great California valley, leaving them there to hunt during the summer while he returned with two companions over the Sierra Nevada to the rendezvous of that year at Bear River, Bonneville's astonishment increased. Smith's return to California, the massacre of most of his men by the Mohave Indians at the crossing of the Colorado; his joining with the party he had left in California; their imprisonment in Monterey; their release; and their journey northward to their final catastrophe on the Umpqua River in Oregon where after a second massacre but two others and Smith remained to make their way empty-handed to the Hudson's Bay station at Fort Vancouver on the Columbia; the rescue of their furs by Dr. McLoughlin of the great British company and their purchase by that gentleman for $20,000 all excited Bonneville's imagination.

Often he returned to Smith's experiences as the first overland traveler to reach California. This and the party's fur catch for which Dr. McLoughlin of the Hudson's Bay Company paid $20,000 left an indelible impression. Captain Bonneville time and again brought them into the conversation during the seemingly endless days of prairie travel.

Another thing seemed to interest him greatly. This was the occasional bands of Indians they encountered on the way. Nothing would do but that the caravan must stop while the Captain entertained the visitors, passed the pipe of peace, and chatted through an interpreter, usually Joe Walker himself.

The discipline of the caravan was almost military, enough so as to be noticeable even to the savage nomads. Universally they referred to its leader as the "bald-headed chief," a title that stuck to him throughout his stay in the mountains.

Captain Benjamin L. E. Bonneville

ON JUNE 2 the Platte River was reached at a point some twenty-five miles downstream from Grand Island, but as it was there far too wide—over a mile, in fact—to attempt its crossing, the train headed west along the south bank. For more than 125 miles this course was followed, and then on the 11th of June the forks of the river were reached. This was familiar ground to Joe Walker for this had been his route when he had made his first trip into Santa Fe in 1820. Two days longer the south fork was followed, and then under Joe Walker's advice the fording of this branch was undertaken.

This was a task of no mean labor, for quicksand made it unsafe to drive laden wagons through the stream. The huge vehicles were dismantled, their wheels were removed, and the beds, covered with buffalo hides and smeared with tallow and ashed for caulking, were transformed into boats which, under the guidance of three men, were poled across the river to the north bank. The operation took two days but was successfully carried out. The animals were herded across, and the march began once more. When they neared the main river, the aspect of the country changed greatly. The prospect was no longer monotonous rolling prairie over which the welcome West Wind blew its cooling breezes to allay the heat of the hot summer days, but rugged cliffs and fantastic rock forms lined the valley through which the Platte flowed.

Chimney Rock rose before them like a monument erected by man. This and Scott's Bluff the Captain noted in his diary, but the presence of endless herds of buffalo made more of an impression upon the party than even the beauties of Nature. There was fresh meat for the asking, and soon the dearth which had ruled the caravan during the latter part of its march over the prairie came to an end. That evening the savory odor of roasting buffalo steaks rose from the campfire of each mess.

An advance guard of scouts and hunters rode before the train. This precaution not only served as protection but was a source of supply for the caravan's larder. The afternoon of June 24 this vanguard came galloping back waving their fur caps and shouting, when within hearing distance: "Indians! Indians!"

Soon a party of sixty braves in war dress made their appearance, sallying out from one of the deep gullies which seamed the high land above the river along which the Bonneville party was traveling. Immediately the caravan was halted and formed into a hollow square for defense, while Captain Bonneville, Joe Walker and a half dozen mountain men advanced to meet the band who proved to be Crow Indians, a war party in pursuit of a number of Cheyenne braves who after rushing the Crow lodges and killing one man had made off. Later the Crow chief told Captain Bonneville that they had been on the trail of their enemies for more than twenty-five days.

With Indian bravado, the Crows came forward at a gallop, broke ranks as they neared, and circling the Captain and his party, greeted them with whoops and war cries; then reining their ponies they dismounted and extended their hands as a sign of friendship. Joe Walker motioned to their guests to be seated, and doing likewise, produced a pipe, carefully loaded it, lit it, and passing it to Captain Bonneville, the smoke of peace began. These Indians begged to remain with the fur traders' camp overnight, and although their reputation as great horse thieves was widespread, thanks to the vigilance maintained, the night passed without incident.

Two days later the caravan reached the Laramie fork, a spot well known later to all California emigrants who traveled the South Pass route, for there three years later was built the stronghold to which was given the name Fort William Sublette, afterwards to be known as Fort Laramie. The route now became increasingly difficult. Often gullies had to be filled so that the wagons might cross, and at times it was even necessary to lower the vehicles over precipices by means of ropes. The dry atmosphere also made itself felt, for the caravan had attained considerable elevation, and the wagon wheels constantly needed attention. Spokes, felloes and hubs became loosened through drying of the wood so that it was necessary to remove the iron tires, nail strips of wood about the circumferences of the wheels, and heating the tires to a glowing heat, replace them and shrink them on by rapid cooling with water.

THE CROW warriors crossed their route again on July 1. This time they were boastful and jubilant. From the spears of five of the party dangled scalps of the Cheyenne braves they had met and "rubbed out," as the mountain men phrased it.

Nothing of consequence occurred for days. They left the course of the Platte on July 12 and two days later were following the Sweetwater.

Then came the Continental Divide and on the 25th of July, camp was made on the banks of a small stream which, because of the trout swimming in it, they knew flowed toward the Pacific. They were now in the midst of the snow-capped summits of the Rockies; at their right rose the Wind River Mountains, before them in the distance was the range that lay to the westward of Green River where Captain Bonneville determined to encamp, abandon his wagons and organize his hunting parties.

The next day an early start was made, for before them was the wide desert-like valley to be crossed before reaching Green River. Toward noon clouds of dust were descried in their rear. The cry of "Indians!" again ran through the caravan and preparations were instantly made for defense. Soon a party of some fifty horsemen approached who proved to be trappers under the leadership of Fontenelle, heading for the American Fur Company's post on the Yellowstone.

Fontenelle was one of Joe Walker's old friends, and as he drew up alongside of Captain Bonneville and his lieutenant, Joe's greeting was, "You seem to be in a powerful hurry to get where you're going, brother."

"And so would you be," returned Fontenelle, "if a band of traders like yours had been ahead of you, eating up all the feed. We're moving on. Got to get to the Green River by night, and then locate some free trappers roaming round these parts and get them to join up with us."

The Bonneville party watched the American Fur Company's pack train move off westward and then followed.

As it turned out, Fontenelle did reach the river that night, but in such an exhausted condition that many of his men were left behind; the next day they straggled in more dead than alive.

That night the Bonneville train bivouacked in the waterless desert, turning their animals loose at dawn to get what moisture they could from the dew on the scant herbage, and it was late that day when they reached the banks of Green River.

Fontenelle's camp lay a short distance upstream. There was some fraternizing, as was usual when two trapping parties met. All this was greatly to Bonneville's disadvantage, for Fontenelle, no amateur in the fur trade and recognizing that Bonneville had a small group of Delaware Indian hunters in his party, men known to be of more than usual worth, enticed them away with a promise of $100 each for the fall hunt.

Bonneville complained bitterly to Joe Walker about this unfair competition, but Joe only shrugged, allowing that that was the way they did things in the mountains. "But," he suggested, "there's nothing to keep us from meeting up with those free trappers Fontenelle was telling about. Say the word, and I'll find them and bring them in."

The next day while the camp was busy making temporary defenses against Indian surprise, Joe Walker and a companion slipped away on their quest.

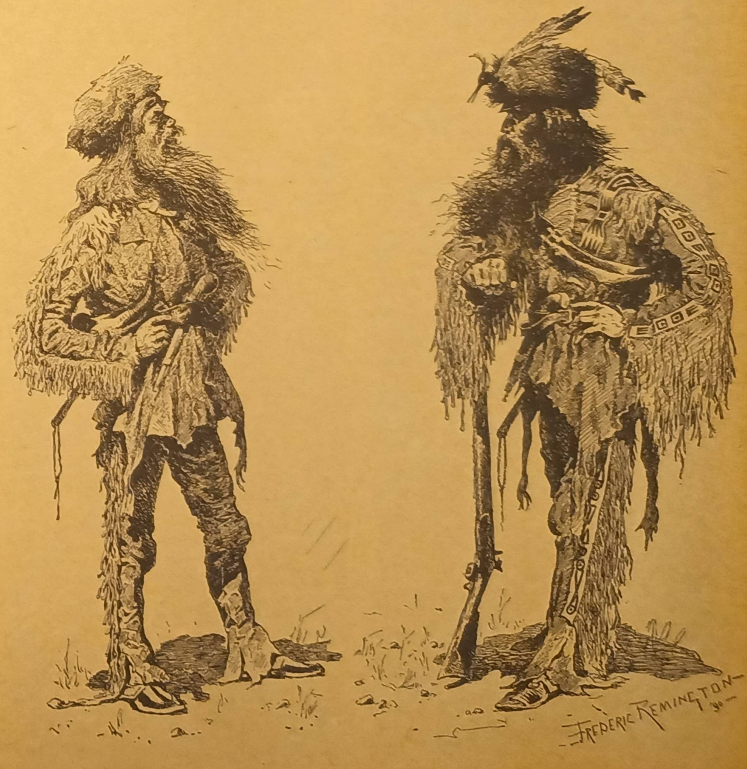
FOR TWO WEEKS Captain Bonneville stayed in camp, his men and animals utterly fagged out by the hardships they had undergone. Toward noon of the 12th day of August, a dust cloud was seen in the distance and in came Joe Walker with his fellow scout, followed by as picturesque and motley a band as it is possible to imagine. These were the free trappers, men not engaged by any of the fur companies, but nomads who led free-lance lives, who trapped wherever fancy suggested, selling their pelts to whom they pleased and looking more like Indians than white men, and proud of it. Their dress was extravagant in its make-up, riotous with color, and even their swagger or walk was in imitation of the savage braves with whom they often consorted.

Captain Bonneville welcomed them with a show of mountain hospitality. Liquor was dispensed, and trade goods displayed, from which the newcomers selected whatever they thought bright and gaudy enough to deck both themselves and their temporary Indian spouses. The hired trappers of the Bonneville party looked upon their new comrades with something approaching envy. They admired their sturdy Indian ponies, daubed with white or scarlet, the saddles and bridles hung with bright ribbons and hawks bells, and the awed greenhorns stared silently at the notched stocks of their guns, each representing a coup or feat of arms in battle.

Camp was broken and the party made its way to Horse Creek, the headwaters of Green River. Here fortifications were thrown up, and preparations made for

"I took ye for an Injin"

Century Magazine, 1913



the fall hunt. The men were divided into groups, each with its leader, and a winter rendezvous was appointed by Captain Bonneville on Salmon River, a confluent of the Columbia, for in that section Captain Bonneville had been told beaver were plentiful and the Indians less liable to cause him trouble.

When most of the party had been dispersed, the matter of cacheing the surplus trade goods and equipment, including the wagons, was undertaken. With great secrecy holes were dug, lined with willow branches, and into them packages of food and other things were piled. More willows were laid above the trove, and after the dirt had been replaced, and all surplus soil thrown into the stream, campfires were lighted over the spot and the horses driven about to obliterate all signs.

Before Captain Bonneville departed from his Green River camp, Vandenburgh of the American Fur Company appeared at Fontenelle's, seeking supplies and bringing news of Pierre's Hole where the bloodthirsty Blackfeet's attempt to rush the encampment at that rendezvous had culminated in the famous fight in which a few of the whites and many Indians had been killed. The presence of this treacherous tribe was one of the causes of Bonneville's selection of the Salmon River hunting ground.

On August 22 all was in readiness for departure. Packs were adjusted upon the mules and horses, and Bonneville led his men out of camp. After the usual hardships attendant on crossing the Teton Range of the Rockies, they arrived at their destination only, to find that game was scarce, and that the more gentle Nez Percés and Flathead Indians in that neighborhood were suffering from that cause.

Here, after camp was established, parties were formed, and the different bands were sent off in various directions. It was now late September. In the higher places snow had already fallen, and the coming winter made it imperative that a food supply be found at once.

JOE WALKER was given twenty men and sent off on the quest. Horse Prairie was his destination, and while on this hunt he had an experience with a wandering band of Blackfeet which fastened itself on his memory, leaving an inhibition he carried until his dying day.

Four men had been told to act as guard. The rest reposed at ease, restoring themselves from the fatigues of the journey, while the animals browsed under what Joe Walker supposed were the watchful eyes of his sentinels. But they, from a feeling of false security and the absence on the prairie of all signs of Indians, became so negligent that upon a suggestion of one of their number that they retire to a nearby growth of willows and enjoy a game of "Old Sledge," a diversion much in vogue among mountain men, all agreed. In the midst of their card playing the firing of a gun and the whoop of an Indian war cry brought the camp up standing.

Seizing his gun, Joe Walker stepped forth from his lodge to find that the Indians were among the mules and horses, some having already mounted, and that a stampede of the rest of the animals was in progress. Cool in an emergency, he called his men about him. Their long rifles barked. One marauding brave after another dropped from his newly acquired mount. The mules aided in the struggle. Bucking and kicking at the intruders, they brought confusion to their ranks. It was not long before the Indians were in retreat toward a bunch of willows. The horses were recovered and the fight began to dislodge the enemy from the shallow pits they had dug for their protection, from which they fired both arrows and their fusees at Walker and his men.

The battle ended with the drawing off of the Indians, but to Joe Walker it remained a classic example of the lack of vigilance which he was wont to cite on all occasions whenever Indians were the topic of talk.

The hunting of buffalo for food and their robes, and the trapping of beaver for their pelts, occupied the days of the mountain men of Joe Walker's command. They were now in the extreme western limits of the buffalo country, but when word was brought to camp that a herd was nearby, a hunt was immediately organized. In this they were assisted by the friendly Nez Percés who had announced the herd's presence. Joe and his men were mounted, the Indians went forth on foot, armed only with spears and bows and arrows. A scout who had been sent on ahead reported that the game was browsing quietly in an adjacent valley. The hunters laid their course accordingly, keeping the West Wind in their faces in order to come upon the buffalo without alarming them. Sallying from a side valley, the horsemen galloped forward eagerly, the Indians running at their side. Soon all was confusion. The herd, frightened by the suddenness of the onslaught, took to its heels; but in the mad rush to escape there was left behind, here and there, a wounded or dead bull or cow.

Provided now with a plentiful supply of meat, most of which was cut into strips and dried for future use—readily accomplished in the dry air of their elevated situation—the party went about the business of trapping beaver. This was an operation Joe Walker had followed from childhood. For in Tennessee beaver pelts had passed currently from hand to hand as coin. Even the tax collectors of those pioneer days had accepted them in lieu of cash.

PROVIDED WITH a number of traps and the very necessary vial of "medicine," or castor, the hunter haunts the mountain streams for signs. These are dams thrown across the watercourses by the little animals (to whom scientists have given the imposing Latin name of *Castor Canadensise*), or newly barked trees like aspen or cottonwood, for beaver feed upon the tender bark of the saplings of these mountain growths. Great care is taken to leave no scent of human origin. The traps are placed either close to the bank where the beaver have been feeding, or near the underwater entrances of their burrows.

At times a hole is made in the dam, thus lowering the level of the beaver-made pond, which the busy and intelligent animals are quick to repair. In the vicinity of the damage traps are set. A long strip of bark is attached to the trap which is weighted with a heavy stone and then placed in position. The bark strip is fastened securely to a stake to prevent the trap's being dragged away, and the stone serves to hold it under water and thus to drown the beaver when once caught.

When these preparations are complete, the medicine, or castor, comes into play. This is the bait, and is obtained from "the glandular pouches of the male animal, which sometimes contain from two to three ounces. This substance is gently squeezed into an open-mouth vial. The contents of five or six of these castor bags is mixed with nutmeg, twelve or fifteen cloves, and thirty grains of cinnamon in fine powder. The whole is then stirred up with as much whiskey as will give it the consistency of mustard prepared for the table. This mixture must be kept closely corked up, and in four or five days the odor will become more powerful; with care it may be preserved for months without injury." So Halsey Thrasher described its preparation in a small manual he wrote more than a half century ago for the guidance of the amateur in beaver trapping.

Trap, bark strip and stake are smeared with medicine, and the trapper moves on to set the rest of his string. Until the stream is trapped out, he makes his rounds, recovering his catch often by wading knee deep into the icy current, for the beaver when caught swims under water in an endeavor to free himself, and thus drags the heavy stone with him. Held down, he drowns.

The streams in the neighborhood of Horse Prairie were not the best of trapping grounds, nevertheless when Joe Walker rejoined Captain Bonneville at the winter rendezvous, his party had a fair catch to show for their efforts.

Winter and spring passed with varying success. Captain Bonneville led his men from the Salmon River country through the mountain passes to the Snake River. The smaller streams were trapped, and here he experienced a taste of the fierce rivalry of the older established fur companies. Milton Sublette with his trappers of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company outwitted him; and the Indians with whom he hoped to trade refused his tempting goods, preferring to do their business with an agent of the Hudson's Bay Company who had come among them, barehanded and without his stock and who was forced to wait in idleness until the arrival of his pack-train with supplies.

Captain Bonneville's thoughts naturally turned to the possibilities of virgin trapping grounds, and the success Jedediah Strong Smith had had in venturing into the far western lands of California. Often as he and Joe Walker rode along together during the early spring days, the subject was spoken of, and plans began to take shape to retrieve the meagre results of Bonneville's first year in the fur business by an expedition to California.

When it came time to journey back to the summer rendezvous at Green River, the details of the venture were practically decided upon. Joe Walker would captain the party, and trade goods and supplies sufficient for a year would be allotted to him to carry out the venture.

IT IS SAID that Beau Brummel started the fashion. Strolling through St. James Park his beaver hat was the focus of the gazes of admiring groups and at once London hatters were besieged for its duplicate, for every dandy must needs have one.

As a result, buckskin-clad mountain men roamed the Rockies, searching out every stream and rivulet inhabited by the furry rodents whose pelts were so much in demand. A vast business was launched with St. Louis as its headquarters. Fur companies sprang into being, rivals of the ancient Hudson's Bay Company, all intent upon making the wilderness President Jefferson had bought from Napoleon for fifteen million dollars give up its wealth of beaver skins.

Ashley tapped the vein and made a fortune; Jackson, Sublette and Jedediah Smith uncovered new leads. They had many imitators, and soon yearly pack trains laden with beaver pelts jogged from the Rockies across the prairies to St. Louis, from whence the prized fur was shipped to London to be made into hats, sometimes nicknamed "Castors," to grace the heads of men of fashion.

Beaver guided the course of civilization westward. Beaver called into being an era. Beaver transformed the restless sons of those first pioneers, who had crossed the Alleghanies to brave the dangers of Kentucky and Tennessee, into mountain men, explorers and pathfinders. And beaver created the annual rendezvous.

In the silence of the Rockies, Horse Creek flowed swiftly from the west to mingle its waters with Green River under the shadow of the snowcapped Wind River Mountains. To the north the white crests of the Gros Ventre Range formed the horizon. Westward lay the mass from which rose the Tetons. Box elder, willow and cottonwood trees lined the stream's banks, and in the meadows through which it ran, lush grass, dotted here and there with sage and gay lupine, provided abundant feed for the animals of the beaver-hunters about to descend upon this spot selected the year before for the rendezvous of 1833.

Yesterday here lay a vast silence. Today a few stragglers appeared in small groups, but tomorrow the valley would ring with whoops, hearty shouts and the ribald songs of half a thousand men. This Green River rendezvous would be the trapper's yearly holiday, the scene of his trading and bartering, and of his carouse.

Bands of Shoshone Indians trailed into the valley, their fat squaws astride tired ponies, dragging the poles for their lodges. Along the stream camps sprang into life. Poles were set up and the buffalo hide coverings wrapped about them. Hobbled horses appeared in the meadow pastures, and the smoke of scores of Indian fires curled upward.

Apart from each other, yet near enough to be neighborly, the rival fur companies established their camps. First the lodge of the "partisan," or leader, was raised, around which the tents of his followers ranged themselves with a rough semblance of order. Horses and mules were herded into the pastures, hobbled, and left under a sentinel's watchful eye.

The rendezvous was a time of jollity, of horse-play, of unrestraint, of reckless abandon. For ten long months men had seen only savages and their trapping companions. Now came weeks of relaxation after arduous toil, and all threw themselves into a maelstrom of pleasure with a will. Dusky Indian maidens, dashing on pony-back through the camps, smiled at them. A bit of ribbon, a few hawks bells, some scarlet cloth and the lonely free trapper would have a companion, a helpmeet in his tasks, a slave and a manager of his lodge.

THE LONG WISHED FOR supply trains from St. Louis and Independence with trade goods and whiskey arrived. For many that meant that the earnings of a year would vanish overnight. Some would gamble their all away and leave the rendezvous poorer in pocket than they came, and in debt besides to their partisan, who would have to advance the supplies necessary for the coming season.

All were clad in buckskin, filthy after a year's usage. New garments would have to be bought, ammunition purchased, and precious coffee and sugar secured to lighten a steady diet of meat.

The motley throng at the Green River rendezvous was made up of a medley of races: mountain men from Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri; French Creoles from St. Louis and Louisiana; halfbreeds and Indians from many tribes. There were free trappers owing allegiance to no man; company hunters, hired at a fixed stipend; French-speaking camp helpers still wedded to the old Hudson's Bay fusee while their English-speaking comrades were all armed with a long rifle, a brace of pistols, and, what became in after-time universally known in the mountains as a Green River knife.

Moccasins of buckskin covered their feet, buckskin buskins and leggings their legs, and a long shirt of buckskin hung down over their buckskin pantaloons. When new this shirt was gay with fringes along the arms and across the chest; but as occasion had demanded a thong with which to tie something, a handy knife had cut into the ornament. Many still wore their old shirts, hoping for a change in gambling luck to provide a new one.

It was a polyglot assemblage, yet all seemed to understand each other, and in case the spoken tongue barred intercourse, Indian sign language became a refuge. At night campfires blazed. Groups gathered about them. Talk was pleasant after months of silence. The doings since the last rendezvous were told; told with proper exaggeration. Tall tales were what the trapper and mountain men most liked. They would have served as inspiration even to Baron Munchausen or Paul Bunyan.

Feats of strength were attempted. Here and there a bully asserted his claim to prowess only to have it challenged. Rough and tumble fights ensued in which there were no rules. Gouging and kicking excited no comment, but weapons were taboo. Men fought with the arms and legs God gave them, but even then there were times when blood was spilled. The spectators would then intervene to separate the contestants, and potions of fiery alcohol, or what went by the name of whiskey, would be ordered at ruinous prices in which resentment would be drowned. Often a battle ended with the tipsy fighters vowing eternal friendship.

Horse and foot racing drew their crowds, with betting wild and for high stakes. Thus with gambling, drinking and the recounting of unparalleled exploits, the days passed.

Captain Bonneville's scattered parties had all returned, one with a report of utter failure, others with meagre results. The caches had been opened, and with the arrival of the supply trains of both the Rocky Mountain and the American Fur Companies, active trading had begun. The three camps were in a turmoil. None of the famous marts of commerce the world over ever equaled the reckless spending.

Whiskey at one dollar a gill was poured out as fast as men could drink it, and prime beaver skins passed as currency. Lucky Shoshone damsels displayed their lovers' gifts, parading with bright ribbons, hawks bells, and gay stuffs about the camps. And amid all the barter the ribald songs of the trapper rang out, for the cup of friendship constantly passed from hand to hand.

Into this ten-day period the pent-up emotions of the year were loosed, and piles of beaver pelts grew before the lodges of the partisans of the three fur companies. Another week and the valley of the Green River would be deserted; the Seeds-ke-dee, as the Indians called it, would flow on to meet the Colorado and thence to the Pacific once again in silence of the wilderness.

Pack trains bearing the year's catches would be making their way toward St. Louis, and the hunters and trappers would again take up their hard life with its constant menace of Indian warfare and treachery.

Among the free trappers who had drifted into the rendezvous and who had attached themselves to Captain Bonneville's fortunes were two men, George Nidever and Zenas Leonard, members of a party who had encountered a band of vengeful Crow Indians. Their animals and fur catch had been stolen by these savages. Ragged and hoping for better times they had made their way to the Green River camps.

In the days to come both of these men were to sing the praises of Joe Walker, soon to become their leader in the great venture Captain Bonneville had decided upon. Those many talks about Jedediah Smith and his trip to California were soon to bear fruit.

BENJAMIN LOUIS EULALIE BONNEVILLE was at his wits' end. He strode back and forth before his lodge, hands behind his back, head lowered. His furrowed brow showed that he was thinking, thinking hard, and well he might. He was confronted with a serious situation; two, in fact. His leave from the army would expire in October, but two months off, and if he was to retrieve his fortunes and those of his backers, it was imperative that he should go forward with the fur business. He could not stop now, for all he had to show for the last twelve months was a paltry 4,000 pounds of beaver, not enough by far to pay expenses, let alone show a profit. To undertake another year's campaign meant an utter disregard of his leave.

Fortune had not smiled upon the amateur mountain man. All his big notions of success had dwindled down to a reality he had little pleasure in contemplating. Alfred Seton and his friends in New York, who had put their money into the venture, had to be considered. To leave the mountains now would mean that he must account at once to them, and that would require a confession in black and white that the venture was a failure.

The catch of the year should be sent back to St. Louis at once, and the proper person to take it was Michel Sylvestre Cerré. Four thousand pounds of beaver! Twenty mules would carry that—seventeen, possibly. Fifteen men and Cerré would do the trick. So much for that, then; but what about the rest? The fifteen free trappers of the party which included Leonard and Nidever had increased his numbers to 125. Fifteen men sent back with Cerré would leave him in just the same posture he had occupied when he entered the mountains the year before. He had provisions and goods enough for the year to come. Thanks to the wagons he would not need revictualing until the next summer. That was one piece of good luck in the midst of all the gloom. Bonneville halted, and a smile lit up his face. Yes, that was the way out with a good chance to win! Why not?

The adventures of Jedediah Smith swept him to a decision. The great West that began on the other side of the Wasatch Range was unknown land. Rumors of a river flowing to the Pacific had crystalized on the maps then available. The river even had a name: Mary's or Ogden's River. A river could only mean streams feeding it, and those meant beaver. No one had trapped in that direction. It was virgin ground. Added to that pleasing prospect was the exploring that would be done, the knowledge he would be instrumental in reporting to his superiors of the War Department. Such knowledge might go a long way toward offsetting any infraction of orders; he could plead a justifiable excuse for overstaying his leave.

Bonneville surprised himself at the ease with which he reached a solution. All that remained now was to put his plan into execution, and that he proceeded to do at once. Joe Walker was summoned, and the two talked long and earnestly, Joe saying little, just nodding his head in agreement from time to time. The Captain decided that fifty men with a year's supply of food, ammunition and trade goods would be about right, and since he had plenty of horses, four horses would be allotted to each man. Joe Walker agreed that that would be a fine outfit. With such he ought to make a showing, always provided that the country was what the Captain hoped it might be. Joe even confessed that he liked exploring better than anything else; that it had always been his dream to march toward the West until he could not take another step without walking into the Pacific.

AND SO Joe Walker got his orders. He was to pick his men—fifty of them, and to organize the party at once. Their destination was to be kept more or less quiet, but it soon was noised about that California was to be their goal, and that they were to trap Mary's River and such streams as might flow into the Great Salt Lake along their route. If Jedediah Smith with a handful of men could trap $20,000 in furs in California, Joe Walker with fifty men and with first rate equipment surely should do twice as much or even better.

Two of the band of free trappers who had drifted into the camp on Horse Creek at the Green River Valley rendezvous jumped at the opportunity to go to California. There the winter would be mild, for so they had heard from Hudson's Bay men who had gone to California with Peter Skene Ogden when he had led a party southward from Fort Vancouver on the Columbia.

Nidever had suffered from the bleak winds and the severe cold of the Rockies the past winter, and Leonard was out for adventure. The former hired himself as a trapper and hunter, the latter as Joe Walker's clerk. Much of our knowledge of what occurred to this little westward-bound party during the year from July, 1833, to July, 1834, is derived from the book Leonard wrote and published in 1839 at Clearfield, Pennsylvania, after his return to civilization. Incidentally, no other book of western travel has approached the high price collectors have been willing to pay for this little volume. It seems incredible that men would give as much as $1,000 for a work having to do with a journey to California in the year 1833!

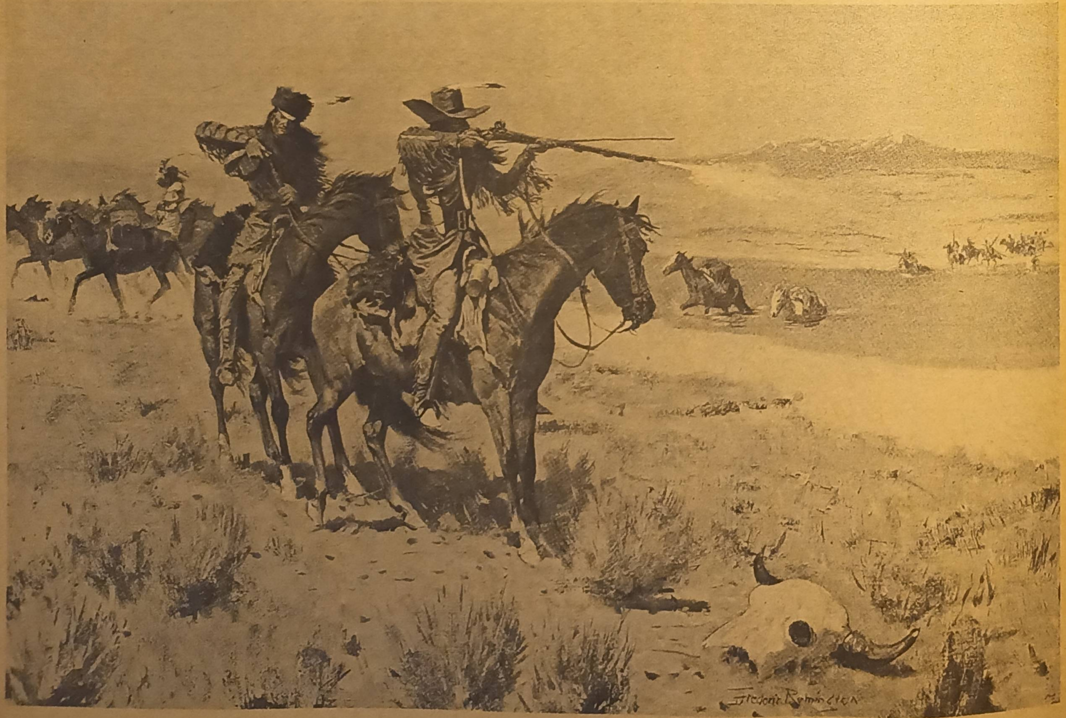
Before Cerré set out for St. Louis, and Joe Walker left for the great adventure, one thing had to be determined. You had to look way ahead in the fur business; a year ahead. A rendezvous must be decided upon for the coming summer, a place where all the different bands of a company could gather to deliver their catches and get provisions and ammunition. Since Joe Walker was going west, the place of meeting should be as far to the west as possible, and then the Captain had a mind to do his fall and winter hunting in the Northwest. Bear River, which flows first north and then bends to the south to empty into Great Salt Lake, was picked. All the people who acknowledged Benjamin Louis Eulalie Bonneville as their partisan were told to meet there the coming July—midsummer 1834.

Everything was now ready for the start. Cerré and his men had packed the year's meagre catch of beaver on their mules. Captain Bonneville had his party of some fifty-odd men lined up, equipped and waiting the word. Joe Walker's two score and ten itched to be off. July 24, 1833, came at last. The great rendezvous broke up by common consent. Rocky Mountain Fur Company, American Fur Company, the Bonneville Company were all ready to march.

At dawn the lodges came down. Mules grunted as the packs were cinched tightly on their backs. The Shoshones drifted off with their dogs barking, and the squaws scolding the squealing children. Joe Walker shook hands with Captain Bonneville, with Michel Cerré. All wished each other good luck. A goodbye, a wave of the hand in parting salute and the start was made. Joe and his men headed for the West, and as he rode in advance of his band he felt an exultation he would have been at a loss to describe. He removed his fur cap and shook out his long hair to the breeze, and a smile spread over his bronzed and bearded features. He was Captain Walker now, acknowledged as such; every man in his company addressed him as "Captain," and better still he was bent on high adventure that might lead no one knew whither.

Pack-horse men repelling an attack by Indians

Century Magazine, 1913



THE GREAT Green River rendezvous of 1833 was over and on the morning of July 24, Captain Walker led his men out of the valley and toward the mountains in the west. It was like a schoolboy's holiday; they sang, joked, shouted. Those hardened hunters and trappers pictured the days in California as days to be filled with romantic and exciting experiences. It was going to be something to talk and brag about.

Zenas Leonard who served as Captain Walker's clerk remarked the carefree attitude of his companions, noting it in his narrative. And he further paid a real tribute to his chief. "Captain Walker," he wrote, "was a man well calculated to undertake a business of this kind. He was well hardened to the hardships of the wilderness—understood the character of the Indians very well—was kind and affable to his men, but at the same time had liberty to command without offense—and to explore unknown regions was his chief delight."

In the Bear River country, the later famous Joe Meek and a number of free trappers met the Walker party. These men asked the Captain permission to join the company when they heard that California was its goal. The extraordinary *prevaricato*, Joe Meek, declared afterwards that he joined the brigade because "it was a feather in a man's cap" to travel to California since it fitted him to become a pilot as a result of the knowledge he would gain by traveling through the unknown regions.

Four days' travel brought the company to the miserable huts of some Bannock Indians. In sign language Captain Walker talked with their chief and, when he made the savage understand the direction he planned to take, the Indian urged him to provide himself with an abundance of provisions. Desert, desert, nothing but desert, the Bannock chief explained, lay ahead. Captain Walker willingly accepted his advice. They were now within the western limits of the buffalo country and hunts were immediately organized. Great quantities of meat were brought into camp, sliced thin, hung in the sun, and converted into jerky. When the company started westward again, along the northern shores of Great Salt Lake, each man had sixty pounds of this dried provision in his pack.

Three weeks after leaving Green River they launched into the barrenness of the Great Salt Lake Desert, steering a course calculated to bring them to the headwaters of the mythical river then supposed to flow from the Salt Lake, or its vicinity, to the Pacific. They found a trail leading to a spring where Indians were encamped. From these they learned that watering places could be found from time to time on their route, and that trails joined each of them with the next. Their chief told Captain Walker he would find a mountain—which we now call Pilot Peak—toward the southwest, capped with snow, and that streams rising on either flank finally joined to form the river he sought.

These savages appeared better fed, less filthy and more intelligent than those recently encountered. They were also Bannocks and were on their way to the buffalo country to lay in a stock of meat for the coming winter to eke out a food supply ordinarily consisting of rabbits and such small game. Their chief spoke of lakes into which the river he described flowed, and said that beyond them were high mountains, snow mountains, he had never crossed.

THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT had worn itself out. The prospect ahead was not encouraging; the men rode on without joking or singing. At length they came to the mountain the Indian had spoken of. Walker and some of his party climbed it only to learn that more desert and barren country lay before them. This put a damper to their expectations and they plodded on thoughtfully. Along the stream, flowing from the mountain side, old beaver signs were discovered but it appeared to have been closely trapped. Here they met naked and disconsolate Indians. In one of their grass huts a robe made of twisted beaver skins was found for which they traded one fishhook and two awls. Leonard shyly comments: "The robe was worth from thirty to forty dollars."

They continued downstream trapping a few beaver now and then but the Indians so annoyed some of the former free trappers, by stealing their traps, that an act of vengeance was planned before leaving the locality. Captain Walker counseled caution, advised less drastic measures, but one day three of the party encountered Indians near the set traps, and firing upon them, contrary to orders, killed several. The participants in this affair tried to keep this a secret and the following day the killings were repeated. This time the news came to Captain Walker's ears. How he handled the situation was characteristic.

Captain Walker gathered his men about him and in a quiet way told them he realized that stealing of traps was an offense which bore heavily on the individual trapper since the traps had cost from twenty to twenty-five dollars, but that even this did not justify killing; that only when danger threatened, when a trapper's life was at stake, would he countenance such measures; and if this ruthlessness continued he would dismiss the offenders from his brigade.

"If there is cause to fire upon Indians in the future, it will be only to save the hunter's life, or when I give the word." Captain Walker made his intention plain and his auditors knew he meant what he said. He had spoken quietly but had looked them square in the eyes as he did so. As it turned out it was Captain Walker's own word of command that laid many savages low but a few weeks later.

The party reached the main river—then called Ogden's or Mary's River, now the Humboldt and so named by Fremont—and followed its treeless banks. Leonard speaks of the lack of willows or any other growth. "You travel for days on the banks of this river without finding a stick larger than a walking cane. We were compelled to do without fires unless we chanced to come upon drift that had collected together on the beach." It is hardly a wonder that by common consent they dubbed the stream "Barren River."

Indian signs became more frequent as they proceeded; even a few trees made their appearance and they arrived at what we now know as Humboldt Sink, September 4, 1833, six weeks after starting out. The country was swampy and grass covered, providing fine food for the famished horses, and the animals were turned out to graze. It was a little before sunset and Captain Walker with his spyglasses took a survey of their surroundings.

What he saw gave him a start. Smoke from a dozen fires curled upward from the grass in all directions. Indian signs! There was no time to lose. Horses were secured; fastened together, then tied to stakes driven into the ground. The lake was immediately in their rear so that attack from that direction was impossible. The baggage was gathered in one spot and with it a rampart was built—"Substantial breastworks . . . as impenetrable to Indian arrows as were the cotton bags to the British bullets in New Orleans in 1815," says Leonard.

BEFORE ALL THIS was completed, the savages began to show themselves, issuing from their hiding places in the tall grass until the trappers guessed that between eight and nine hundred Indians were before and on either side of them. Revenge for the ruthless killings farther up the river could be the only explanation. Walker's party was outnumbered more than ten to one. The situation was critical.

On came the Indians, dancing and shouting, but when they approached within 150 yards all sat down while five of their chiefs advanced toward the camp of the whites. By signs they demanded permission to enter the defenses to smoke with the strangers. Captain Walker refused this. He told them he would meet them halfway between their ranks and his own. This seemed to anger the five greatly, and they returned to their fellows.

In the meanwhile. Captain Walker and his men looked to their rifles and made all ready for any emergency. It was not long in making itself evident. A great number of savages now rose and came forward, making it plain to Captain Walker's men that they would come into camp, permission or no. The Captain mounted the breastworks and raised his hand. By signs he warned them that if they came nearer it would be at the peril of their lives. When they demanded what he meant, he ordered a dozen of his men to join him and show the enemy their rifles. This was received with laughter and one of them noticing some ducks on the nearby lake, pointed, as much as to say, "Try your threats on them."

Two of the trappers raised their guns and fired, killing the ducks. This did not astonish the Indians nearly as much as the sound of the discharge. At the detonation all threw themselves flat on the ground. Night was coming on and the Indians withdrew, leaving the camp alert to danger. A strong guard was posted and before dawn the trappers were on their way.

It was not until after sunrise that any Indians were seen. Apparently Captain Walker and his men marched right

into their midst in the grass. The surprise was mutual. The mountain men experienced a shock. Nothing came of it for the Indians ran off, but later they reappeared first in small parties, then in great numbers. Many times those in advance signed for the strangers to stop so that "a smoke" could be held; savage strategy—anything to detain the white men until the entire tribe could gather.

Captain Walker knew that at close quarters bows and arrows were as effective as the best of his rifles and he finally told the Indians that if they continued to bother his march, he would fire upon them. At this a hundred of them flourished their weapons and rushed forward. Up to this moment, the Captain had restrained his anger. Still cool and collected, he gave the command to fire and charge.

"Get the jump on them, that's the only way!" he shouted, and spurred forward.

During the Captain's parley with the Indians, some thirty of the trappers had dismounted and exchanged their animals for a like number of the best horses belonging to the party. So mounted, they now rode forward, surrounded the strongest group of savages, killing some thirty-nine while the rest escaped into the tall grass "screaming and howling in the most elemental manner."

Says Leonard, "The severity with which we dealt with these Indians may be revolting to the heart of the philanthropist; but the circumstances of the case altogether atone for the cruelty. It must be borne in mind that we were far removed from the hope of any succor in case we were surrounded, and that the country was swarming with hostile savages sufficiently numerous to devour us. Our object was to strike a decisive blow. This we did—even to a greater extent than we had intended."

CAPTAIN WALKER regarded the result of the onslaught against the Indians with deep regret. Some thirty-odd savages lay on the field of battle. The mortally wounded rent the air with dismal shrieks of pain. He called a few of his men to him and ordered them to gather up the bows and arrows of the fallen and mercifully put the dying out of their misery. Much has been said about this slaughter of what some have been pleased to call unoffending natives, but the situation of Walker and his men, far removed from any chance of help and surrounded by hundreds of menacing naked men who easily could have annihilated the company, admitted of no other course.

A decision had to be made and Captain Walker with characteristic promptness made it. Other leaders before and since his time have done likewise, and Washington Irving's caustic rebuke, founded upon Captain Bonneville's account which appears in the great American author's narrative of Bonneville's adventures, colored, of course, with the purpose of blaming Walker for the failure of the army officer's fur trapping venture, may be dismissed as biased. Walker acted upon his convictions and had the courage to strike them a blow when it was needed. If any blame be attached to anyone, it should rather fall upon the free trappers who instigated the Indians to reprisal by their ruthless killings when the party was making its way down the Mary's or Humboldt River.

In the distance the snow-capped Sierra could be seen from the camp on the shore of what the men named Battle Lake—the Humboldt Sink. It was necessary to cross this body of water and the Walker party did so near the mouth of the river emptying into it. Rafts of tule, such as the Indians used for their fishing excursions, were constructed, and the baggage was ferried over, the animals swimming.

It was now the middle of September. Haste was made to reach the mountains which rose sheer from the plain of the Great Basin. A day's rapid march brought the company to a river flowing from the west into an alkali lake which Leonard says tasted like pearl-ash. This has been identified as Carson Sink by some. Up its stream they traveled the next day only to find that the mountain barrier seemed impassable. Walker, Leonard and Nidever rode ahead to scout the country, coming at length to steeps the horses could not climb. Here they dismounted, tying the animals to the pines, and scrambled upward.

Nidever became separated from his companions. Hearing a noise he turned. Two Indians were running toward him and away from Walker and Leonard. Alert to danger, he raised his rifle. It flashed through his mind that those approaching had done some mischief to his fellows and that they were bent on attacking him. He aimed and fired. The two savages fell, killed by the same bullet!

When Nidever saw that the others were untouched, he regretted what had been a very natural though hasty decision, and he continued to lament the result ever after. Bancroft puts a different construction on the event. He says that Nidever did the killing purposely as a retribution for the death of his brother at the hands of the Indians. The fallacy of this is patent; Nidever had many and more favorable opportunities to wreak vengeance had this been his intention.

Walker and his two companions returned from the explorations, and moved with the entire party southward along the vast Sierran escarpment in search of a way to the west. Those unfamiliar with the topography of the region will be surprised to learn that from the plain of the Great Basin the mountain rises some 5,000 feet in almost cliff-like form, carved but slightly by the erosion of the elements. Only here and there is this barrier pierced ever so slightly. A few streams rising in the range have cut their way to the east, and it was one of these, flowing into a large lake, which Captain Walker now encountered. Both lake and river still bear his name. Up the course of this stream the explorers toiled, reaching at length a mountain valley of some extent from which snowy peaks towered and down whose sides rivulets cascaded. They were in the vicinity of the present-day county seat of Mono County, Bridgeport, and it was up one of the more gently-sloped side valleys they now climbed.

IT IS almost impossible to plot their route from what Leonard has written. The trail was steep and arduous, and the prospect of hunger hurried them along, for the last of their dried buffalo meat had been consumed, and the total absence of game deprived them of means of replenishing the food supply.

One night they made camp on the mountainside in the midst of the packed snow that lay heaped on the northern slope. Another day of exhausting ascent brought them to what they believed was a summit. From here the plain to the east spread out below them like a map, stretching away into the distance without prominent features save for the rivers they had found and the lakes into which they flowed.

All the party had hoped that from the crest the descent into the valley of California would begin. In this they were disappointed. On all sides were icy peaks, snow fields, and naked rocks where only stunted junipers could maintain life. The horses were starving and the men tried to stifle their hunger with "gin berries," as Leonard calls the fruit of the juniper. The high ridge of the Sierra which they had crossed lay to the east. Westward was a vast amphitheatre, the gathering place of the waters which make up the Tuolumne River.

Snow of fathomless depth had to be crossed and the men were divided into parties to tramp down a path over which the stumbling horses could be led. One animal was so fagged that it could not go on, and it was killed to provide meat. This needed food put courage into the party. In a small meadow surrounding a tiny lake, pasturage was found and the horses ate ravenously.

A week passed and the free trappers began to grumble, then mutiny. They would return to the buffalo country and no persuasion would change their minds. But Captain Walker settled the matter promptly by preventing them from taking any of the horses and by hiding the ammunition.

More horses were slaughtered, and guided by that uncanny topographic sense for which Walker will always remain famous, they pushed westward along the watershed dividing the Merced and Tuolumne Rivers. Their sufferings were intense. The cold at night was terrible. The unbeaten path they toiled along was but one continuous series of obstacles over which they wearily stumbled. From under their feet the melting snow trickled both north and south, finally to plunge into the awful mile-deep chasms we now know as Hetch Hetchy and Yosemite. Toward the rim of the latter valley they approached with caution, the first white men to view its wonders.

ANOTHER week of struggle brought them to a definite westward descent and to gigantic trees, which, says Leonard, "would measure from 16 to 18 fathom round the trunk at the height of a man's head from the ground"—the Tuolumne grove of *Sequoia Gigantea* through which the Big Oak Flat road winds today toward the Yosemite. Twenty-four horses had either died or been killed, seventeen of them for food, since the mountain crossing began. Scouts sent out for game brought back a deer, and one hunter returned with a basket of acorns. He had met an Indian carrying it upon his back. At sight of the white man the savage had dropped his burden and fled.

The San Joaquin Valley was now visible and oak trees began to dot the countryside as they approached it. Through the glass it seemed illimitable, and much speculation arose as to the distance they were from the shores of the Pacific.

Game now began to be plentiful. The hunters brought in a grizzly bear, elk, antelope and deer, and all were surprised at the abundance of food when the day's results were gathered together. The men searched for beaver signs along the banks of the Merced and marveled at the huge blocks of granite strewing its bed. Where they descended into the valley they found the miserable huts made of poles and thatched with grass of a small band of naked Indians with whom they traded for horses which bore Spanish brand marks. These savages possessed blankets which they made their visitors understand they obtained from the Spaniards.

The spirits of the men again rose. Cheerfulness took the place of the gloom through which they had toiled for three dreadful weeks. Following the river they moved northward, encountering bands of wild horses which excited their wonder. Yet with the prospect of plenty, some of the men grumbled. There were no buffaloes to hunt, though the wide grassy plain seemed made for their habitation.

One night the camp was roused by subterranean noises. The only explanation Captain Walker could think of was that they were made by the pounding of the waves on the shores of the Pacific, an explanation which satisfied the men even better than the true cause—an earthquake.

Forty-eight hours later they were treated to another startling phenomenon. This was the night of November 12, 1833, when the heavens were brilliant with the greatest meteoric shower display ever recorded. Captain Walker's bed-mate threw off the blankets which covered them and leaped to his feet with the exclamation: "This here's the damndest shootin' match that ever I did see."

About this time Sebastian Peralta, out on the trail of horse thieving Indians who had stolen animals from the Mission of San Jose, met Walker and his band. To his superior he reported that: "On the San Joaquin River we encountered a company of Frenchmen (sic) who were trapping beaver and who were making for Monterey. From them three of the stolen horses were taken." These must have been the animals with Spanish brands Walker had obtained from the Indians on the Merced River.

Following the San Joaquin to its mouth they reached Suisun Bay and in the vicinity of today's Martinez they noted the influence of the tides. Though Walker did not realize it at the time, it was at this spot he was to pass the last ten years of his life, and to be buried there, overlooking the blue expanse of water whose actions had convinced him that the end of his long journey was near, that the ocean was not far away.

They skirted the shores of Suisun, San Pablo and San Francisco Bays, reaching at length the southern extremity of the latter and then headed over the coast range to the Pacific. Somewhere in the neighborhood of Waddell Creek and Ano Nuevo Point they camped on the ocean shore. For the first time the members of the band saw the great western ocean. Far out to sea Captain Walker descried a ship through his glass and endeavored to signal it. The excitement which ensued when they realized that the vessel was headed toward them passed all bounds. A small boat was lowered, and was rowed toward the beach. Through the breakers it made its way and was skillfully landed. Walker and his men crowded eagerly forward to meet the men of the sea.

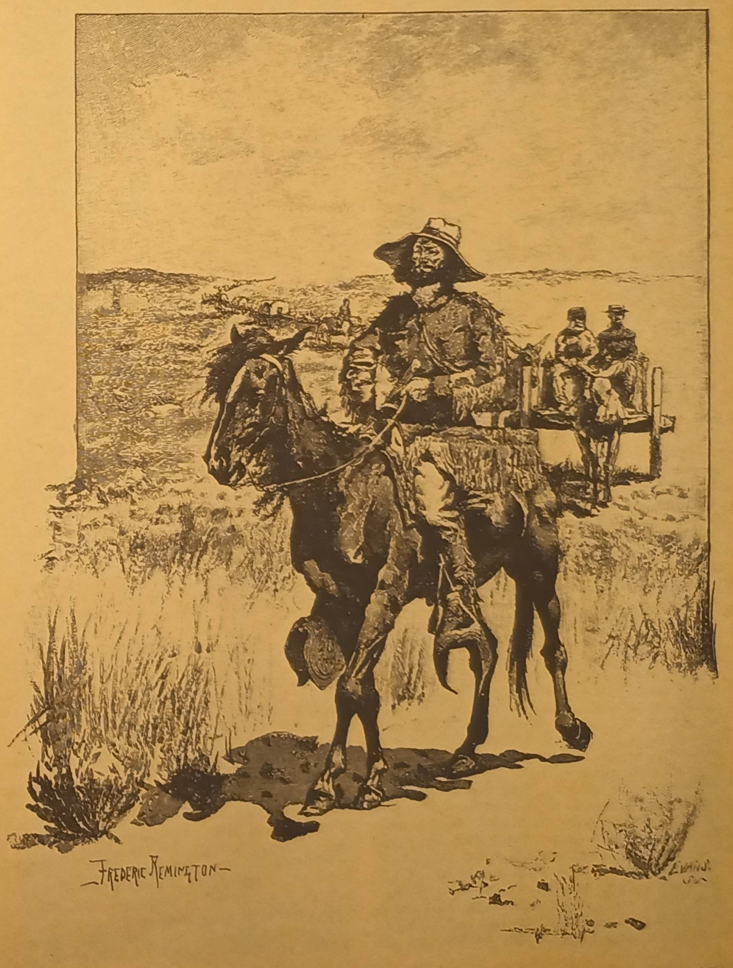
"I'm Captain Bradshaw of the *Lagoda*," the leader of the new arrivals announced.

"I'm Captain Joe Walker from Missouri and these are my men, trappers and hunters, I have just brought to California from Green River in the Rockies," said the party's chief as they shook hands.

The master of the *Lagoda* invited the entire company on board, remarking that he had several unbroached barrels of cognac. In honor of his guests he fired a salute, and when the trappers were rowed out to the anchored vessel they found the table spread with a feast which they washed down with many a toast to their mutual success. The entertainment soon became a carouse in which the mountain men vied with the sailors. Several of the landsmen became seasick and were taken ashore, but the jovial company on the *Lagoda* kept it up until daybreak when the captain and crew became guests in turn of the trappers and their leader.

Captain Walker learned that the *Lagoda* was from Boston and was engaged in trading and hunting sea-otter. Captain Bradshaw described the country to the newcomers, telling them that the Mission and Presidio of San Francisco

On the way to the Platte



lay to the northward some forty-odd miles, and that Monterey, the capital of California, was about seventy miles to the south. He cautioned Walker about appearing in Monterey with his entire band of straight-shooting mountain men and suggested that the greater part of the band be left at San Juan Mission, offering to sail into Monterey and there meet Walker and introduce him to Governor Figueroa.

Armed with directions for reaching San Juan, the Walker party bade their sea-faring friends goodbye, and started back across the mountains.

WITH HIS usual caution, Captain Walker planned his next step. Instead of marching directly to Monterey, he headed back into the Santa Cruz Mountains. He had a two-fold purpose in this. One was to settle his men in some safe place such as San Juan, as Captain Bradshaw had suggested, while he found out if the officials of California were friendly, for he had no desire to be treated like Governor Echeandia had used Jedediah Smith and his men, and the other was to provide food for the company. The second day of his journey found the hunters returning to camp with the tongues of over ninety deer, and portions of the best parts of several wild cattle. The tongues were simply evidence that the deer had been killed.

The following day the men would go back for the meat and hides, the latter now so necessary to replace the footgear and clothing of the whole party which their long and hard journey over the Sierra had worn to shreds.

With the party's larder replenished, Walker led them out of the hills and down into the Santa Clara Valley where a group of Californians met them, and because of language difficulties, guided them to the home of John Gilroy, a Scotchman who had lived in the country since 1814 and who with his Spanish-speaking wife resided on their San Isidro *rancho*, now the town of Gilroy. Gilroy received them with open arms, made them feel at home and explained that the passports they lacked and the want of which had caused all of Smith's troubles, could be arranged for at San Juan Bautista Mission whither he would accompany them on the morrow.

Early the next morning they were on the road, a track little better than a trail, which brought them at length to the old Spanish mission where Padre Jose Antonio Anzas, who had the charge of the establishment, did all in his power to make the strangers welcome. The local Alcalde was seen, the passports were issued, and the good padre assigned a site convenient to both wood and water for their camp. Captain Walker thanked John Gilroy heartily, and the latter, so long accustomed to voicing his thoughts in Spanish, made a struggling attempt to carry on a conversation in English.

The Captain's first care was for the safety of his camp. He immediately set his men to the task of throwing up a breastwork as a protection against Indians or the possibility of an attack from whatever the source. That done, he made ready to journey to Monterey with his clerk, Leonard, to meet his new-found friend, Captain Bradshaw, and through him become acquainted with Governor Figueroa who had only been in office since the first of the year. The thirty-five miles were soon covered and Captain Walker had the satisfaction of beholding the *Lagoda* at anchor in the bay as he rode into the tiny town of some fifty adobe buildings scattered without order over the hillside, and which was dignified with the title "capital of California."

Bradshaw took the visitor in charge and before an hour they were closeted with Figueroa, the master mariner acting the role of interpreter. Matters went off famously. Figueroa was not only friendly but gracious. He granted permission for the trapping party to remain in California until the winter was over, and told their leader that they could hunt game for the support of the camp and could trade for supplies, but warned them that Indians and Indian lands were not included in the bargain.

Walker must have made a most favorable impression upon the Mexican governor for the latter asked his visitor to bring a colony of fifty men to California under his leadership with the purpose of settling permanently in the country. Politely as he could, the Captain declined the invitation, using as an excuse the necessity of remaining in the Rocky Mountains region where his interests lay.

WHEN ALL the legal formalities had been arranged. Walker and Leonard returned to San Juan. There the trappers had made themselves very much at home, building skin tents for shelter and providing the much needed clothing by making the same from the deer skins they had obtained in their recent hunts.

One of their number had been badly mauled by a grizzly, but aside from the usual routine of the camp this was the only event worth recording since Walker's departure. The manners and customs of the native Californians and the Indians gave the men much to wonder at. All was so different from what they had seen before. The horsemanship of the natives took their fancy. They stood aghast at the dexterity displayed with the lasso, and commented volubly upon the indolence of these same riders who scorned to walk and who even gathered firewood without dismounting. A *fandango* was held. The graceful *señoritas* keeping step to the tinkle of guitars won their applause, and as a return for this entertainment the mountain men gave an exhibition of what went for dancing in the Rockies, much to the enjoyment of the Californians.

Walker saw to it that all the gear was overhauled and that the horses and mules were fed up for the return journey. The beaver pelts they had gathered during the westward trip, he now packed on animals and sent into Monterey to be used in trade with Captain Bradshaw who had promised to supply flour, sugar and coffee in exchange.

Walker and Leonard took this opportunity to make a second visit, and included in their trip an excursion into the Carmel Valley where they made a careful examination of the San Carlos Mission. Leonard was much struck with the beauty of the church and the way the padres managed their Indian pupils. As Walker and Leonard rode along, they speculated on what might become of this smiling country where everyone seemed so lazy, if by chance the Stars and Stripes ever flew over it. Both were of the opinion that a thriving commonwealth would spring up from such fertile soil under the management of hard-working Americans—a prophetic vision Walker lived to see realized.

Back in Monterey the business of buying supplies was completed and Captain Bradshaw took his visitors on board the *Lagoda* for entertainment. Governor Figueroa was an honored guest, and the day passed off pleasantly. The holiday soon came to an end, and Captain Walker and Leonard rode back to San Juan. It was now January and the start for the trip across the Sierra was scheduled for mid-February. There was much to be done, more horses and mules to be purchased. Several of Walker's men, fascinated by climate and the ease and leisure open to all in California, told their Captain that they were going to remain.

Among these was Nidever who later became famous as a hunter of sea-otter and who lived to a ripe old age in the *mañana* land which so appealed to him. The day of departure approached; one and all regretted to leave the spot where so much comfort had been their portion. Walker rallied his companions, told them they were becoming soft, unworthy of mountain men who braved and courted danger. Camp was at last broken up and with the solemn benediction of Padre Anzas ringing in their ears the cavalcade started off early one morning bound for "The Two Lares," Joe Meek's spelling of Tulares, as the San Joaquin Valley was then known.

IT WAS January 13, 1834 when the Walker party pulled up stakes and abandoned their camp at San Juan Bautista. In a leisurely manner they marched eastward and across the Mount Diablo Range and down into the broad plain of the San Joaquin, which Leonard calls the Sulphur River. Before their departure, six of their best horses had been stolen, and when protest had been made to the local alcalde they found that little value was placed upon horse flesh and that it was a Californian custom to help oneself to a mount whenever occasion arose. However, in this instance, there was a sequel.

Camp in the new location was made on a knoll near the river and from there the men carried on their trapping and hunting. Elk, deer and bear were plentiful and aside from one or two grizzly encounters nothing of moment happened. An old trapper who prided himself on his long rifle, calling it by the pet name of "knock-'em stiff," a weapon carrying a one-ounce ball, met a pair of huge bears while out with a companion. As he approached, one rose on its hind feet, but the intrepid hunter did not pull the trigger. Instead he advanced until he was able to thrust the muzzle of his gun squarely in the animal's jaws. He then fired and, as he explained to his camp-mates later, the grizzly succumbed with "a very bad cough." Encouraged by his example, his comrade treated his grizzly opponent in a like manner.

One day they noticed in the distance a band of horses being driven across the plain, and later they discovered that the Mission of San Juan had been visited by horse-thieving Indians a day or two after their departure, losing as many as 300 animals. A party of Spaniards in pursuit reached the Walker camp, stayed overnight, and the next day several of the hunters joined in the chase. This led into the foothills of the Sierra on the far side of the valley. A grove of trees where the marauding Indians were supposed to be hiding was surrounded, and after a sharp fusillade, the spot was rushed but only old women and children were discovered together with the butchered remains of the horses. A massacre followed, the Spaniards cutting off the victims' ears to show, as they explained, the padre at the mission that they had been zealous in their task, although they had not recovered the livestock.

During the time this was going on, Captain Walker made a last visit to Monterey to procure further supplies for the homeward journey, bringing back with him in addition to flour, beans, and other comestibles, 100 horses, 47 cows and a pack of some 20 dogs. While preparations were now being made for the homeward journey, a party of Spaniards, bent on securing wild horses which roamed the plains in large bands, appeared in camp. There were some forty men in the company, all well mounted, and equipped for the task. Among the horses belonging to these men was one of the animals which had been taken from the Walker camp at San Juan. Without a word of protest it was given up.

Leonard and several of his comrades joined the horse hunters. At no great distance from camp they came to the spot where the operation of catching the feral animals was to be undertaken. There two fences built of posts and strung with rawhide, had been constructed. They were so placed as to converge, and where they did so, a corral had been made. The fences were of considerable length; a quarter of a mile or so long. Into their wide orifice the Spaniards drove their quarry, the horsemen finally blocking the exit by advancing in company front. Once the corral was filled, poles were thrust across the narrow opening, and the business of reducing the frantic animals to submission proceeded. Mounted *vaqueros* entered the enclosure, threw a horse by means of their lassos, saddled and bridled it, and when one of them was seated on the wild animal's back, the nooses were loosened, and away out of the corral and across the plain the creature dashed until exhaustion followed.

Captain Walker traded with the Spaniards for a number of these "tamed" horses and as soon as the Californians had departed, made preparations for the march. Now it was that the six who were to stay in California bade their companions farewell. The leave taking was somewhat saddening, for while all had been comrades for a matter of six months, those who were to remain were of the party of free trappers who had joined Captain Walker at Green River and had been companions for a year before that time.

THE SNOW on the Sierra was plainly visible from the camp. Captain Walker had no relish to duplicate their terrible passage of the mountains and so he led his company southward, aiming at the pass over which Jedediah Smith had entered the San Joaquin, now known as the Tehachapi, and once across the mountains he planned to follow the Old Spanish Trail leading from Los Angeles to Santa Fe.

But when they reached the southern end of the great valley an Indian village was found where a tribe, said by Leonard to be composed of renegades from the Mission of Santa Barbara who had despoiled that establishment at the time of their flight, made plain to Walker that a passage through the Sierra to the eastward was possible. With Indian guides they proceeded up the river which now bears the name of Kern, and after a toilsome march of six days found themselves at the summit, having encountered but little snow although the weather had been severely cold. A present of a horse apiece was given to the Indians as remuneration for their trouble and they were dismissed. This pass today is known by Walker's name. Years later he was to make use of it on two occasions to great advantage.

The feed on the eastern side of the mountains was scanty, but the weather was springlike. The company turned to the northeast and followed up what we now call Owens Valley. The highest peak of the Sierra, with its stark pinnacles of granite, towered at their left as they moved onward in search of their old trail along the escarpment arising from the barrens of the Great Basin.

Had Captain Walker been content to keep close to the Sierra a chapter of misadventure would not have been written, but he conceived the plan of cutting across the desert, feeling certain that by so doing he would shorten the journey and reach Barren River—the Mary's or Humboldt—at a point before it debouched into the sink which the trappers had named Battle Lake.

There were now in the party two Californians, deserters from one of the Mexican army posts. They had joined Walker at the time of his leaving the winter camp in the San Joaquin, and had brought with them a band of twenty-five horses which the captain had purchased. These men, expert with the lasso, now became of great use. Lack of water along the line of march made driving the horses a most difficult proceeding. The animals became so weak that they were nearly frantic and unmanageble. Horses died under their riders; cattle laid down from exhaustion and expired without a struggle. The plight of the party was pitiful. It was worse even than the terrible crossing of the Sierra the previous October.

From murmurs came grumbles, and finally signs of mutiny. The horses suffered from the sand which cut their hoofs, as much as from thirst. The men's lips became purple and their tongues swollen; Captain Walker was affected like the others but he bore his pains in silence. Here was a situation demanding instant decisions, if any of the company were to be saved.

Captain Walker was positive that more than half the distance to their goal had been covered, but the majority was for turning back toward the Sierra, hoping that their previous trail could be found and followed. The situation was desperate.

They had food, but nothing to drink. When a cow or horse expired, there was a mad rush to assuage thirst from its blood. Night came on, and the men demanded that the Captain lead them back. The party just before sundown staggered along, scattered over an extent of desert a mile wide. Gathering them together for fear of losing some of them in the night, when marching was far more bearable, Walker made known that he would accede to their wishes. From the hides of the dead animals, moccasins for the sore feet of the remaining horses were hastily made, and at midnight the whole party was again in motion.

Another day of crucial suffering passed and that night the men plodded on without hope. At midnight the horses became unmanageable. They swerved toward the north and would not be governed. Finally the men, too exhausted to resist, let the animals have their way. The loose horses dashed forward in the gloom, faintly whinnying, and when Captain Walker moved forward to the spot where all had stopped, he discovered that they were quenching their thirst from a beautiful stream of clear fresh water. The instinct of the brute had done what the compass and intelligence of man had not accomplished.

The next morning pasture was found and the herd was turned out to feed, and later in the day the march was resumed. Several days of rapid travel brought them to the trail they sought. The men went wild with joy. Camp was made, and since certainty had taken the place of guess, the spirits of all rose. Ahead lay a country they knew and along the way was water. A day's rest for man and beast made all face the future with assurance.

THE WINTER had passed, and spring brought forth abundant grass. It was now May as the Walker party traveled happily back over their trail. The horses and cattle had recovered from their awful experience in the Nevada desert and the men looked forward to rendezvous, where they would meet their comrades who had accompanied Captain Bonneville on the fall and winter hunts along the tributaries of the Columbia.

A week or more after picking up their route of the previous year found Captain Walker leading the company through the country where the Paiutes, a debased but related section of the Snake Tribe, had barred their progress in September on the way to California. Again the savages appeared in numbers, greater than before, and just as menacing. Effort after effort was made to establish friendly relations with these Indians. Presents were given with the view of instituting peace; but even an offer by Captain Walker to fight their enemies fell upon deaf ears.

Hundreds, armed with bows and arrows, blocked the path, refusing to listen to all overtures of a friendly nature. The same danger which the band of trappers had faced before now faced them again. Outnumbered thirty to one, it would have been suicide to permit the Indians, even though armed with primitive weapons, to mingle with the travelers. A warning was given that serious trouble would follow their refusal to obey Captain Walker's command. He rightly feared an inundation which could well have overwhelmed his handful of men. True, the Indians would have suffered from the rifles of his trappers, but with their bows and arrows, once the white men were surrounded, deadly execution would have followed. It is doubtful if a single American could have survived.

There was only one thing to do, and Captain Walker did it. He drew up his mounted men in battle array, leaving only such as were necessary to guard the pack and loose animals. Then warning the savages that he meant business, he ordered the charge. Into the closely ranked Paiutes he galloped his men, trampling them down and firing right and left. The onslaught was soon over, and the Indians scattered never to gather again while the Walker party remained in the vicinity. Three of the trappers were slightly wounded, and besides a multitude of savages who suffered but still lived, fourteen of the enemy had been killed.

Captain Walker had feared the result of a conflict, for his men talked wildly about what they would do if occasion arose to battle with the natives. Some had sworn not to cease from the fight until "every mother's son" in the enemy's ranks lay dead on the field of encounter. But the respect his company had for their leader caused them to obey his positive order to end the conflict, with the result that they proceeded up the Humboldt River without further delay.

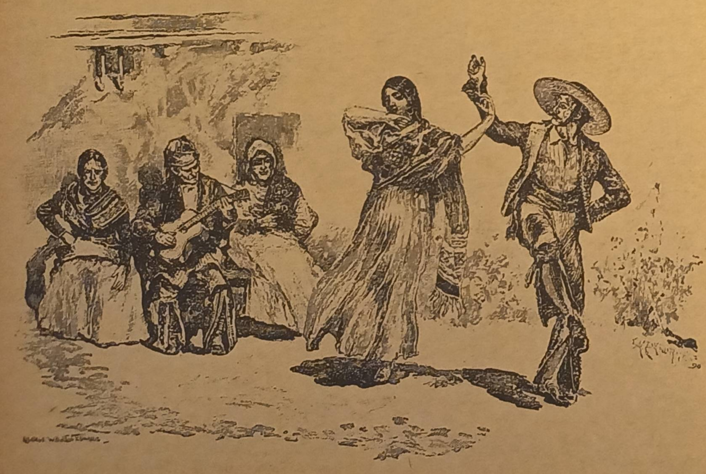
Instead of following their old route by the northern shore of Great Salt Lake, they struck northward toward the Snake River when they reached the headwaters of the Humboldt. Provisions were getting low, but all knew that game in plenty could be found along the way they now marched. Moving slowly, they hunted and trapped. Beaver were found and the packs of pelts increased. The third of July, 1834 saw them on Bear River in the neighborhood of the spot Captain Bonneville had appointed for the year's rendezvous. That night camp was pitched and preparations made for an adequate celebration of Independence Day.

Feasting, drinking—Walker had carried some of Captain Bradshaw's cognac along for just such an occasion—horse racing, feats of horsemanship at which many were now adept thanks to the tutelage of the two Californians, foot races and other feats of strength helped to fill the day, and at night song and story 'round the campfire made it a holiday to be remembered.

A WEEK LATER Captain Walker rode into Captain Bonneville's camp. Days of recital of the events of the past year followed. Bonneville had had but a meagre season, and what he now heard from Walker left no doubt that his great fur venture was hardly the success he had anticipated when he had engaged the financial support of Seton and his friends. The fur possibilities of the vast extent of country over which Walker had traveled had proved disappointing, and while the cost of the exploration had not been great, the pelts brought back by the company would not pay the men's wages. Bonneville could only console himself with the thought that he had been responsible for making known a hitherto untraveled country.

But if the conversations between his chief and Walker were somewhat morose in nature, such was not the case with the men who had been to California and those of Bonneville's party. The travelers outdid themselves with their stories of the Far West, with Indian fights, with the desperate crossing of both Sierra and the desert, leaving their stay-at-home auditors numbed and speechless. Much that they told went for all yarns, especially their meeting with the crew of the *Lagoda* and their description of the ocean. And when they described bear and bull fights that the Spaniards held, the Bonneville men knew they were being hoaxed. To cap the climax, Leonard went into detail about the finding of a swordfish, dead on the beach, which measured forty-seven feet from tip to tail. This and ox horns that had a spread of six feet they could not swallow. In a word, the returning Walker men were all heroes, and so acknowledged. As travelers into foreign parts they became ever afterward men of mark.

A fandango was held



On the 20th of July the supply train of horses and mules with forty men under Cerré reached the rendezvous. Then came a time of wild abandon, for the whiskey flowed freely, and to it Captain Bonneville looked to help pay off the wages of the men. Sold at $1.00 a gill—$32.00 a gallon—trappers with a thirst could readily drink up a year's pay in a few days, and many did.

The furs were packed for shipment by mule train, a new rendezvous for the next summer was set, and the company broke up. Michel Sylvestre Cerré headed back to St. Louis with the year's catch. Captain Bonneville with fifty men took the direction of the headwaters of the Columbia, while Captain Walker with fifty-five companions set out for the Upper Missouri to trade and trap. The rendezvous for 1835 was set for June on the banks of Popo Agie Creek, a stream flowing out of the Wind River Mountains into the Bighorn, near the latter's junction with Wind River.

Washington Irving who got his information from Captain Bonneville while that gentleman was endeavoring to obtain reinstatement in the Army after overstaying the leave granted to him by General McComb and which had expired in October, 1833, makes a scapegoat of Joe Walker.

Bonneville, as previously stated, was anxious to settle on someone other than himself the blame for the financial failure of his enterprise and thus Irving unwittingly did Joe Walker a grave injustice. Irving makes it appear that Bonneville in his anger and disgust discharged Walker immediately upon his return from California.

Such was not the case. Walker continued in the service of the Bonneville company for a year and possibly longer after the break-up of the rendezvous at Bear River. And in this connection, there is a point of much interest in the Irving narrative.

Suddenly and out of nowhere a new character appears, a certain Montero, and strange to relate this Montero follows the trail set for Walker for the year between July, 1834 and June, 1835.

ZENAS LEONARD, who continued as Walker's clerk after the California expedition, details the occurrences of the party of which he was a member and of which Walker was chief, up to the late summer of 1835. If anyone should know where Walker was and what he was doing it is but natural that his clerk should. Further, it must be remembered that Leonard was not the first to put in print the story of his experiences. This he did in 1839, two years after Washington Irving's *Narrative of Captain Bonneville Adventures* had appeared from the publishing house of Care, Lea and Blanchard in Philadelphia. Had he been in error, here was an opportunity to correct it. In the face of the Irving tale, on the contrary, he maintained his account as true.

Irving made the mythical Montero do all that Leonard saw Walker do. We are confronted with a queer situation. Did Bonneville substitute the name Montero for Walker? There seems little doubt but that he did. Did Bonneville refer to Walker slurringly when talking with Irving as the man from Monterey, using the Spanish—Montereyno, or did he simply call him the hunter, translating the latter likewise into Spanish, which would then be exactly the name Irving employs—Montero?

All we know is that an eye-witness is at variance with the great American writer, and that all search for a Montero as captain in the fur trade heading a band of Bonneville's men during the year 1834-35 has been fruitless.

Whatever may have been Bonneville's purpose in besmirching Walker, in which his biographer so willingly lent himself, he has hardly succeeded, for where one person today knows the name of Bonneville, thousands regard Captain Joseph Reddeford Walker as one of the foremost of western explorers, worthy to be grouped with Jedediah Strong Smith and Ewing Young as the trilogy responsible for the march of this nation to the shores of the Pacific—the true pathfinders.

TO THE mountain men, the breaking up of the Bear River rendezvous was attended with more or less solemn ceremony. When the time of parting came the members of the different bands gathered, wished each other the best of luck and shook hands. All knew full well that never again would all those present meet; death—sudden and accidental, would thin their numbers; some would drift back to the settlements; some would exchange their loyalty by taking service with another company who might or might not have the same rendezvous the coming summer. Friendship among these rough mountain men was expressed in deeds rather than words, and so with a farewell gesture once the handshaking was over, they mounted and rode away.

Captain Walker led his party of fifty-five in an easterly direction, camping the first night on a stream then known as Smith's Fork. Their route lay toward the main range of the Rockies. There was no lack of food, for game abounded, and hunting and trapping they moved on in leisurely fashion, nothing of note occurring until nearly three weeks had passed since leaving Bear River.

One morning they entered a grassy meadow dotted here and there with clumps of brush, the whole surrounded by forests—a beautiful spot with a rivulet flowing through it lined with aspen. A huge grizzly bear lay sleeping in the shade unmindful of the approaching cavalcade. His presence was instantly discovered and four of the men dashed forward.

The noise of their coming awoke the animal which rose and scampered into the brush, seeking escape. Three of the hunters circled the thicket to cut off his egress but one more foolhardy than the rest dismounted and ran along the buffalo path the bear had taken. Hearing the horses, the pursued beast turned in retreat. The man on foot was in imminent danger. He made for a small tree but as he tried to swing himself out of reach, the bear clawed at him, tearing him so frightfully that in spite of all that Captain Walker could do to stop the bleeding, the man died the next day.

This was the first death that had visited the company during the year or more they had been together. It left all with a feeling of the uncertainty of life, hunters and trappers though they were. In mountain fashion a deep grave was dug, lined with bark and into it the dead was lowered, wrapped in his blankets. A covering of bark was laid above and the soil was replaced. No word was said; no service was read; in silence the burial was accomplished and by common consent the company mounted and rode away, leaving another unmarked grave in the wilderness.

NOW THE REAL ascent of the mountains began. But unlike Governor Spotswood's excursion over the Blue Ridge in Virginia, this was no pleasure jaunt. The way was rough; snow covered the ground in patches.

They crossed the Continental Divide and descended into the watershed of the Yellowstone where the fall hunt was begun. Beaver and game were plentiful. Trapping all the streams on their way, they moved forward toward Wind River. The country now became more prairie-like and one day a large herd of buffalo was discovered galloping directly toward them and coming with considerable speed. At first the men paid little or no attention to this, for there was no lack of provisions, but soon it became apparent that the onrushing animals were stampeding into their midst.

With a rush the herd was upon them. There was no escape. The loose horses and the pack train mules took fright and joined in the mad rush and when the turmoil was over, the party was left with only the horses upon which they were mounted. Baggage was strewn over the prairie for miles. Camp was hastily made and all were sent out to recover the animals; many of the horses were so badly crippled, gored and crushed, that three days had to be given over to getting the outfit into shape to move on again.

Soon afterwards their trail brought them to Popo Agie Creek, the site decided upon by Captain Bonneville for the rendezvous in June, 1835. There Captain Walker discovered an oil spring and Leonard remarks in describing it: "If this spring was in the States, I have no doubt, the chemists would make a valuable use of it." Twenty-three years later—in 1857—Col. Drake in Pennsylvania was to drill the first oil well in the United States, the beginning of one of our greatest industries, and today derricks dot the Wyoming hills over which Captain Walker led his men. To men of Walker's type we are indebted for much knowledge which later generations have developed and from which we now reap the benefits.

The increasing load of beaver pelts told of the party's success and by mid-October they succeeded in encountering the tribe of Crow Indians Captain Walker had been bent upon seeking and with whom he had been anxious to open trade.

"We've got a problem on our hands; he's from Texas and the heat doesn't bother him."

The weather began to change; ice and snow stopped trapping operations and Walker, leaving Leonard with two men to attach themselves to the band of savages in order to bring about friendly relations and encourage them to trade, moved on toward Wind River, there to establish his winter quarters. Cabins were built and it was here early in December that Leonard found his chief when he returned from his mission, bringing the Crow Tribe with him.

During his absence he had been a witness to a deadly battle between the Blackfeet and the Crows, and to Captain Walker he now related a scene of cruelty almost without parallel which followed shortly after this encounter. The Blackfeet after their defeat had rushed the Crow camp, leaving one of their number dead upon the scene. The former engagement had cost the Crows thirty of their best warriors and the Blackfeet sixty-nine. But from this last skirmish the victors returned without the loss of a man and they were jubilant.

Upon the corpse of the lone brave the Crows proceeded to visit their hatred. Every member of the tribe examined the body critically. It was then taken to a tree, suspended by the neck and into it the men fired their guns while the squaws, armed with pointed sticks, pierced it gleefully. This orgy of cruelty continued until midnight when the Indians began a dance of exultation, yelling and shouting, and making the night horrid with their whoops. The next morning they began their march toward Captain Walker's camp, tired but satiated with vengeance.

These Indians brought with them a goodly supply of beaver pelts and buffalo robes. Captain Walker made them presents of gaudy cloth and some trifles, and bartering began. The Indians remained at the trappers' winter camp until their entire stock of peltries was exhausted, but, when they departed, they left behind them one of their number, a former chief, who for four years had been a great burden, for he was paralyzed on one side and speechless.

The Crow chieftain told Captain Walker that he could not be bothered with the man any longer and that when the trappers moved on, they could do with him as they wished. The mountain men made this Indian as comfortable as possible, assigning a cabin to him and providing him with food.

Winter passed into spring and it was again time to think of the business at hand. Preparations were made to break up camp and to commence trapping. Caches were dug to hold the results of their trading and trapping and while these were being made a bank caved in burying all of the four men at work. Three were rescued but the fourth was so badly crushed that he died the next morning at dawn.

"We deposited in the cold earth the remains of our companion, Mr. Laront, in the most respectable manner our means would allow, after which we resumed our business of secreting our wares." In such simple language Leonard records the second death among his comrades.

The continual presence of so many people in the vicinity of Captain Walker's winter camp had destroyed all of the game. When he had first arrived in that locality "one could stand in our encampment almost any morning and shoot down some lazy buffalo but now our hunters might scour the valley a whole day and not kill so much as a rabbit." It behooved the Captain to move on to other hunting grounds.

When all was ready for the start, Captain Walker had a task to perform for which he had little relish. The poor Crow Indian could not be carried on with the party now burdened with three injured men, who would have to be transported in litters supported between mules. The Captain entered the cabin where the sick man lay, bringing with him the only food available—the carcass of a wolf. Walker explained the situation the heartless Crow tribesmen had brought the impotent ex-chieftain to, and his own inability to remedy it. The Captain asked the poor fellow if there was anything more that he could do for him. By signs, the Indian answered: "Nothing, save to fasten the door against the intrusion of wild animals," and thus he was left.

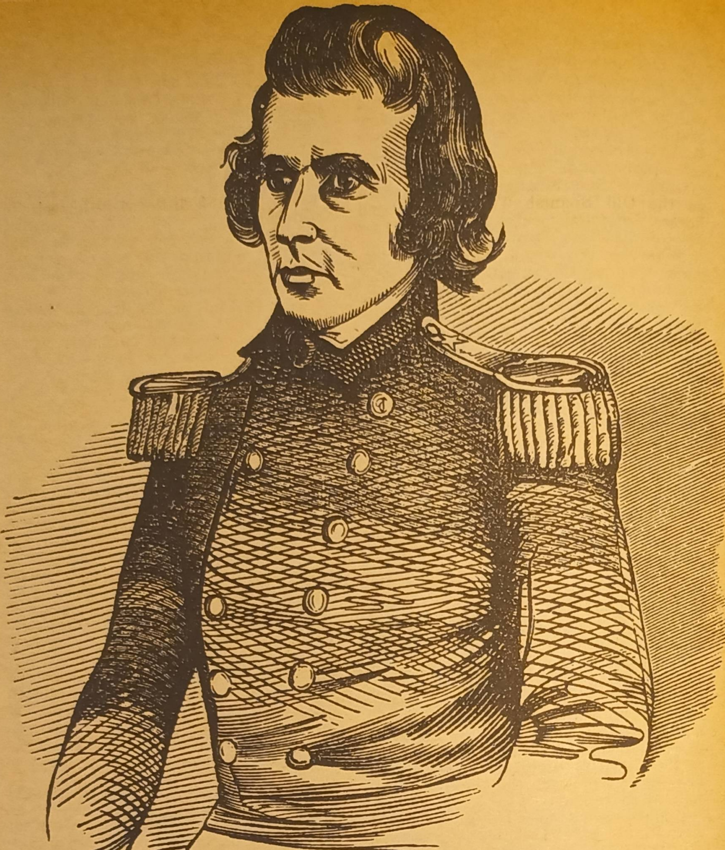
THE SPRING HUNT of 1835 carried Captain Walker and his men into the headwaters of many streams. At first their progress was slow, for the invalids had to be moved at a walk, as each wrench or joggle caused excruciating pain. In time the three mended sufficiently to mount their horses. Trapping was good, and the lack of provisions no longer bothered them. Tongue, Powder and Yellowstone Rivers were visited. All yielded beaver, as did the Little and Big Porcupine and Musselshell Creeks and many other small tributaries. A wide territory was covered during the months of April and May, and the party headed back to Popo Agie Creek to meet Captain Bonneville early in June.

Here Captain Walker reported his doings since leaving Bear River and dispatched some of his men to their former winter encampment to bring to the rendezvous the furs he had cached there. Leonard says that this party found no trace of the paralyzed Crow chieftain his fellow tribesmen had deserted at that spot. The closing of his cabin door by Captain Walker is the last scene of that tragedy.

Bonneville told Captain Walker that he had decided to leave the mountains and return to the settlements. His three years in the fur trade had not brought forth the glowing results he had anticipated. He arranged with Walker to take over what was left of his trade goods and supplies and to carry on the business for the ensuing year. Walker, it seems, had been far more successful than any of Bonneville's leaders, himself included, and in his last attempt to retrieve the failure of his enterprise he now placed matters entirely in his lieutenant's hands.

Leonard had served Walker as clerk for the two years of their association. He, too, now determined to return to his home in Pennsylvania from which he had been absent four years and four months. Captain Walker was more than sorry to see him go, and we share his feelings for no one remained to take up Leonard's task. No one has given us an intimate picture of the happenings of Walker's life after his departure. Here and there for the next few years, we must rely upon a casual reference, a note, regarding his doings and we are forced to piece these stray bits together as best we may.

The dispersal of the Bonneville company placed a damper on the Popo Agie rendezvous. The gaiety that had held sway at Green River and at Bear River was absent. The men exchanged experiences about their campfires, it is true, but there was none of the abandon that had enlivened the former occasions, and the drinking was business-like and unattended with song and good-fellowship.


Early wood engraving of Colonel John Charles Fremont

The peltries were packed in convenient bundles and goodbyes were said. Captain Walker now commanded the fifty-nine men who were to remain in the mountains, Bonneville taking the rest with him. Even in defeat, the "bald-headed chief," as Bonneville continued to be called, planned for the future. He appointed a rendezvous for the summer of 1836 in the neighborhood where they were now encamped, but he failed to return to the mountains, and Walker sent back to St. Louis the results of his 1835-36 trapping, and thus closed the ill-fated business.

WITH THE departure of the returning party, Captain Walker found himself free to move wherever he chose. Where he spent the coming twelve months has not been recorded, but when he had finally severed his connection with Bonneville at the close of that period, he took service with the American Fur Company as a leader, associating with men he knew well, such as Fontenelle and Dripps.

For four years he remained in the Rockies, and it was during this time that he became known to every person actively engaged in the fur trade. Jim Bridger—"Old Gabe"—and Kit Carson became his fast friends. Much that Kit added to the knowledge he had gained from association with Ewing Young, he got from Captain Joe Walker.

Walker had established a name for probity in addition to his acknowledged qualifications as leader. His word was accepted as final in any argument respecting the geography of the extensive territory over which his various expeditions had taken him, and the fact that he had led a big party successfully to California made him the authority on western travel. It was this wide-spread repute that later caused him to be entrusted with the leadership of the first wagon caravan to reach what is today the State of California.

In 1839 the fur business was becoming less and less remunerative. Beaver was no longer necessary for men's high hats. Tall headgear made of silk, acceptable to fashion, had made its appearance. This change was the death knell of the trapper and his activities in the Rockies. Soon the fur business that had lured men into every stream and valley of that vast region was no longer profitable, and the men who had been engaged in it turned to other pursuits.

Captain Walker had always been happiest when exploring new country. He, too, sensed the coming change and left the mountains. Down through the Colorado parks he journeyed to Taos and Santa Fe. Between the capital of New Mexico and the growing town of Los Angeles there had been a spasmodic interchange of goods, occasional traders making the journey over what was known as the Old Spanish Trail. Mules and horses from California found a market in New Mexico and the Californians were ready buyers of such luxuries as silks, clothing and the like.

It was in this trade that Walker now embarked. That he put his new plan into operation in 1840 we know, but all details are lacking. Among the Mexican archieves is an advice dated at Los Angeles, February 10, 1841, from Santiago Argüello to the secretary of Governor Juan B. Alvarado. Argüello wrote in part "Joseph Reddeford Walker has presented himself with two others—Americans—who command a party of twelve Americans with passports from the United States viséd at Washington by Don J. M. Montoya. These strangers have come with the object of purchasing horses, to stay two months, and they propose to advise their government of the robbery in this department last year by the Chaguanosos . . . ."

WHILE Captain Joe Walker was shuttling back and forth between the Rockies, Taos, Santa Fe and California, trading horses and merchandise during the years 1840 to 1842, the star of another "pathfinder" was rising, one that was to shine dazzlingly, to be widely publicized, and to whose success Captain Walker, who knew the unexplored West as well as he did the palm of his right hand. was not only to lend his support but to act for a time as guide.

The new pathfinder was none other than John Charles Fremont. topographical engineer of the United States Army, son-in-law of the powerful Senator from Missouri, Thomas H. Benton. Fremont's first exploration had taken him into the Rockies where Captain Joe Walker and many others had preceded him by a decade or more. So to speak, this was a trial trip to orient himself for what was to follow.

Then came the second Fremont exploration with Kit Carson to oversee the way. With a tight little outfit, a howitzer on wheels, and all the latest gadgets, Fremont moved out of St. Louis May 1, 1843, headed for the West. He had a definite mission this time; ostensibly it was to join up a survey across the continent with the work which Commodore Wilkes had done along the Columbia from its mouth up to The Dalles.

Fremont in his report of this exploration expedition says: "Resuming our journey on the 31st (May, 1843) after a delay of a day to complete our equipment and furnish ourselves with some of the comforts of civilizations, we encamped at Elk Grove in company with several emigrant wagons consisting of a party which was proceeding to upper California under the direction of Mr. J. B. Childs (Chiles), of Missouri. The wagons were freighted with goods, furniture, farming utensils, containing among other things an entire set of machinery for a mill which Mr. Childs designed erecting on the waters of the Sacramento River emptying into the Bay of San Francisco."

This was the party Captain Walker was later to take under his wing, as he likewise did Fremont when that gentleman was returning from his California survey. For it seemed that Washington wanted some first-hand information about the land that lay along the Pacific, and after connecting up his survey with that of Wilkes at The Dalles, Fremont was to make a little visit himself to California.

Chiles had been a member of the first overland emigration of settlers to California, that of 1841, and had returned to Missouri for the purpose of taking back his family and friends to the far off Mexican province. A short time after meeting Fremont, Chiles camped at Fort Laramie. There he had the good fortune to encounter Captain Walker.

It did not take much persuasion to induce that inveterate traveler to undertake the guidance of the company. He knew the route blindfolded. Through Green River Valley, the Bear River country and to Fort Hall on the Snake River the wagons rolled under his leadership. In the party of fifty men, women and children were several who were to become very prominent in Californian affairs later on. Pierson B. Reading was one of the company, as was also Samuel J. Hensley.

At Fort Hall, Chiles and nine or ten of the men hastened onward. Provisions were getting dangerously low. They planned to reach Sutter's Fort, obtain supplies and hasten back to meet the rest of the company which Captain Walker was to guide to California by the route he had followed when returning from Monterey in 1834.

Here is an example of the confidence that was placed in Captain Walker. The women and children were given into his charge, among them two daughters of George C. Yount, the old trapper who had reached California with Wolfskill from New Mexico in 1831, coming out to meet the father they had not seen for fifteen years. One was unmarried, the other was accompanied by her husband, Bartlett Vines. There was also a Miss Ayres in the party who was to marry John Sinclair soon after her arrival at Sutter's Fort, and Julius Martin's wife Elizabeth, and their three children.

Captain Walker "allowed he'd get 'em safe to California by going around the point of the mountain," meaning through the pass which today bears this name. And he did, but it was no easy job.

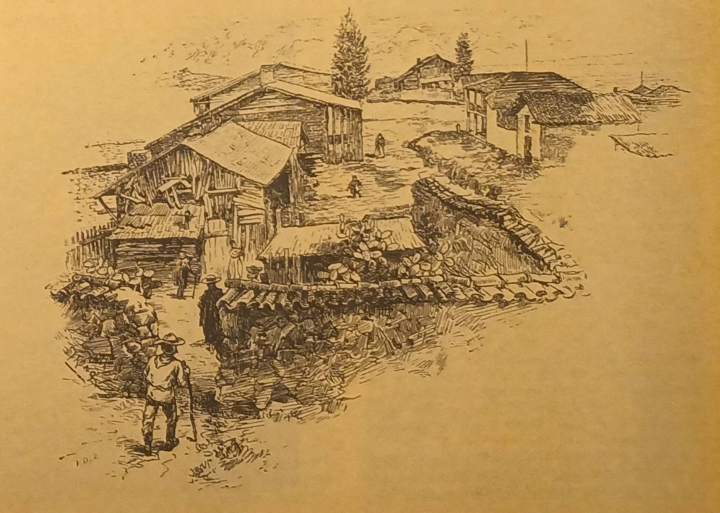
UNDER DATE of September 26, 1843, Fremont says in his report: "We followed for several miles a plain wagon road leading up this stream until we reached a point where it could be seen making toward a low place in the range on the southern side of the valley. . . . We were on the trail formed by a party of wagons in company with whom we had encamped at Elk Grove . . . the greater portion of the camp, including the wagons with the mail and other stores, were now proceeding under the guidance of Mr. Joseph Walker."

Traveling to California in those early days was not a luxurious trip. Every group of the few that made the journey had much to say about the trials of the road, and all found that the provisions they were able to carry with them did not measure up to the out-of-door appetites the emigrants always developed. Captain Walker discovered that it was no different when the company was made up of men, women and children. Besides, the wagons delayed the march.

Food became the great question. Captain Walker knew that once the San Joaquin Valley was reached all would be well, and he hastened along as fast as he could. From the Humboldt River—the Barren River of the 1833 journey—he headed south, crossed the Carson River and following the Walker River arrived at the lake now named for him, skirting its eastern shores. From that point he cut across country to the Owens River valley where he dug caches and buried all his surplus baggage, the wagons, and the mill irons Chiles had so thoughtfully provided for a site on the Sacramento. He was now in California, the first wagontrain to enter the limits of the present State. The horses and mules

A bit of old Monterey

Harper's Magazine, 1882



carried the burden from this point through Walker Pass and down into the San Joaquin where until game could be shot, he killed a horse to provide the party with meat.

As they marched northward, deer and antelope were found, and on Christmas Day, 1843, the company camped comfortably in a pleasant valley in the Coast Range, a spot which became a part of a ranch Captain Walker was to purchase later. The men who had left Fort Hall in such a hurry to bring help had not put in an appearance, but the Captain took good care of his charges and soon delivered them to their waiting relatives and friends at Sutter's Fort.

That task done, Captain Walker turned his attention to his own affairs. Three of the men who had come with him kept him company—Lewis Anderson, Thomas Cowrie and a man named Dawson. Horse trading was a good dependable business, and the Captain rode down to Los Angeles with his companions to trade for livestock for the drive back to New Mexico. In the southern town they applied for passports, spent some time gathering the mules and horses, and finally started off for Santa Fe over the Old Spanish Trail.

From Los Angeles this old trail led through the Mohave Desert in a northeasterly direction after leaving the dry bed of the river of that name at a point where its water sank into the sand. Walker and his companions had joined the annual caravan headed from Santa Fe. But as they approached the course of the Colorado River about where the boundary line of today divides Nevada and California, he learned that Kit Carson and Fremont were ahead of him and that they had had trouble with the Mohave Indians.

Walker was always ready to help a friend. He spurred ahead of his slower moving associates with whom he had left Los Angeles, hastening to reach the Fremont party. It was now May and by forced marches he was able to overtake those ahead in the vicinity of what the Spaniards called Las Vegas de Santa Clara—Mountain Meadow, Utah, later to be the scene in 1857 of the massacre of an American train at that point by a party of Mormons disguised as Indians.

For over two weeks Fremont had been dogged by Indians who surrounded his camp at night and followed him on all his marches. One of his men, Tabeau, seeking a mule that had strayed, was murdered by these savages who menaced the Fremont company at every turn. This was Fremont's situation when Captain Walker reached him. "After we left Vegas," the explorer wrote in his report, "we had the gratification to be joined by the famous hunter and trapper, Mr. Joseph Walker, who I have before mentioned and who now became our guide. He had left California with a great caravan and perceiving from signs along the trail that there was a party of whites ahead, which he judged to be mine, he detached himself from the caravan and with eight men (Americans), ran the gauntlet of the desert robbers, killing two, and getting some of his horses wounded, and succeeded in overtaking us. Nothing but his great knowledge of the country, great courage and presence of mind and good rifles, could have brought him safe over such a perilous enterprise."

Captain Walker guided the party north to Utah Lake and thence eastward over the Rockies to the Colorado parks. The Old Spanish Trail had been left by Fremont just before Walker joined him and it was through the most mountainous region of the Continental Divide that Walker now piloted the party toward Bent's Fort on the upper Arkansas, which was reached July 3, 1844. Here both Walker and Kit Carson left Fremont to make his way back to the settlements, while they turned south to Taos and Santa Fe. But before their departure, Fremont had exacted a promise from both of them that they would join him in his next exploration, an exploration which was to lead him back into California at the time of the breaking out of the Mexican War, a conflict which resulted in American occupation of that former Mexican province.

WITH ALL his shortcomings, Fremont was remarkable for his ability to fascinate those about him. His imagination dazzled. His conversation was sprightly, appealing, and to such men as Walker, Kit Carson, Fitzpatrick, rough, untutored sons of the wilderness, it opened fields of thought that held them enthralled. During the long marches of the return journey from California after Walker had joined him, California and its possibilities was the subject of much talk. What Walker had discussed with his clerk Leonard when they were visiting Carmel Mission in the winter of 1833-34, now seemed more certain of accomplishment than ever.

Senator Benton's dream of a continent-wide United States was becoming crystallized in the minds of his friends and associates. Naturally his son-in-law, Fremont, was not backward in expressing his feeling on the matter. It is no guess to hazard that by the time the caravan reached Bent's Fort in July, 1844, Walker, like the others who had fallen under the spell of Fremont's personality, was convinced that the Government of the United States contemplated the possession of California.

This doubtless decided Walker, resulting in his promise to join in the forthcoming exploration Fremont planned, a journey with a purpose.

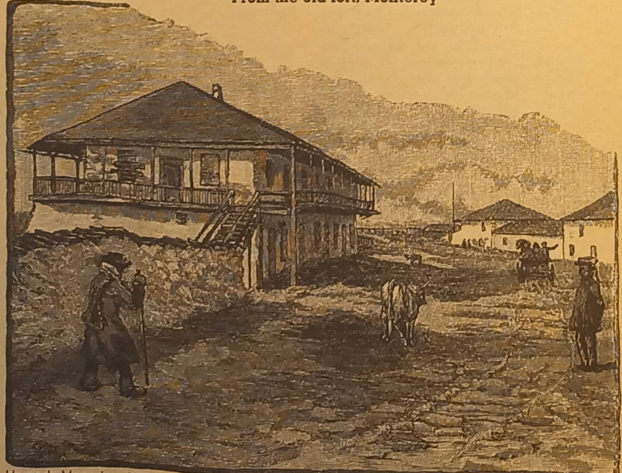
The day Fremont handed in the report of his 1843-4 wanderings to the Government, March 1, 1845, the Congress by joint resolution admitted Texas into the Union. Was this just a coincidence or was there a purpose behind it? In any event, the Senate of the United States ordered 10,000 copies of Fremont's masterpiece printed for general distribution so all might read.

Again, on August 2, 1845, Fremont was at Bent's Fort. Walker was with him, and so were many others of the previous exploring party. Kit Carson arrived to take part, and one of the strangest cavalcades ever assembled now set out to survey a province of an alien government about to come to grips with the country responsible for the dispatch of the Fremont men. But what men! Mountaineers, accustomed to rely upon their rifles, as determined and knowing a band of straight-shooting frontiersmen as ever acknowledged the commands of a leader.

There was no side trip to the Columbia this time; they made straight for California under Captain Walker's expert guidance. Fremont knew when he had the right man. Over the Rockies to the south shore of Salt Lake; that was the route Walker led the party, and thence northward to the old Mary's or Ogden River which Fremont now named officially the Humboldt. It is to be regretted that he did not give it the name of Ogden, for Peter Skene Ogden had been the first white man to see the stream, and it was by the name of his wife, Mary, that the river was known by all early trappers. This was, of course, Walker's "Barren River."

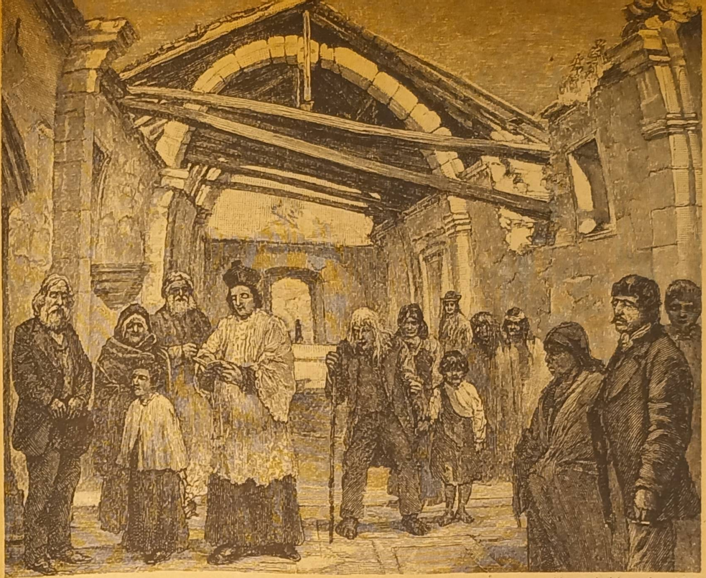
Part way down the stream Fremont divided the command. Taking a dozen men with him, he set off to the southward, arriving on the eastern shores of Walker Lake November 24, 1845. Walker led the rest of the party to the Humboldt Sink, the scene of his battles of 1833 and 1834, thence to Walker Lake where he arrived three days after Fremont. Here the order of march to California was decided upon.

From the old fort, Monterey



Harper's Magazine, 1882

Fremont, with a small group which included Kit Carson, moved north to the Truckee, which he called Salmon Trout River, and thence over the Sierra to Sutter's Fort. Theodore Talbot, under Captain Walker's guidance, moved off southwestward with the balance of the command into the Owens River Valley and over Walker Pass to San Joaquin. A rendezvous was set for both companies —The Lake Forks—which was to cause some confusion later. Walker understood this to be the present Kern River; Fremont took it to mean Kings River.



Harper's Magazine, 1882

The old San Carlos Mission

FROM SUTTER'S FORT where Fremont arrived December 10, there followed immediately a visit to Thomas O. Larkin, the American Consul who resided at Monterey. There Fremont met the Mexican officials, explained that he was surveying, and asked permission to winter his men in California. The purpose of leaving Talbot and Walker in the wilds of the San Joaquin is now apparent. To appear in the settlements with an armed force of sixty men would have occasioned immediate suspicion. The Castros, *prefect and generalissimo*, tacitly agreed that Fremont might stay during the rainy months, keeping his men in camp at a sufficient distance from the towns, and Fremont hurried back to Sutter's Fort to get in touch with the party Walker had brought through the mountains.

Here it was that the confusion of names and places for the rendezvous played a role. Fremont rode down the San Joaquin to Kings River, camped and waited, even making a search up the river when Walker did not appear. All this time Walker and Talbot were encamped on the Kern, waiting likewise.

Fremont finally returned, picked up a few mules at Sutter's Fort and marched down to San Jose where he settled his men on Fisher's Ranch, the Laguna Seca Rancho, near the present hamlet of Coyote. From there he dispatched Kit Carson to hunt for the others. Talbot and Walker had also become restless. They moved northward to the Cosumnes River, from whence Walker set out to search. Carson and his old friend and teacher, for Walker had been drawn to the younger man and during the years had imparted to him many of the fine points of their calling, finally crossed each other's path, with the result that the whole command was soon gathered together again at Fisher's.

And now happened an incident which took Walker back through the years to the time when he had met Sebastian Peralta in the San Joaquin looking for stolen horses in 1833. Peralta appeared at the Fremont camp. There he claimed a horse as his, showing the brand as evidence. Fremont told him he had purchased the animal and would not give it up, threatening to have the Mexican thrown out of the camp if he made more bother. Peralta complained to the Alcalde at San Jose who wrote to the American commander, asking him to appear before him and explain. Fremont returned a curt reply; he had no time to waste, or something equally terse, and proceeded to get his men in order for the march.

Jose Castro and his brother, Miguel, were under the impression that Fremont was to move south toward the Colorado and thence home, but when he tramped off to Los Gatos Creek, thence into the Santa Cruz Mountains and over to the Salinas Valley, within twenty miles of Monterey, they rose in their wrath, or fear. Fremont was warned to be on his way and at once. The answer to the Castro demand was a movement to Gavilan Peak overlooking the mission and settlement of San Juan Bautista.

This was familiar ground to Walker. Here on the mountain-top entrenchments were thrown up, the American flag raised, and a note of defiance issued. The story of the Gavilan affair may be found at length in any history of California. Here we are only concerned with the part Walker took in it.

TO CAPTAIN WALKER, who knew the Mexican in California, this was the real opportunity Fremont was looking for, especially as General Jose Castro had mustered his entire force of some 200 men at San Juan and was blustering about what he would do to throw the Americans out of California. Down in the San Juan plaza the Fremont men from their eerie station could see the Mexican forces gathering and drilling.

Walker was reminded of what the old woman had told him years before in New Mexico. If the small Cooper party could then have taken Santa Fe with their rifles, what could Fremont not do with his sixty hardened and straight-shooting veterans?

Why, California was a prize to be had for the taking! Fremont had only to say the word. Every man jack of the Americans felt that Fremont would fight. Why else was he in California?

Round the campfires the talk was of nothing but the coup to be made. Mountain men smiled at the Castro bravado, at the bustle and movement they could see through their glasses. What short work they would make of such an enemy! All knew that sooner or later there would be war with Mexico over Texas, and why not make another Texas out of California? Joe Walker's brother had lost his life at the Alamo with Davy Crockett. What was more fitting than that Joe himself should risk his life now for his country?

The exploring party were on their toes with expectation. Messengers with notes came and went. It began to look as if things were coming to a head. And then in the night Fremont gave orders to leave the campfires burning and to march.

We can only imagine the chagrin and anger of the men. Walker lost faith, the faith he had built up during the days he been so closely associated with Fremont. If this was the way a leader of the armed survey crew was going to act when he had his hand ready to close over the treasure, Joe Walker was through.

The band moved down from their mountain-top and over to the San Joaquin through Pacheco Pass, growling. And of the grumblers Joe Walker was the most voluble. He must have been deeply stirred, for his usual demeanor was one of reticence.

Walker sought out Fremont and demanded his immediate release. He held his temper then, but in after years he was bitter.

Here in Joe Walker's own words is his summing up of the situation: "Fremont morally and physically was the most complete coward I ever knew, and if it were not casting an unmerited reproach on the sex I would say that he was more timid than a woman. An explorer! I knew more of the unexplored region fifteen years before he set foot on it than he does today."

And that was just how Joe Walker felt when he turned his back on Fremont early in March, 1846, in the Valley of the San Joaquin.

CAPTAIN WALKER sensed the coming conflict. He knew that war with Mexico could not be avoided, he also knew that horses would be needed. The wild bands of animals which roamed the San Joaquin were to be had for the taking. The methods used by the native Californians in 1834 were not forgotten. With the assistance of a few men he could gather as many as he wanted.

And so when he left Fremont, after the latter's crossing of the Pacheco Pass, he sought out the men he needed and organized a successful rodeo. The old 1834 procedure was followed. Into the converging fences built of posts and rawhide the animals were driven, tamed and herded together with the domesticated horses. It was not long before he had gathered between four and five hundred head that would bring a price when delivered where they were most wanted.

Having supplied himself with the necessary provisions, the eastward march began. He followed the route of his return journey of 1834 through Walker Pass and northward along the Sierra to the Humboldt Sink. It was now spring and grass conditions were as near perfect as they could be. With plenty of feed and the streams full, the task of herding his band was not overly difficult. Moreover, the Captain had attached several Californian *vaqueros* to his party, all expert in the handling of fractious horses.

The actual date of his departure from California we do not know, but July 17, 1846, he was in the Green River Valley, for there Edwin Bryant met him. Bryant was on his way westward and after his arrival in California he served as Alcalde in San Francisco for a time. In his most interesting account of the acquisition of California by the United States, which he published in 1848 under the title of *What I Saw in California*, Bryant describes his meeting with Walker at Fort Bridger:

"I was introduced today to Captain Walker, of Jackson County, Mississippi, who is much celebrated for his explorations and knowledge of the North American Continent, between the frontier settlements of the United States and the Pacific. Captain Walker is now on his return from the settlements of California, having been out with Captain Fremont in the capacity of guide and pilot. He is driving some four or five hundred Californian horses, which he intends to dispose of in the United States. They appear to be high-spirited animals, of medium size, handsome figures, and in good condition. It is possible that the trade in horses and even cattle, between California and the United States may, at no distant day, become of considerable importance. Captain Walker communicated to me some facts in reference to recent occurrences in California, of considerable importance."

Knowing what Walker had just been through we may heartily agree with Bryant as to his last statement.

At the time of their encounter at Green River, the news of the commencement of actual hostilities on the Rio Grande had reached the Rockies. To Walker it was an assurance of the success of his project. He had only to drive his band of horses to market, as it were, and get his money. General Kearny had been put in command of what was to be known as "The Army of the West," and ordered to take Santa Fe, then to pass on to California. This was in June, and by the end of that month he was on his way from Leavenworth across the Kansas prairie with his command. On the 18th of August he entered Santa Fe, but as early as the second of the month he was in sight of Bent's Fort on the Arkansas. Word travels quickly even in the mountains, and as soon as he heard that an army was on the march to the capital of New Mexico, Captain Walker headed thither.

Once his business was finished after his animals had been disposed of, he turned back toward Missouri for the purpose of visiting his family at Independence, something he had neglected for a long, long time. This was in the spring of 1847. Here one authority states that he remained until the early part of 1849. If he did, then he saw the town he had helped to lay out and which he had named, crazy mad with frantic emigrants hastening to California for their share of the new-found gold. Independence in 1849 was the small end of the funnel through which poured the constantly increasing streams of gold seekers. It was the main point of departure for the West, the starting place for both the California and the Santa Fe Trails.

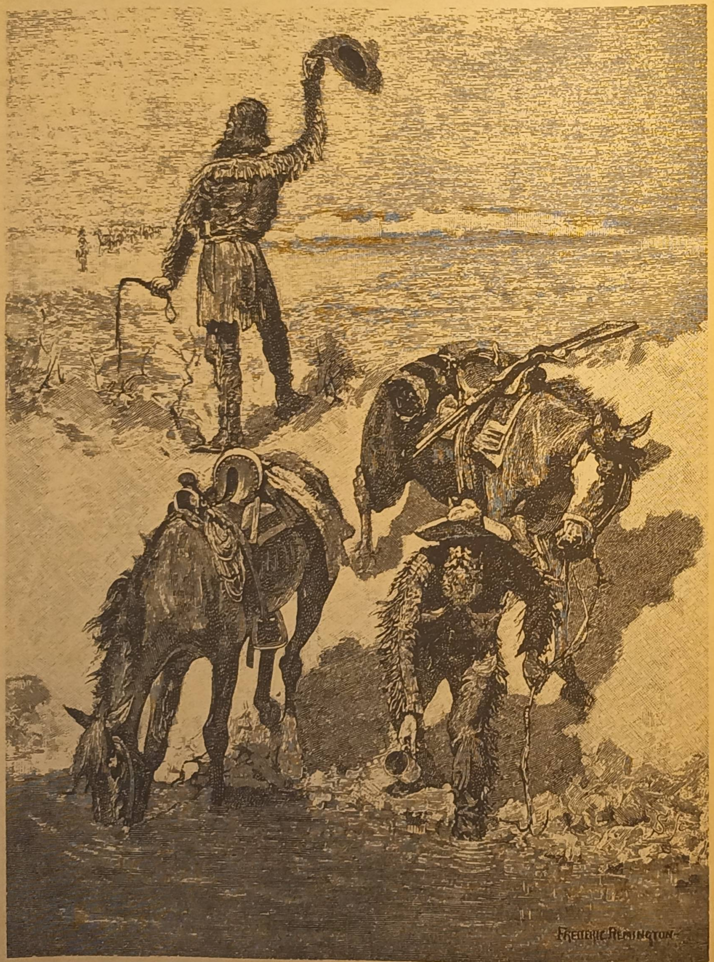
AGAIN Captain Walker rode toward the West, with California his objective. Upon his arrival he sought out his nephew, James T. Walker, the son of his brother, Samuel, who had left for the West in 1847. The younger Walker was mining at Drytown in Amador County, and family tradition has it that uncle and nephew engaged in supplying the various mining camps with beef and mutton during the summer and fall of '49, giving up the business only when the extraordinary rainy weather of that year began.

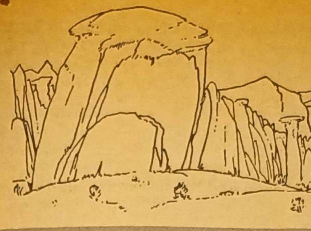
But the old urge to see new places could not be downed. Too many years Captain Walker had lived from day to day going toward some goal. There was one region he had not seen; all the balance of the West from the Rockies to the Pacific, from the Columbia to the Colorado, he had wandered through save for one strip of country, a *Terra Incognita* to all white men. He now made up his mind to find out what that section was like which lay between the Colorado and the Gila.

February, 1850 saw him with a party of eight men and the necessary mules and supplies depart from San Francisco. Down the San Joaquin he pushed to the Kern River, thence into the Sierra and over Walker Pass. Although it was midwinter, the Pass was free from snow while the mountains on all sides were deeply covered.

From Owens Valley he made due east. The country about the upper reaches of the Virgin River, a confluent of the Colorado, he found "repulsive," to use his own word. There the land was convulsed and torn into cañons of abysmal depth. Into one of these he ventured and for a whole day traveled down its dry bed. A lateral cañon joined the first and into this he rode. Soon it became so narrow that he could not turn his horse. For two or three miles the rocks actually closed over his head, obscuring the sky. He found himself in an immense natural tunnel 200 feet high and in one spot saw driftwood piled 60 feet in the air, a reminder of the torrent which must have rushed through the rocks following some cloudburst.

Water!





The report of his discoveries filled columns of the San Francisco papers then and later, for chance had led him to the Seven Cities of Cibola Coronado had sought in 1540, and which we know today as the Zuni and Moqui villages in northern Arizona.

The settlements of these Indians were cut off from the Spanish at Santa Fe by the raiding Navajos. To the south and west of them, the Apaches prevented approach. Until Captain Walker made his visit to them in the winter of 1850 they were almost as mythical as when Coronado had set out to make his fortune by seizing the untold wealth he had been told existed there, but in which he was mistaken.

In an article in *The San Francisco Daily Herald* of October 9, 1853 relative to the discoveries in 1850 by Walker is the following: "We believe that Capt. Joe Walker, the veteran mountaineer and trapper, is the only white man in this country who has ever visited this strange people, and from him we gathered in the course of a long conversation a most interesting account of their country and manners. The most implicit confidence may be placed in all his statements. He is entirely free from that habit of romancing and exaggerating which we often find among great travelers."

This appraisal of the man is of more importance than what he discovered. It bears out what all who came in contact with Captain Joe Walker have always asserted, that he was a man of truth.

In the Bancroft Library at the University of California in Berkeley, there is a "Life and Adventures of George Nidever, a Pioneer of California since 1834," an unpublished manuscript, dictated by the man himself to E. F. Murray. Nidever's word of praise of his old friend and comrade is a fitting companion-piece to the newspaperman's summing up of Captain Walker.

Of him, Nidever says, "He was one of the best leaders I have ever met—a good hunter and trapper, thoroughly versed in Indian signs and possessed of a good knowledge of the mountains. He could find water quicker than any man I ever knew."

Captain Walker was now getting on in years; he was fifty-two, and yet increasing age did not seem to interfere with his traveling back and forth over his beloved West whenever the spirit moved him. He had never married, so there were no close family ties to anchor him. Whenever the call of the great open spaces came to him there was nothing to prevent his answering it in person. Of all the men who scouted the unknown places of the West, he traveled most. Hardly a year passed without a journey across and back from the Rockies or Santa Fe to California.

Here is what *The San Francisco Daily Herald* published on Friday, December 19, 1851 under the heading—"Further from the South":

"From the *Los Angeles Star*, received by the *Sea Bird*, we extract the following items of news in addition to that furnished in yesterday's *Herald*:

"'Capt. Walker went to N. M. with the intention of procuring sheep for the California market, but finding they sustained too high a price to render the speculation profitable, he returned without them.

"'A portion of the company who went to N.M. with Capt. Walker proceeded to the Eastern States.

"'Capt. Walker reports two droves of sheep, numbering altogether 12,000 on the road to California. The sheep are owned by New Mexicans.

"'Capt. Walker had a slight skirmish with the Apaches, but saving that, he had no trouble with the Indians.

"'We also learn that Gen. Sumner had encountered the Navajo Indians this side Albequerque (sic). A well fought battle resulted in the total routing of the U. S. forces.

"'Capt. W. is resting at Chino. We learn that he left N.M. on the 1st of Nov. and that he was six weeks on the road.'"

From the file of the *Los Angeles Star* in the Huntington Library it was ascertained that the above quotation was taken from the issue of December 13, 1851.

"Capt. W. is resting at Chino."

It is not a very great stretch of the imagination to picture Don "Julian" Williams as his host. Where else could he have stopped save with that genial *hacendado* whose broad acres covered the whole countryside? What an exchange of tales those two must have made. Walker telling about his experiences with Fremont, Williams his with the native Californians at the time of the conquest, the siege of Chino and all that followed. Is it not just possible that those two sipped as they talked and that the deep red vintage which filled their glasses had been grown by Don Luis Vignes at his Aliso vineyard near the pueblo of Los Angeles?

IT WAS AFTER Captain Walker returned from his exploration of the Zuni and Moqui villages that an enthusiastic San Francisco newspaperman interviewed him. Beginning his article on the Walker exploration, the writer in *The San Francisco Daily Herald* paid the former trapper and mountain man this tribute:

"Were Captain Walker a professional traveler, the story of his wanderings and adventures among the mountains in strange lands in the centre of our continent would make his fortune. For years before the Americans became masters of California—while Independence, Missouri, was yet an infant city—he left the settlements for the wilds of the interior. Here he continued to trap for beaver from year to year seeking the most unfrequented spots and penetrating alone into the wilds never before trod by a white man. His was not, however, the mere pursuit of a livelihood. He was an enthusiast in his love for the mountains and the woods, and with the true spirit of the traveler often left his traps to follow the windings of some new river, or to examine the ruins of some ancient city."

It would seem that all who became acquainted with Captain Walker held him in high esteem and no one more so than Julius Martin, who with his wife Elizabeth and their three daughters, had been members of the Chiles party which the Captain had guided to California in 1843. Martin had established himself near the San Isidro ranch of John Gilroy. And it was there as a neighbor of Martin that the Captain embarked as a *ranchero* in 1851.

For the next three years he was content to stay in California and lead the more or less prosaic life of a ranchman. But the old restlessness finally seized him and in 1854 he organized a party to explore and prospect in the region surrounding Mono Lake where the mining town of Bodie later sprang into being.

Upon his return from this excursion he acquired a cattle ranch in Monterey County about twenty-five miles east of the Mission of Soledad. It was in a pleasant valley through which ran a stream, and within the boundaries of this newly acquired property was where the Captain had encamped with members of the Chiles party on Christmas Day, 1843.

In a short article in the *Daily California Chronicle* published in San Francisco April 16, 1856, the purchase of this cattle property is spoken of, the information being derived from a previous issue of the *Monterey Sentinel*. "The Captain is now old," says the writer in the *Sentinel*, "and his sight has become unfortunately affected by the hardships of his mountain campaigns, but his ordinary health is good. Walker is now sixty years of age but still fond of hunting and exploring the frontier country. If the life of Walker could be written, what a life of adventure, enterprise and peril it would make. From 1825 to 1855, a space of thirty years, he has tramped, trapped, hunted and explored strange and outlandish Indian countries. Thirty years of a man's life spent in traveling and danger is something to talk about."

And so for a time cattle ranching filled his days. But in 1859 the Indians around the Colorado River showed signs of restlessness. A survey was to be undertaken and it was necessary to provide the party with competent guides. Kit Carson was called westward from New Mexico, and from California Captain Joe Walker made his way to Fort Mohave to lend his aid.

In speaking of this occurrence Kit Carson said: "We were on the Colorado River near Fort Mohave having guided Col. Thompson and a company of soldiers who were on a surveying tour from Fort Tejon to Fort Yuma. I was not familiar with the country lying on the Colorado River below Fort Mohave and from this portion of the route the celebrated scout and trapper, Joe Walker, was to go with us and act as guide after we passed through that portion of the country with which I was acquainted. Joe was a tall, large man, six feet high and weighing over 200 pounds. We slept together in the same blanket and many a night have I laid awake listening to his stories of fights with the Indians and his hairbreadth escapes."

It was on this exploration that Captain Walker confounded the army officers with his most mystical ability of determining the lay of the land ahead. Without previously having visited the line of march to be taken, he was always able to sketch out a map of the region, locating its water, wood and pasturage possibilities with great accuracy after making a rapid survey through his glasses from some elevated situation.

UPON HIS RETURN from the Colorado River survey, he left California again, this time on a prospecting tour of both Arizona and New Mexico, and in 1862 in the course of his journeying he arrived at the spot where now the town of Prescott, Arizona is located. There his party was responsible for the discovery of the Yavapai mining region. Two years later, he returned for a short visit to California, but the lure of Arizona drew him back again and there he remained until 1867.

James T. Walker, the son of his brother, Samuel, who had died on the way to California in 1849, had settled in the Ygnacio Valley in Contra Costa County, California. It was to his nephew's home that Captain Walker went upon his return from Arizona. He was now nearing seventy years of age and the hard life he had led for more than fifty years was beginning to tell upon him. From this time on he remained constantly at the home of his nephew. Many sought to obtain from him the story of his exploits, but no one was successful for the Captain consistently refused to talk about what he had done. He was modest to a fault regarding his accomplishments and only at very rare intervals was anyone ever able to stir him so deeply that an opinion of the old explorer would be forthcoming.

Among the few subjects upon which Captain Walker could be relied to talk was that of Fremont. The presidential campaign of 1856 had depended upon the picturesque background of Fremont's doings in the Rockies and his so-called conquest of California. Fremont had been transformed into a hero and the title of Pathfinder had been bestowed upon him. The mere mention of Fremont and Pathfinder was enough to bring a flash of anger to old Captain Walker's eyes. At the time of the Civil War Captain Walker remarked, "They tell me Stonewall Jackson whipped him (meaning Fremont) in battle. And it was no credit to Jackson, for an old squaw could whip Fremont."

After Custer's defeat and death on the Little Big Horn and just before Captain Walker's death, he was asked for his opinion about the engagement and the Indians against whom Custer fought.

"How about Sioux Indians? They are numerous and in numbers only are they very formidable for I always considered them as inferior to many other tribes. Man to man they will fight but still they are not to be feared by men who understand Indian fighting if the numbers are anything like equal. I have fought better Indians than the Sioux with odds five to one against me and the position of their own choosing, and I still wear my hair.

"I do not say this to boast, but merely state it by way of illustrating the difference between Indians and white men when white men are of the right kind. Soldiers are well enough to mount guard and make a show on dress parade but are poor things when Indians are to be fought."

AUTUMN DAYS in California are days of browning hills and falling leaves. Into the stubble of wheat and barley fields, sheep are turned. Orchards, their fruit gathered, become stark and bare. Gnarled sycamores, *sans* foliage, stand forth with white and ghost-like limbs. The year grows old. Nature awaits the winter rains. Along the roads the West Wind raises puffs of dust, piling the dead leaves in windrows. From a cloudless blue sky the sun shines upon a land that has given of its bounties, and is seeking rest.

Ygnacio Valley lies under the shadow of Mount Diablo. There in the home of his nephew, James, Captain Joseph Reddeford Walker approached the end of his long journey. Forty-three years had passed since his eyes first saw this fruitful countryside, then vacant and uninhabited. Great changes had taken place. Farms and orchards cover the landscape. The shrill whistle of a locomotive comes from the railroad. The California he had hoped to see under the Stars and Stripes had been a part of the United States for more than a generation. It was American, as American as Tennessee, as Missouri. Civilization had marched west to the Pacific over paths he had marked through the wilderness.

On October 27, 1867 Captain Walker died, having lived seventy-seven years, ten months, fourteen days. None who knew him failed to pay him tribute. The great work he had done was praised. Quietly he had performed his tasks. He was content to let them speak for themselves.

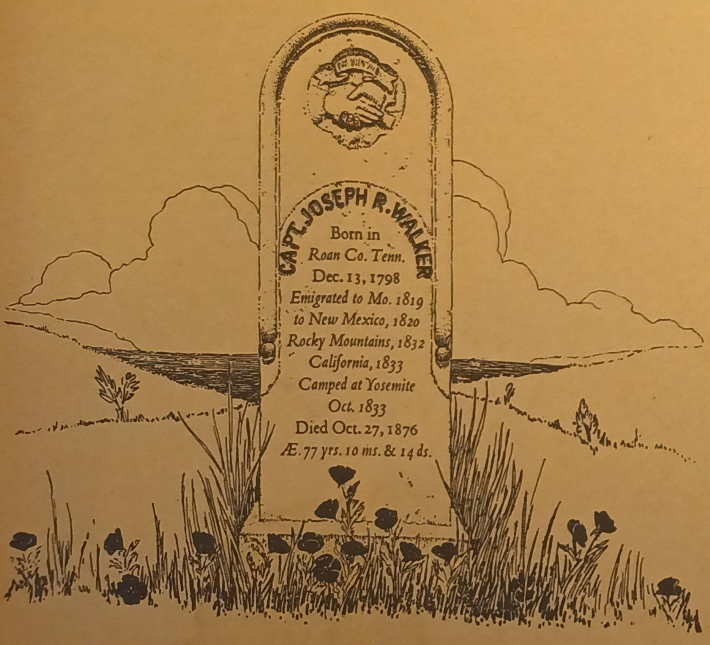
Hubert Howe Bancroft, the historian, appraised the man rightly:

"Captain Joe Walker was one of the bravest and most skillful of the mountain men; none was better acquainted than he with the geography or the native tribes of the Great Basin; and he was withal less boastful and pretentious than most of his class."

Canada del Hambre was the name given to the valley by the Spanish soldiery under Ygnacio Martinez. Valley of Hunger! Out after marauding Indians they had been, and reaching this spot they suffered from lack of food. Many place names in California have just such origins. Today the town of Martinez, named in honor of that old Indian fighter, nestles within its hills, but American tongues have twisted the Spanish designation from "del Hambre" to Alhambra.

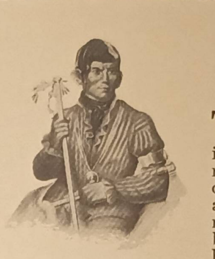
And to the cemetery on the bluff overlooking both the town and the waters of Suisun Bay, the same name of Alhambra has been given. There the Walker family possessed a plot. There Barbara, the widow of Captain Walker's brother Samuel, had been buried, and there they now prepared a grave for the Captain himself. A more fitting resting place could not have been chosen. Joseph Reddeford Walker had followed the West Wind to its lair, the West Wind he had faced all the days of his life.

There this gallant Knight of the Golden Horseshoe, who had won his spurs in the conquest of the continent, who had rejoiced like Governor Spotswood of Virginia in crossing mountains, lies buried. Below him the blue waters of Suisun Bay sparkle in the sun—Suisun is an Indian word meaning the West Wind.



Biographical sketch prepared under auspices of Department of War at Washington in 1854

AMERICAN INDIAN GALLERY



TSHIZUNHAUKAU

TSHIZUNHAUKAU, or He Who Runs with the Deer, is a Winnebago warrior of remarkable genius and singular character. He unites the characters of the conjurer and medicine man with that of the brave without losing any of his reputation for manliness and courage.

It is a peculiarity of savage life that but one high road to distinction exists. War is the only occupation which is considered as capable of giving exercise to the highest powers of manhood. Hunting is the business of their life, and expertness in this employment and in the various arts belonging to it, is highly estimated; but to be a successful hunter confers respectability rather than distinction. The spoils of the chase afford sustenance, and to the able or fortunate hunter give that competency which stands in the place of wealth; but the standing gained by this employment, in its best aspect, is only equal to that of a successful man of business in civilized communities. Oratory ranks a little higher, and carries with it a certain degree of popular influence, which is eagerly sought after by the aspiring savage. Strength, swiftness, expertness in horsemanship, and other qualities which enable their possessor to triumph in athletic sports and give grace and manliness to his movements, are highly prized. But all these are but the accomplishments considered desirable to give finish to the character of the warrior; for without military distinction all else is as the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

A few men among the Indians have gained high repute and maintained a commanding influence through life without the aid of a military reputation. But these were men of consummate ability, whose talents were useful to their people and whose genius elevated them above the operation of general rules. In the case of Red Jacket, there were a nationality, a zeal and tenacity, with which he adhered to the side of his own people, right or wrong, in their controversies with the whites, that endeared him to the Senecas. But these are rare examples, in which the strong law of human nature prevails over the peculiarities of national character.

It follows that those who are incapacitated by indolence, bodily debility, and mental weakness from earning laurels on the field of battle, sink into insignificance and even contempt unless they can strike out some other mode of securing respectability. The same causes which render them unfit for warriors, operate equally against their success in either of the occupations we have alluded to. But no debility, either physical or mental, prevents a man from becoming a doctor; as in this occult science, skillful practice and skillful imposture approach as nearly as the sublime and the ridiculous.

We think that the majority of the Indian prophets, conjurers, and medicine men have their origin in this principle. Though indolent, or pusillanimous, or unfortunate in laboring under some physical deficiency, they have been compensated by a sufficient portion of that cunning which Nature bestows upon inferior creatures to enable them to impose on the credulity of the people. A few of these persons have undoubtedly been fanatics, who were self-deluded; but we suppose the greater part of them to be crafty impostors, whose highest motive is to gain a livelihood without incurring the danger and fatigue of war or hunting, and to rise above the contempt of a wholly idle and useless life.

THE STANDING of this class may be readily imagined. A savage people without art or literature, who scarcely ever reason and act almost entirely from impulse, are easily imposed upon. Superstition is one of the thriftiest plants in the wilderness of an uncultivated intellect; it flourishes under the rude culture of the most bungling impostor. The number of such persons is small, for the reasons indicated above; inactive employments are unsuited to the habits and genius of the savage; few will condescend to follow such pursuits, and still more few will undertake the mental exertion of thought and deception required for the office. The conjurers, therefore, rank high, because they are a small class, practically an occult art among a superstitious people.

The failures of this class, on the other hand, are numerous, because the capital of intellect embarked in it is small, and the indolence and improvidence of the race are such that few persevere long in any occupation requiring continued attention. The medicine men and prophets, therefore, often fall into disrepute, either from repeated want of success in their incantations and predictions, or from the laziness or dissoluteness of life consequent upon a brief harvest of successful practice. And the same man who was revered on account of his supposed intercourse with the world of spirits, is heartily despised when discovered to be a cheat.

The brother of Tecumthe, whose reputation was very high and whose influence, extending through several tribes besides his own, lasted for several years, dwindled into a very insignificant person, and in his old age there were "none so poor as to do him reverence."

There are some who, from honesty of purpose or great native sagacity, become skillful in public business or useful counselors in sickness and domestic calamity, and retain the confidence of the people; but we think that usually this class of persons, like the quacks and humbugs of civilized society, enjoy a short-lived celebrity. The delusion itself survives in ever-blooming vigor; the gullibility of mind which sustains it remains fresh and prolific as the bountiful earth, while the impostors flourish and fade, like the annual plants, in rapid succession.

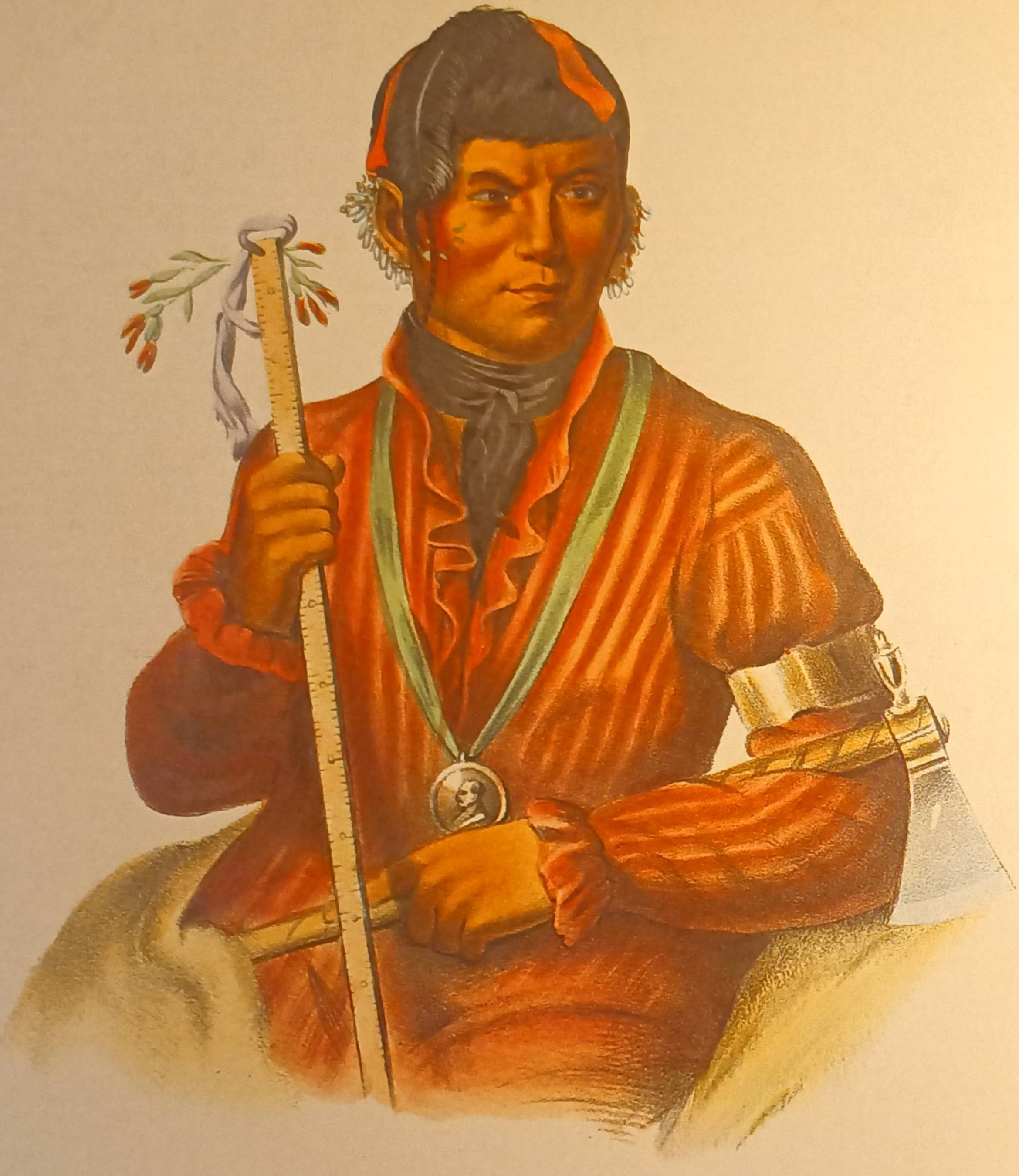
WE NEED NOT enlarge upon the practice of the Indian conjuror for although the details of the modes of operation may exhibit considerable variety, none of them exhibit much ingenuity, and the leading features are few and exceedingly superficial. The Indians are not an imaginative people; they have no poetry, no sprightliness of fancy, scarcely any perceptible creative faculty. They have no mythology, no belief nor theory in regard to another world, which is general or which lasts from one generation to another. The whole subject is to them a blank. The conception or idea, inseparable from the existence of spirit, and which the human mind, in a sane state, nourishes under every modification of life, of a hereafter and a superhuman power, is prevalent among them; but the conception is so vague and feeble as to be fruitless of any practical result.

No system of worship obtains amongst them, no fabric of superstition has been reared. When their minds awaken for a moment from the lethargy that benumbs them, and soar into the regions of speculation, the flight is too feeble and the newly acquired vision too dim to yield materials for any connected chain of reasoning, and the only product of such efforts consists of the most puerile and shapeless vagaries.

A few traditions are handed down from times past, but so mutilated as to be scarcely traced from one generation to another. The legends, dreams and visions in current circulation are mostly of modern date, but are fabricated from the fragments and reminiscences of other times.

Their knowledge of the medicinal qualities of herbs is not extensive. The medicine men have a few simple remedies of this character, which are efficacious in ordinary cases of disease and injury, and in the use of these the women are equally expert. In more difficult cases they resort to incantations and prayers addressed to good or evil spirits. To produce dreams they resort to fasting and bodily penance, carried often to the utmost power of endurance, and by these means a disturbed state of mind is induced which

(Continued on page 65)



TSHI-ZUN-HAU-KAU,

A WINNEBAGO WARRIOR